THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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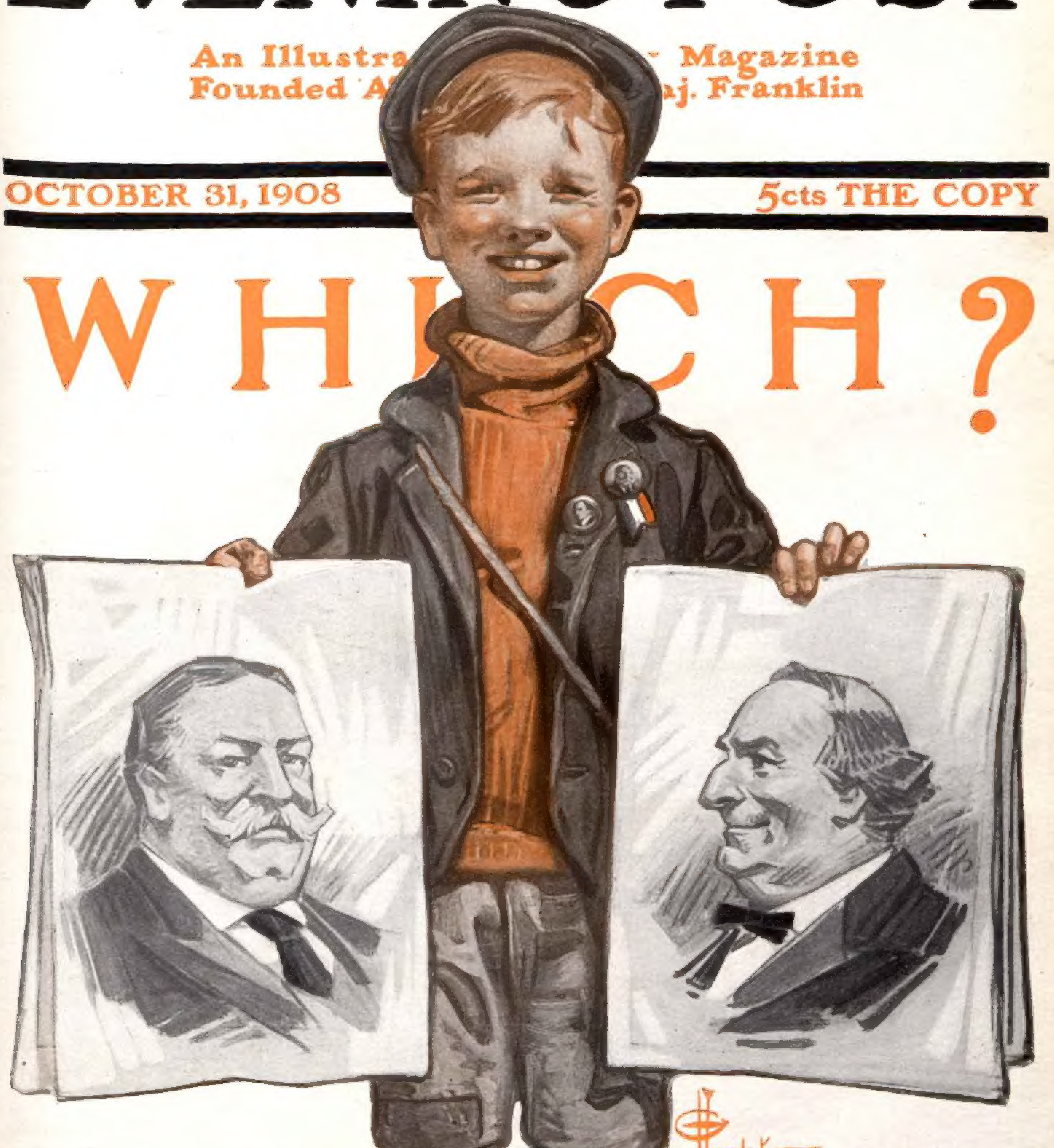

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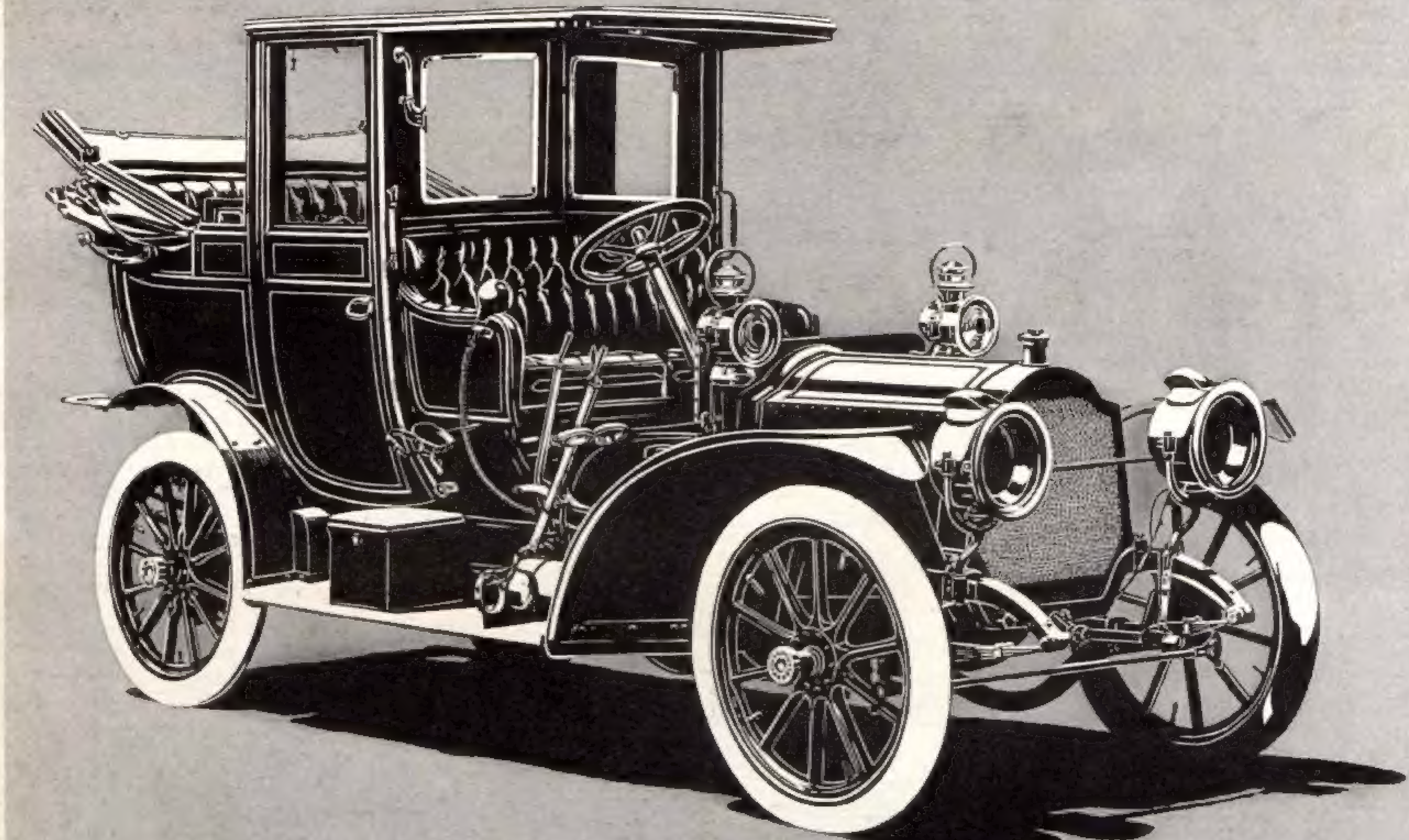

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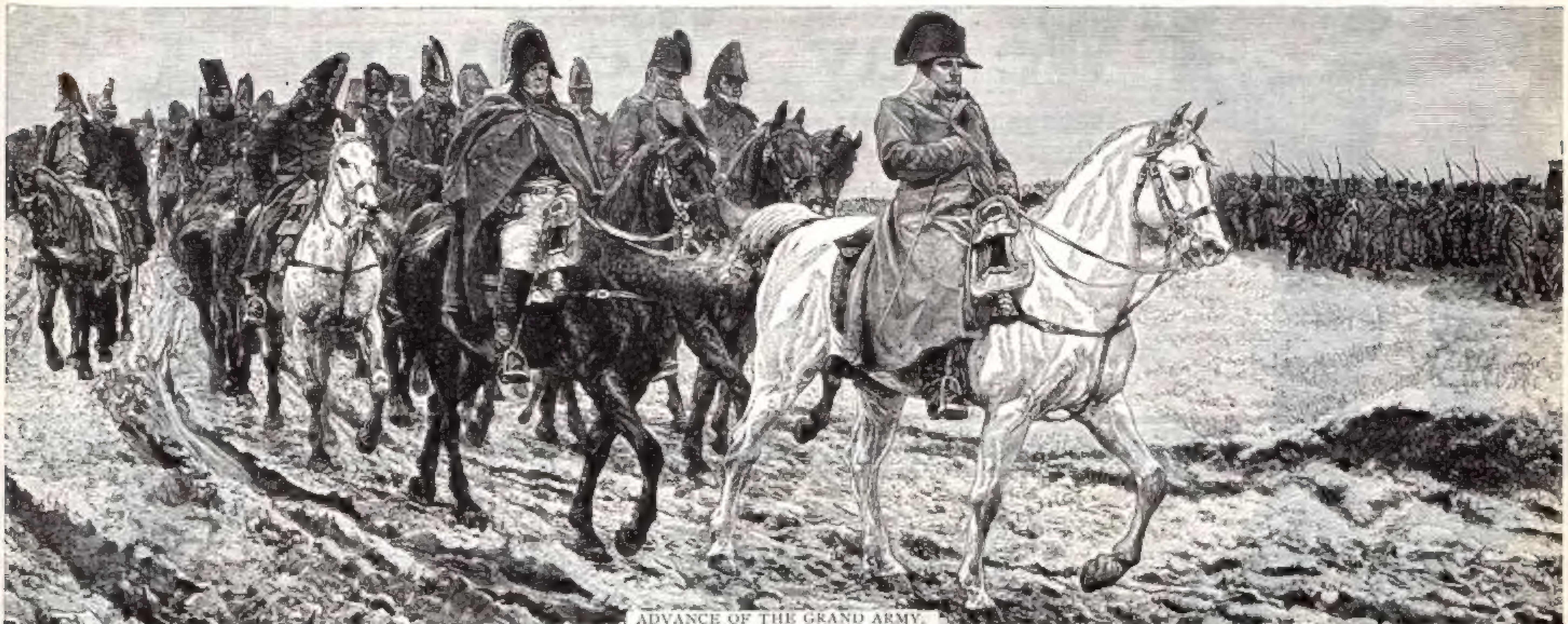

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THE OLD-TIME RALLY

By GEORGE ADE

WHEN Judge Taft started to swing around the circle on September twenty-third, his first stop was at Brook, Indiana. He addressed a neighborhood rally of farmers. We had a big meeting. The Judge and the inciters of public fervor who go around with him to back him up dashed out from the railway station in a single file of panting automobiles. The bombs exploded; the bands played; the agriculturists shouted. The robust candidate, after much jamming and elbowing, was landed on the platform under the trees. He looked out upon a very friendly multitude. Occasionally he looked *up* at them, for the oaks were perched full of husky young men. Democratic estimate of crowd, eight thousand; Republican estimate, twenty-five thousand. Anyway, it was a very impressive swarm of people.

Judge Taft opened with his ingratiating smile. For a half-hour he talked horse-sense and the people listened. He made himself heard, and he proved to be a good deal more of a speaker than most of those present had counted on hearing. He is not a professional entertainer with a row of tremolo stops and a full set of chimes. He does not undertake fancy embroidering, scroll-work, point-lace insertion or peek-a-boo effects of any description whatsoever. If through some unforeseen reversion of the laws of Nature he should fail to win out at the coming election, he will never get a job as one of those tabernacle entertainers, to follow the jubilee singers and precede the moving pictures. He simply tells what he has to say in correct and stolid English, and lets it go at that. His remarks carry because of the substance therein contained—not because of any scallops around the edges, or an amber light turned on from the balcony.

Photo. by Chicago Tribune

Taft Radiates Cordiality as a Depot Stove Radiates Heat

He made friends at the rally. The people in our section of the corn belt read the papers and keep tab on the march of events, consequently they were somewhat prejudiced in his favor. They knew that he had gone out into the hot sun, with his coat off, and made good at various jobs that were full of hard knots and angular difficulties. They knew that the world is roughly divided into two classes—those who saw wood, and those who sit on the fence and tell *how* to saw wood. The Judge had sawed his wood and corded it up, and laid a few sticks on top for good measure. They respected him and admired him as a manager of large enterprises, but there was some doubt regarding his ability as a campaigner. It was feared that he would be unable to lift his aeroplane and sail gracefully into the blue ether. Here, in Indiana, we were brought up on Dan Voorhees, and have taken a post-graduate course of Albert Beveridge and Jim Watson. We have a lingering preference for the candidate who will cause images to float in the air. We want the lower lip to tremble and tears to rise unbidden.

Photo. by Chicago Tribune

Democratic Estimate of Crowd, Eight Thousand; Republican Estimate, Twenty-five Thousand

Judge Taft did not cause any one to weep, but he made a definite hit, just the same. His remarks impressed the attentive multitude and his personality warmed them. He is a good "mixer" because he enjoys getting out and meeting large and turbulent masses of his fellow-men. If he doesn't enjoy it he is the best actor that ever lived. He radiates cordiality as a depot stove radiates heat. Wherever he goes, tolerant good nature envelops the immediate vicinity. As he rode away, thousands of smiling people waved good-by to him.

Our rally for Judge Taft was the largest political gathering ever pulled off in this part of the State. It was remarkable, however, not so much on account of the mere presence of so many people, as because it made a vivid contrast with the rallies of the past. It was no more like the rally of thirty years ago than a peace conference at The Hague is like an uprising of Sioux Indians.

The rally as a factor in political campaigning is almost extinct. The voters refuse to be wrought up at frequent intervals, even in Indiana. They will turn out in flocks and droves to welcome a Presidential candidate, and they will cheer decorously, and then drive home in a placid state of mind, glad they are going to vote for the right man. But this is Chautauqua politics—sterilized politics—imitation politics.

Oh, for the frenzied days of thirty years ago! Do you remember the "Tanners," with their oilcloth capes, the flaming torches, the Greeley hats, the maniacal shrieks, the fisticuffs, the night riders, the gesticulating swarm of hot-eyed men outside of each polling place? If you didn't live in Indiana during the seventies and eighties you never saw partisan politics in full bloom.

The smoldering hatreds of one Presidential campaign overlapped upon the growing animosities of the next one. County and township and town elections, in between, helped to maintain a constant and genial temperature of about 212 degrees Fahrenheit. The blood-stains and fever of war were still in evidence. Soldier boys were still voting as they shot and talking as they voted. When any four of them got together they sang Rally 'Round the Flag and shot off an army musket. In every community were men marked as with the brand of Cain. They had been "Butternuts" (kindly supply adjectives preceding the word "Butternut")—Copperheads—Knights of the Golden Circle. The other day over in Illinois an excavating archæologist came out of a cave with some scraps of papyrus and started in to prove that Uncle Adlai Stevenson had been a Knight of the Golden Circle. Not a ripple upon the surface of the sleeping campaign! Most of the new voters thought the Knights were some kind of a secret order with an insurance clause attached. They might as well have accused Uncle Adlai of being a Knight of Pythias.

And the newspapers thirty years ago! The editor started in with "hell-hound," and worked upward.

Indiana was then the hottest caldron in the national kitchen, because the result of each campaign was in doubt. Grant carried the State in 1872; Tilden captured it in 1876; the Republicans stormed it in 1880 under the leadership of Garfield, and kept their banners planted on the dark and trampled ground until 1884, when the Democrats made a furious charge under Cleveland and Hendricks, and regained

PHOTO. BY THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

Looking Toward Mr. George Ade's House When Judge Taft was Speaking

the position, holding it until 1888, when Benjamin Harrison and his home guard repelled the foe. They were driven out in 1892, but the Republicans came back again in 1896 and have not been dislodged since. Indiana seesawed for twenty-five years. In each Presidential year there was a State election in October. The result of this election was supposed to have an immense moral influence upon other wavering States. The National and State campaign committees shipped heavy artillery and small arms into Indiana by the train-load. The Hoosier State was the funnel-shaped whirligig, right in the heart of the raging storm. It was called the "pivotal" State. It began to pivot early in the spring of each Presidential year, and kept on pivoting until snow-fall.

The early months were given over to skirmishes and battles within the party—sorting out county tickets, booming rival candidates for State offices, endless discussions in superheated harness shops, grocery stores, meat markets, livery stables and undertaking establishments, of the comparative chances of the Colossi who were striving for the Presidential nomination. The newspapers, which from one year's end to another had no editorial policy except to heap fulsome praise upon all representatives of their own party and throw poisoned javelins at leaders of the corrupt and venal opposition, would begin breaking into italics and exclamation points.

All quarrels within the party ended with the conventions. The independent voter was unknown. If you lived in Indiana you had to be a Republican, a Democrat, a floater or a helpless female. The greenbackers, a hybrid growth resulting from morbid conditions, sprang up in occasional fence corners for a while, and then were plucked and put back where they belonged. By the way, "belonged" is the word. Every man "belonged" to a party and loved to say so, in a loud and penetrating voice, while standing in front of the drug store. The voter who never had scratched his ticket was a wayside hero and sang his own praises. This is how he told it: "I'll vote for a yellow dog if he's runnin' on our ticket!"

Sometimes he almost got his wish.

The Whirling Dervishes of Indiana Politics

WHEN a Presidential candidate was named messengers on horseback carried the news to the outlying townships. Telephones had not come in. The buzz of incipient frenzy began to freight the air. Surely it could have been heard anywhere in Illinois or Ohio. Every town big enough to have a place on the map immediately called a "ratification meeting."

Has any one heard of a ratification meeting this year?

They piled up the tar-barrels and turned loose the defiant oratory. That was the real opening of the campaign—in June, not September.

After waiting possibly a week the townships would begin raising liberty poles, organizing sheepskin bands, and mobilizing the faithful into marching clubs. Each member of the fanatic company known as a marching club chipped in for a coat of red, white and blue, a cap with a fluffy plume and a torch shaped like a ballot-box. In the moneyed centres, such as La Fayette and Terre Haute, the business men's club would go in for flambeaux, white plug hats and star-spangled umbrellas. All this was in June, mind you—not September. Mr. Hitchcock, with his plans for a short and systematic campaign, would have been trampled under the stampede. Campaigns were not engineered by chairmen in those delirious days. The voters manufactured their own excitement. Party leaders simply galloped along the side lines and tried to keep up with the procession. There was no make-believe about it. Each partisan loved his own candidate—worshiped him. He was blind and idolatrous in his worship—shouted and sang, and marched and counter-marched, until he was in a trancified condition, the same as a whirling Dervish or a Moki dancer.

Looking back from the calm of these later years, it seems almost unbelievable that so many thousands of sincere and patriotic citizens should have hated, with a devouring and venomous hatred, the misguided but well-meaning Horace Greeley; that high-minded and scholarly old gentleman of Gramercy Square, Samuel J. Tilden; a brave and clean and dignified soldier, such as General Hancock, or an incorruptible executive such as Grover Cleveland.

Our shame is slightly modified by the reflection that we were goaded beyond endurance by the insults heaped upon General Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, our much-beloved "Jim" Blaine, and the favorite son of our own State, Benjamin Harrison.

The cubs in every country town snarled and yelped and fought the same as their elders.

"Hurrah for Hayes!" would shout some bright-eyed little Republican Rollo.

"A rope to hang him and a knife to cut his throat!" would retort some diminutive Democrat, full of home-training.

Then the two would clinch and go down into the dust together.

What could you expect from the juveniles when the voters were still singing about hanging Jeff Davis to a sour-apple tree?

A county-seat rally in those days was ostensibly called for the purpose of gaining votes. In reality it was a noisy demonstration of contempt for the opposition. It gave the frantic partisans a chance to get together and further inflame their minds and nourish their prejudices. They wanted to hear the campaign orator who could say the most scalding and vitriolic things about the cowardly marplots of the other party.

The farmers drove for miles and miles across the prairie dirt roads to attend these hate-feasts. Each wagon had a spring seat in front; behind it were boards laid across, and there, in the tail end, was a rocking-chair for some withered grandpa or grandma whose remaining vitality was still being exerted in the right direction. Down the dusty roads they came, wagon after wagon, the men in dark, store clothes of grotesque misfits, the women baggily gowned, and the young folks rigged out in fearful and wonderful costumes of home manufacture. Usually each township came as a solid delegation—a long row of wagons decked out with branches of trees and strings of cheap bunting, a martial band thumping away in one of the wagons, hand-painted banners of a highly-insulting character hoisted above others, probably one "float," built up from a hay-rack, with girls in white dresses and tri-colored sashes to represent the States of the Union, and high in the centre the Goddess of Liberty, grinning benignly.

The heated imagination of those days ran to allegory. I have seen as many as twenty "floats" at a country rally, one representing a brutal Southern master flogging a negro, another showing gruesome figures of the Kuklux, another depicting a boy in blue, upholding the banner of our candidates, and so on, all tending to keep alive the bitterness of the wartime and reveal in picture form the malign schemes of the enemy.

The Pandemonium of the Marching Clubs

AT A REPUBLICAN rally the Democrats would line up to welcome these tableaux and jeer at them. The repartee was usually direct and intensely personal. The town marshal and his assistants had a busy time untangling the belligerents. By day the speechmakers shouted and the glee clubs sang, while fifes and drums kept up their tedious but exhilarating thump and tootle. By night the uniformed clubs trailed about in torchlight parades, and when it was all over the delegations rode homeward, making night interesting with their whoops and howls.

These rallies represented in the aggregate a tremendous expenditure of time, money, vocal energy and spiritual essence, without changing very many votes. Probably ninety-eight per cent. of the voters in Indiana were rock-ribbed in their adherence to one party or the other. They were almost equally divided. The election went to the party that could capture the "floaters," or could rush illegal voters across from Kentucky, or, by night train, down from Chicago.

The "floater" was usually an unlettered son of the hazel brush, a village loafer or a large town hobo, who craved either personal solicitation or currency, and usually both. He held aloof from either party and pretended to

PHOTO. BY [illegible], INDIANA

The Crowd on the South Side of the House

PHOTO. BY [illegible], INDIANA

In the Poverty-Stricken Corn Belt—150 Cars Tucked Away in the Orchards be much in doubt as to whither the call of duty led him. He felt flattered and saw himself in a new importance when he could induce men of large affairs and tremendous standing in the community to coddle him, handshake him and take him out for long walks at night.

On election day the "floater" sat on a fence near the polling place and waited, still pondering on affairs of state; still holding his head and trying to come to some decision. He would be approached by a party worker, to whom had been assigned the delicate task of getting Bill. Something like the following dialogue would ensue:

"Hello, Bill!"

"How are you, Cap?"

"Voted yet?"

"Nope."

"How are you goin' to vote?"

"Well, I can't just make up my mind. Good many people been talkin' to me. Don't know as I'll vote at *all*," and he looks down street, evading the gaze of the determined "Cap."

"Bill!"

"Yep!"

"I'd like to see you for a minute."

"All right, Cap."

He detaches himself from the fence with some difficulty and follows "Cap" across the street and down the alley into a secluded poultry-house, trailed at a not very respectful distance by two or more gentlemen wearing badges that are not similar to the badge worn by "Cap."

What happens in the poultry-house will never be known until the practical politicians of Indiana begin writing up their secret memoirs. But when "Cap" comes out, holding Bill by the arm, Bill has a ballot folded in his right vest pocket. "Cap" takes him on a dog-trot to the polling place. The friends of "Cap" block and interfere when the opposition tries to crowd up and rescue Bill; the "floater" is pushed in front of the open window, the ballot comes out of the vest pocket and is poked in through the window. The judge announces in a loud voice that Bill has voted.

Men of the "Cap" variety had a lot to do with carrying Indiana for one party or the other until the Australian ballot law went into effect. Then the "floater" began to lose his relative importance. He could be fixed, but he couldn't be delivered with any certainty.

About 1892 the independent voter began to disarrange the poll-books. The first independents were disappointed Republican workers who had not been fed. The second lot appeared in 1896, and was made up of Democrats who would not be coerced into swallowing the free silver doctrine. They struggled long in meditation before giving up their beloved hatreds and actually voting for a man who wore the other kind of a label. Some of them succeeded in doing it, and were surprised to learn that they could do so without the right arm becoming palsied. Having enjoyed the martyrdom of 1896 they repeated it in 1900, and by 1904 they were surprised to find out that they were Republicans, without knowing just when or how it had happened. Their conspicuous example seemed to set the fashion. New voters coming along, with no personal interest in the wartime feuds, began to experiment on the Australian ballots, marking zigzag, here and there, as fancy directed, and since then the precinct workers in charge of the poll-books have found it mighty hard to classify all their neighbors. Thirty years ago they could mark a man either D or R, or put an X after his name, which meant that he would have to be "seen," but nowadays preliminary polling is largely guesswork.

The Republican State Committee believes that on national issues, as they have been outlined in recent campaigns, the State has a normal Republican plurality of thirty thousand to forty thousand. Indiana has been a Republican State ever since 1896, but the men who have contributed to this Republican success do not absolutely "belong" to the Republican Party, in the old sense of the word. They do not march or shout or carry torches. Some of them do not tell their wives how they are going to vote.

New issues and new methods have gradually eliminated the old-time political madness. At one time campaigning was the only form of public entertainment known in our State. Now we have the five-cent theatre, the colored supplement, the street fair, baseball and band concerts. The bitterness of the war period has evaporated and newspapers try to soothe rather than to agitate. Republicans no longer hate Mr. Bryan. They merely distrust his abilities as an executive and want him to do well on the lecture platform for a long time to come.

When our local committee was arranging for the Taft rally we were surprised and gratified to have Democratic farmers come to the front and offer their hay-wagons to help carry the visitors out from the railway station. Men who intend to vote for Mr. Bryan hung out flags and put Judge Taft's picture in the window on the day of his visit. They said: "He is a big man and a good man, and we

(Concluded on Page 36)

THE GREAT COFFEE CORNER

Trying to Keep the Breakfast Cup From Overflowing

By WILLIAM HARRISON UKERS

AS AN extreme instance of an attempt to control production and trade in a growing crop, in defiance of the generally accepted law of supply and demand, the corner in coffee now being engineered by the Brazilian Government presents problems of unusual interest to business men and to political economists.

"There has been only one successful corner in food products," declared a well-known New York coffee importer recently, "and that was the one managed by Joseph in corn, as related in the Bible. The coffee corner is doomed to failure because it is economically unsound. There are too many agricultural, political, social and financial reasons against it."

But there are so many different factors which enter into the "coffee valorization" scheme, as it is termed, that, at the present writing, it is by no means certain that the coffee man is right. We have had attempted corners in copper, wheat, corn, cotton and coffee in this country, and all have failed. Hardheaded business men will tell you that it is impossible to corner a growing crop, but in the case of the present corner in coffee new and strange factors have to be considered, and these may alter the old business axiom.

In the first place, we have presented the unique spectacle of a powerful Government, for the first time in history, engaging in an enterprise, the avowed object of which is to control trade, fix prices and restrict production. The enterprise is based on the theory that the yearly demand for coffee may be estimated on a basis of the average consumption of the preceding years, and, if a fair price is fixed and maintained, and only sufficient supply is fed out to meet the average demand (the surplus being held back), lean years of production will come and then the surplus stored during the years of plenty may be fed out at a profit. This, in brief, is the coffee valorization plan. It chiefly concerns Sao Paulo, Brazil's greatest coffee-producing State, and the United States, Brazil's best customer and the world's greatest coffee-consuming country. Those directly interested are the Government officials and their agents among the importers and bankers underwriting the loans. Not so directly interested are the coffee roasters, jobbers and dealers. Still less directly interested are the American housewife and her liege lord, and all that great class which forms the consuming public. How is the success or failure of the coffee corner likely to affect these various interests?

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A Bouquet of Coffee

The amount of coffee delivered in the United States from all sources last year aggregated 7,043,595 bags (132 pounds each) of all kinds, of which 5,710,914 bags were imported from Brazil, or a little more than 81 per cent., and about the same proportion as during 1906-7. The deliveries in Europe for the past two years have been about the same, in round numbers about 10,500,000 bags. This makes a total consumption for Europe and America of about seventeen million five hundred thousand bags of coffee.

The corner in Brazil coffee concerns itself, in part, with the withholding from the market of eight million bags. It is hard for the layman to realize what a huge quantity of coffee this means unless the figures are presented to him in a more concrete fashion. He may understand it better if he is told that these eight million bags of coffee would fill twenty-six thousand four hundred freight cars of forty thousand pounds each, making a freight train two hundred and twenty-five miles long, or equal to the distance between New York and Washington. The per capita consumption of coffee in the United States last year was 10.04 pounds. If the eight million bags in the coffee corner were converted into coffee liquor we would have, in round numbers, thirty-two billion eight hundred million cups, or four hundred and twenty-two cups to each man, woman and child in the United States. This quantity of coffee is more than one-third the size of the Cheops Pyramid in Egypt. The bags, placed end to end, would girdle the earth one and a half times. If the bags containing the coffee were emptied and laid flat side by side they would cover an area of about seventy-five thousand square miles, or considerably more than the territory occupied by Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

This quantity of coffee would make a pile nearly twice the size of the Metropolitan Life Building and its fifty-story tower. Making a comparison by weight, the coffee corner is nearly twelve times the weight of the Lusitania.

Some of the banking class have protested all along that there was no corner in coffee. Let us see. In this country, at least, a corner is understood to be the condition of the market with respect to a commodity that has been largely bought up with a view to fixing the price. Now, whether the price is a fair or an exorbitant one, whether the object is above suspicion or not, does not enter into the definition. It might even be philanthropic and still be a corner. Brazil surpasses the rest of the world in the quantity of coffee produced to about the same extent as the United States does in the production of Indian corn. On an average, something like 75 per cent. of the world's coffee crop is produced in Brazil, while of the total supply in 1906-7 Brazil produced nearly 85 per cent. Sao Paulo produces about two-thirds of the Brazil crop, and in that State alone not more than half of the land available for coffee planting is under any form of cultivation. The average world production of coffee for the past ten years was about fifteen million bags. As the valorization interests (including therein the State of Sao Paulo and certain banks and coffee traders here and abroad) are withholding from the market eight million bags of coffee as a minimum — more than one-half of the world's average production—and propose to control the amount of coffee coming to market for the next five years, it begins to look as if they were in a pretty fair way to bring about such a

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Editor's Note—As this magazine goes to press, dispatches announce the entire collapse of the "Coffee Corner," at a loss of $15,000,000 to the Brazilian Government.

condition in the market as would enable them easily to fix the price—and that's a corner.

But some one of a dozen factors may conspire to interfere with the success of the plan, as, for instance, failure to float new loans, overproduction for a series of years, repudiation by new administrations of financial arrangements made by preceding ones. At the present time the situation is unique in many respects. With a corner of a quantity equal to more than one-half of the world's yearly consumption, probably no other of the world's great food commodities would be offered on the market at a price lower than the normal, except for a very brief period. Certainly, with any other of the great articles of commerce, the ill effects of overproduction would be corrected by a corresponding drop in price much more quickly than in the case of coffee. The opinion has recently been expressed by the United States Consul General at Rio de Janeiro that, perhaps, even now, it would be an actual saving of money to the backers of the coffee syndicate, certainly to the planter, and to every one but the consumer, if this immense store of coffee was burned or thrown into the sea. As it is, the coffee interests here in America are divided into two camps over the outcome; speculation on the Coffee Exchange is practically *nil*; the coffee roasters are holding off in their purchases, only buying from hand to mouth, and the price *continues to sag.*

In order better to understand the purpose and scope of the coffee corner, it may be helpful to know something of the conditions which gave birth to the valorization plan. The word "valorization" is from the Portuguese word *valor* (value), and literally means "giving value to."

Brazil has not always been a great coffee country. Time was when Ceylon, India, Arabia, Java and the Philippine Islands were leaders in the production of the "little brown berry," or, more correctly, the "little red berry," for before it is picked it is as red as the cherry. The coffee plant was introduced into Brazil in 1723, but its culture did not become noteworthy until 1835. About the middle of the last century something over two million bags were being produced. By 1890 this had grown to five million three hundred and fifty-eight thousand bags, in a total world's production of nine million three hundred and twenty-three bags. And yet this huge total was only slightly in excess of the world's consumption. Prices ruled at figures which were very profitable to the Brazilian planter, and, while he could pay his debts, his labor, and other expenses incurred in planting and cultivation, in the paper currency of the Brazilian Government, which had declined some seventy-five per cent. as compared with gold, he sold his coffee for gold drafts, which, in turn, yielded handsome returns in the depreciated paper currency.

Coffee Being Sampled as it Leaves the Warehouse

Coffee Bags Being Stamped for Export

Theodore Wille & Co., of Hamburg and Santos, the largest Brazilian coffee house, for a number of years had been making heavy loans to the coffee planters. One of their representatives, Francisco Schmidt, is said to have no less than twenty-five *fazendas* (plantations) in Sao Paulo alone. A coffee *fazenda* may contain from fifty thousand to five million trees. Crossman & Sielcken are New York agents for Wille & Co., and Herman Sielcken is to-day the most important American factor in the coffee market. Wille & Co., Crossman & Sielcken and other comparatively smaller houses, among them the house of John Arbuckle, became genuinely alarmed when they found that the annual production of Rio and Santos coffee had increased about two hundred per cent. between 1890 and 1902, with a corresponding drop in prices. Then it became evident that the excessive planting of those years was fraught with grave danger. It requires four to five years for a coffee tree to come into full bearing, and the opening up of new estates could, therefore, go on for a number of years before its effect would be felt in production and in prices. The coffee tree will bear fruit for twenty-five years, and, in Brazil, sometimes fifty and seventy-five years, before it shows signs of outliving its productiveness. So, while it is a matter of only five years to relieve an underproduction of coffee, it is quite another matter to deal with the problem of overproduction.

The big coffee interests were on the verge of panic in 1906, because, after expecting a fifteen million bag crop, they found they had a twenty-three million bag crop to market, the price, meanwhile, having declined from thirteen to sixteen cents a pound (first cost in large lots), in 1890, to five to eight cents a pound, or less than half. The Brazilian Government had previously awakened to the gravity of the situation, and, foreseeing the impending disaster, had prohibited further planting.

With the appearance of the "bumper" crop in 1906 the Government made common cause with Wille & Co. and their agents in Europe and America, and hatched the valorization scheme. Had the twenty-three million bag crop been marketed in the usual way it undoubtedly would have ruined hundreds of planters and caused serious injury to both the State of Sao Paulo and the nation, to say nothing of the Continental capitalists (chiefly German) who have heavy loans out on Brazilian coffee estates. Therefore, the three principal coffee-growing states of Brazil entered into an agreement whereby they assumed a pro-rata responsibility for the purchase of such surplus quantity of coffee as would be necessary to fix the minimum market value at a price reasonably remunerative to the planters. They further agreed to borrow money with which to carry that surplus, the commodity to be held as security until it could be marketed without crowding the price below the approved minimum. The scheme theoretically prohibits heavy price decline in years of large crops, and large increase of price in years of short crops. Just what will happen in the event of a series of "bumper" crops is a matter of speculation.

In pursuance of the experiment, eight million bags of coffee were purchased and an eighty million dollar loan was made. The Arbuckle and the Crossman & Sielcken group and some French institutions originally came in. The Netherlands Bank was asked for help and refused. Messrs. Rothschild at first took the view that the whole valorization program was economically unsound, but later modified their views. But when the valorization experiment had been in operation about two years, it did not look promising. Brazil discovered that she had an elephant on her hands. Production had not declined in the manner hoped for, and consumption was not increasing as rapidly as had been expected. The Government was put to strenuous efforts to pull the scheme through. Therefore, it had to be given a new lease of life by the elaboration of a new valorization plan, extending over five years, which is now being put into operation.

In order to cover the expense of carrying the eight million bags of coffee now in warehouses in Europe and America, a surtax of one dollar a bag, in addition to the regular export tax of eleven per cent. ad valorem, has been imposed on all coffees exported from Rio and Santos. The Government of Sao Paulo has authorized a new seventy-five million dollar loan, at least ten million dollars of which is to be financed by the National City Bank of New York. It is proposed to consolidate all the present loans into the new one, which will, it is understood, be distributed at about 90. This will make a nice banking commission for the National City Bank and its friends who subscribed the fifteen million dollar five per cent. loan last year at the same terms, and will now be able to transfer it into the new loan at 90. The coffee loans to be consolidated include the original loan of sixteen million dollars on two million bags of coffee, taken by Arbuckle Brothers and some smaller coffee houses in New York, and prominent coffee and banking interests in London, Havre and Hamburg. The fifteen million dollar Schroeder-National City Bank loan will also be taken over, if present plans carry. The consolidated loan will also include the various other coffee loans which have been made on similar terms as the first-named loans, secured by warehouse receipts for coffee. The new Sao Paulo law, authorizing the increase of the surtax and the seventy-five million dollar loan, provides that the surtax shall be levied only on coffee exported from the State exceeding nine million bags in 1909, nine million five hundred thousand bags in 1910, and ten million bags in succeeding years. The unifying loan is being submitted by bankers to very cautious scrutiny. The Government must have its money by December 10. The bankers want the option of selling the coffees when they please, and not when the Government pleases, as is now the case. If this concession is made them nothing can prevent their "bearing" the market so as to buy the coffee in at a low figure, and sell it again at an advance.

A very recent development in the situation is the general strike of carters and drivers at Santos. As a direct result of this strike, for the first time in twenty years, there is no coffee afloat from Santos to New York. If the strike continues for ninety days the valorized coffee must be drawn upon.

As an aid to increasing the consumption of coffee abroad, the Sao Paulo Government has made contracts to exploit its coffee in England and the British colonies. A company has been formed in London with $262,500 capital and the Sao Paulo Government is to pay to it $250,000 in five years. This company is expected to do wonderful things toward weaning the Briton away from his morning cup of tea, and over to coffee. The Government evidently thinks that, with a per capita consumption in Great Britain of six pounds of tea to little more than half a pound of coffee, a most inviting field is open for coffee exploitation. It remains to be seen whether the confirmed British tea drinkers will prove quick converts. The new company starts out handicapped with the formidable title, "The State of Sao Paulo-Brazil-Pure-Roasted-Coffee-Company, Limited."

The valorization scheme has not yet been sufficiently worked out for any one to say whether it will spell success or failure. As a general proposition, the Brazilian Government will be satisfied to get its money back. Unlike the purely commercial promoters of corners in the past, the Brazilian Government is not engaging in this corner to make money. Nobody questions its sincerity in this regard.

The general impression in the trade is that the Government will get rid of its coffee obligations at a price which must entail heavy loss, the planters then being compelled to pay the piper with a dollar per bag surtax. The future course of prices, providing the bankers keep the eight million bags off the market, will depend upon the crops in coming years. On this point one thing is certain: these show no signs of decrease as yet. Varying estimates have been furnished concerning the crop now coming into the market. It is difficult to obtain unbiased information. What are called the crops of Brazil are merely the quantities entered at the different ports of export. The crop reports of the United States Department of Agriculture are based on returns received from some eighty thousand correspondents. Such a work is evidently beyond the financial means of any but the most highly developed countries. The most trustworthy trade authorities estimate the current Rio-Santos crop at about twelve million two hundred and fifty thousand bags, which is over two million bags in excess of last year's crop. Some estimates say the crop will reach fourteen million bags.

A European trade expert who has just returned from an extended visit to Rio and Santos and coffee-producing Brazil has something of importance to say concerning the 1909-10 crop. The coffee tree blooms from September to December, and experts can estimate with a reasonable degree of accuracy just what the next year's crop is likely to be from the appearance of the trees and the nature of the flowering during this period, always providing that later on no abnormal conditions obtain, such as drought, too much rain or bad weather at curing time. The trade expert referred to told the writer that he found the coffee trees in as fine condition as they were previous to the twenty-three million bag crop year. In his opinion their appearance indicates a crop in 1909-10 equal to the bumper crop year.

On the other hand, the valorization interests figure that by 1912 the world's consumption, which is to-day about seventeen million two hundred and fifty thousand bags, will have reached nineteen million bags, especially if the official propaganda should be as effective as expected, and that by 1915 it will have reached twenty million bags per annum, whereas the production is not expected to exceed seventeen million bags, and the visible supply (which, on July 1 of this year, was fourteen million one hundred and twenty-six thousand two hundred and twenty-seven bags) will have disappeared entirely. Then there is to-day no "invisible" supply—that is, roasters, jobbers and retailers are carrying only a small percentage of their normal stock.

Foreign Criticism of the Corner

THE financial and trade papers of America and Europe have condemned this government speculation in coffee. Some of these have recently gone so far as to announce that the "process of dissolution has already begun in the coffee valorization camp." The coffee manipulators have been charged with bad faith, and have been accused of selling out on Sao Paulo. A new President has recently entered into office in the State. According to one authority, he does not seem to relish "having the success of his administration blighted by things not of his own making." Monsieur Leroy-Beaulieu, the best known of European economists, says that the only means of limiting the loss is for the authorities to withdraw from the valorization enterprise and arrange with a private company of merchants and capitalists for the sale of the accumulation of coffee. Other authorities figure that Brazil will be forced to save the State of Sao Paulo from bankruptcy, and that Europe, as the holder of several millions of Brazil securities, will have to advance some hundreds of millions more to save Brazil from embarrassment.

One leading Havre and Hamburg house states that all those "who examine the circumstances with an open mind must come to the conclusion that further sacrifices cannot prevent the anticipated catastrophe, but can only defer it for a time, and that, finally, there can be no choice but to abandon Sao Paulo to a fate which it has obstinately carved out for itself. It is the duty of every public organ to make this quite clear and put the public on its guard with regard to this loan."

The trade authority previously quoted in this article states that the State of Sao Paulo alone can grow twenty million bags of coffee and find it profitable even at present prices. He points out that while the law forbids new trees being planted, it allows replanting, and that planters can easily increase their production fifty per cent. by replanting and paying more attention to cultivation. In this connection it is interesting to note that the coffee tree seems to live and thrive longer in Brazil than in any other country. Nowhere yet has the land become "coffee tired." There is practically no need of fertilizers in Brazil. At the Boa Vista Fazenda, State of Sao Paulo, where the coffee trees are seventy-five years old, and where artificial fertilizers have never been used, the 1906 crop was the largest in the history of the fazenda.

Whether the coffee corner succeeds or fails, the banks and the Government agents seem to have so protected themselves that they, at least, must profit by the experiment. Good insurance and storage rates are being obtained, and fat commissions are being paid for underwriting the loans. One firm is said to be making one hundred thousand dollars a year out of storage on valorized coffee. Thus far it looks as if the planter is going to "pay the freight."

In so far as the trade is concerned, if valorization wins, it is not expected that roasters will be charged very much of an advance over prevailing market prices. If the plan fails, coffee may be one or two cents a pound cheaper. And as for the consumer, there is little or no reason for him to be alarmed, for he is not likely to be affected in either case. The better qualities of Santos coffee, equal to the world's best coffees, cost about nine cents green, and eleven and a half cents roasted. The retail dealer sells these coffees to the consumer at from fifteen to thirty-five cents a pound. There is considerable margin here in which to assess some share of the cost of Brazil's coffee experiment. And even if Congress at the next session were to impose a duty on coffee imported into America, as friends of the coffee industry in Hawaii, the Philippines and Porto Rico are said to be preparing to urge upon it, Brazil coffee could easily stand the duty without there being much excuse for the price being raised to the consumer.

PHOTO. BY MARC FERREZ, RIO DE JANEIRO

Picking Coffee on a Brazilian Plantation

Stenographers With Push

WHEN my daughter came home from college last June she brought with her an imposing parchment, certifying that she is now a sure-enough Bachelor of Arts and is to be obeyed and respected accordingly. In the flight of years she seems to have impressed satisfactorily a procession of instructors, ranging from the young lady who taught her to count cubes and spheres in the kindergarten to the austere professors of trigonometry and analytical chemistry. I feel, therefore, that I was justified in assuming that she had absorbed some mathematical ideas beyond a blind faith in the dogma that two and two constitute four. So I was moved to wonder when, at cribbage, she found it necessary to count with her fingers in order to reckon how many must be added to twenty-seven to make thirty-one; and I was shocked when she asked the number of inches in a yard.

I smoked a pipe and retrospected. It came to me that soon after my education was supposed to be finished, my grandfather asked me to compute the interest on a note which the debtor was coming that day to pay. If I had been asked to calculate an eclipse I might have made a bluff at it—doubtless inaccurate as to results, but a well-defined and able-bodied bluff. The interest proposition floored me, and the old gentleman asked, with some asperity, how I had managed to amuse myself at college.

All this is by way of explaining the predicament of ambitious John Doe, a good-enough name for a sewing-machine agent who made such a poor showing in the small town where he was located that he was ordered to close up the store and deliver all the machines at a neighboring large city. The goods were to be hauled by wagon, and, as there were two loads, John arranged for one load to be driven by his younger brother, Robert, a budding stenographer who spent his unoccupied hours about the store.

They started off one morning for their all-day drive, John leading the way. As Robert trailed behind, it came to him that it was a sin to haul all those good sewing machines past so many prosperous farms where some sewing machines were doubtless needed.

Choosing a moment when John was out of sight, around a turn in the road, Robert invaded a promising-looking house. He told with enthusiasm and conviction the story he had so often heard John tell in a perfunctory and futile way, and he won, leaving a sewing machine and taking away with him a contract and a first installment on the purchase price.

When, at the close of the day, John arrived at the city office he explained that Robert was on the way with the rest of the goods, and nobody was worried at the delay. But when next morning came, with no Robert and no machines, there was wonderment which changed to anxiety as the day wore on.

Late in the afternoon John was standing at the door, looking down the street for his missing brother. When he saw Robert in the distance he shouted the glad news to the manager, who came forward in time to receive the loiterer.

The wagon was loaded with baskets of eggs and vegetables, barrels of apples, sacks of potatoes and crates of bewildered hens, while a bleating calf was towed at the end of a rope. Robert's pockets bulged with copper and silver coin, a roll of banknotes, and a wad of contracts written on miscellaneous slips of paper. He had taken anything and everything he could get along the road, but brought in not a single sewing machine.

There was a council of war and a reversal of orders. The two wagons went back next day loaded with sewing machines. This time Robert drove the first wagon and John trailed. The store was opened up again with John still there, as assistant to the new manager. Robert, when he told me the story, was a district manager.

Some twenty-five years ago a New York law stenographer, with no business experience or knowledge, took a position with a Western manufacturing company. He had just begun his first dictation when the manager was called away by telephone. The stenographer picked up two letters, answers to which had been dictated, a third from the top of the unanswered mail, and went to work. He readily transcribed the first two and then tackled the third. After several hours he laid the three letters, with their answers, on the manager's desk, and took up some other office work. The "old man" returned late in the afternoon, seated himself at his desk and took up the letters. He read through the first two, with occasional approving nods, closely observed by the new man, who began to get nervous as the third letter was picked up. After reading it slowly and carefully, the manager began back at the beginning and read it all over again. Then, looking over his glasses, he beckoned the stenographer to his desk and said, "I didn't dictate that letter?"

"No, sir."

"Who did?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody! How did you write it?"

"I first read over all that man's previous correspondence in the files, then I studied your catalogue a little, asked some questions of the bookkeeper, went into the factory and cross-examined the superintendent and made up the best answer I could. I hope it is all right."

"All right!" said the manager. "It is a lot better letter than I could write; I'll never dictate another letter to you." And with a few exceptions he never did.

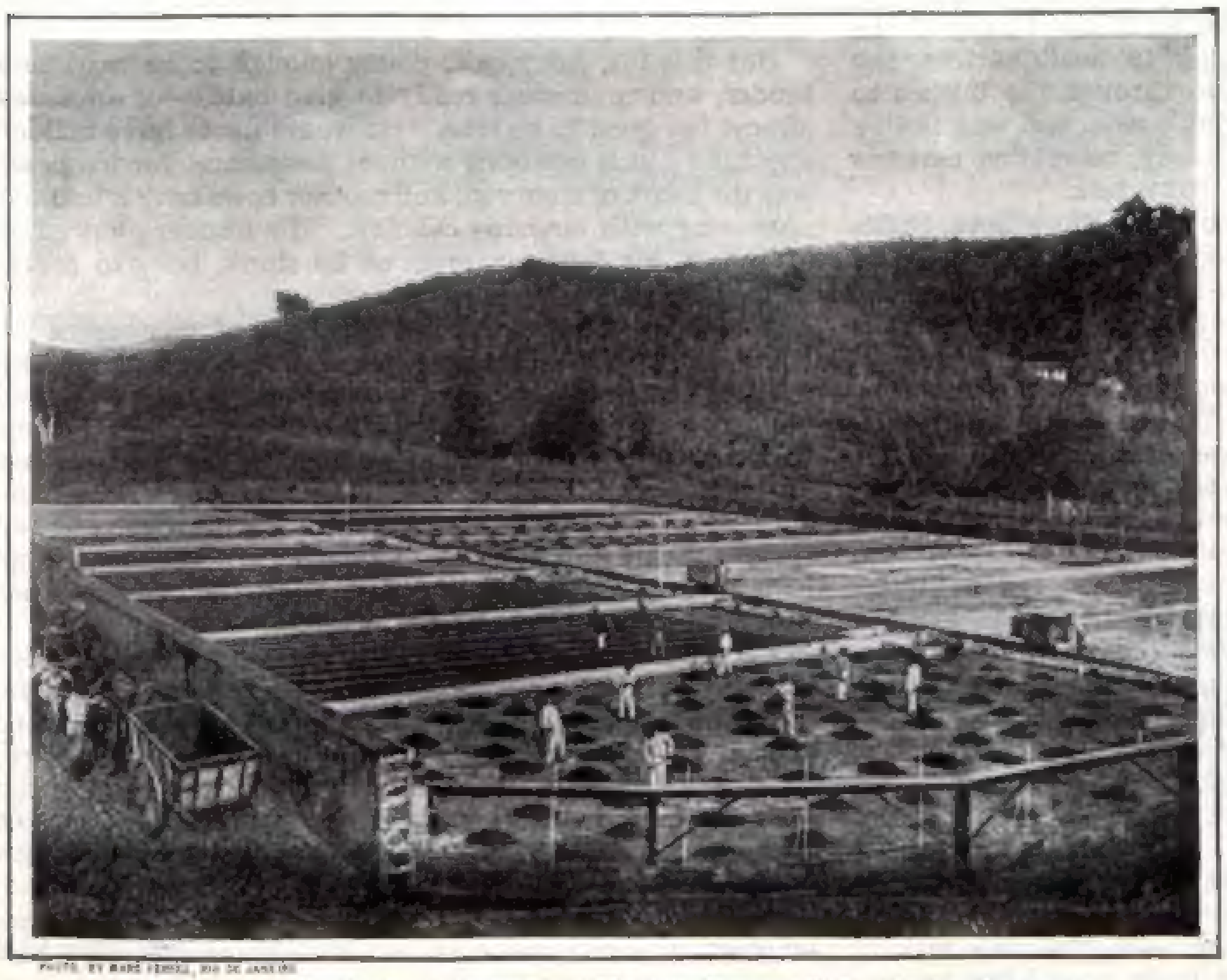

PHOTO. BY MARC FERREZ, RIO DE JANEIRO

Coffee on the Drying Grounds, in Various Stages of the Drying Process

THE OUTLAW—By George Pattullo

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The Rush for the Chuck-Wagon

A COW stood, with head erect and nostrils dilated, eying the crest of a rise, a lean, long-horned creature with peculiarly-distended, wild eyes. She sighted the tip of a high-crowned hat. By the time the rider topped the crest she was trotting away to the right of his course, lowing anxiously, her movements free, lithe, full of power. Suddenly she stopped, sniffed at the ground and began to fuss about a prairie-dog hole.

"She's plumb locoed," muttered the puncher, dropping his reins; "she sure is."

He sat his horse lazily, one leg thrown over the horn of the saddle, watching her antics. A snake perhaps; but if a snake why didn't she run? The cow pawed the ground impatiently, glanced back at him, and resumed her quick, purposeful trot. It was evident that her anxiety was intense. It was equally evident she desired him to appreciate it and to follow, for, observing that he sat motionless, she slackened her pace, made a deep-chested appeal to him and was off again. Curious, the puncher shook up his mount. Then he slapped his leg with a resounding whack, swore softly and chortled.

"You're too blamed eager," he said.

The animal seemed to divine his meaning. She wheeled about, disappointment and a new anxiety visible in her whole attitude. Another short run she made as a forlorn hope; perhaps he would pursue. But he had no such intention. Instead, he surveyed the immediate country leisurely, confident of what he would discover. Two hundred yards back of him, in an opposite direction to the line the cow was taking, clustered some mesquite bushes, and he made for them.

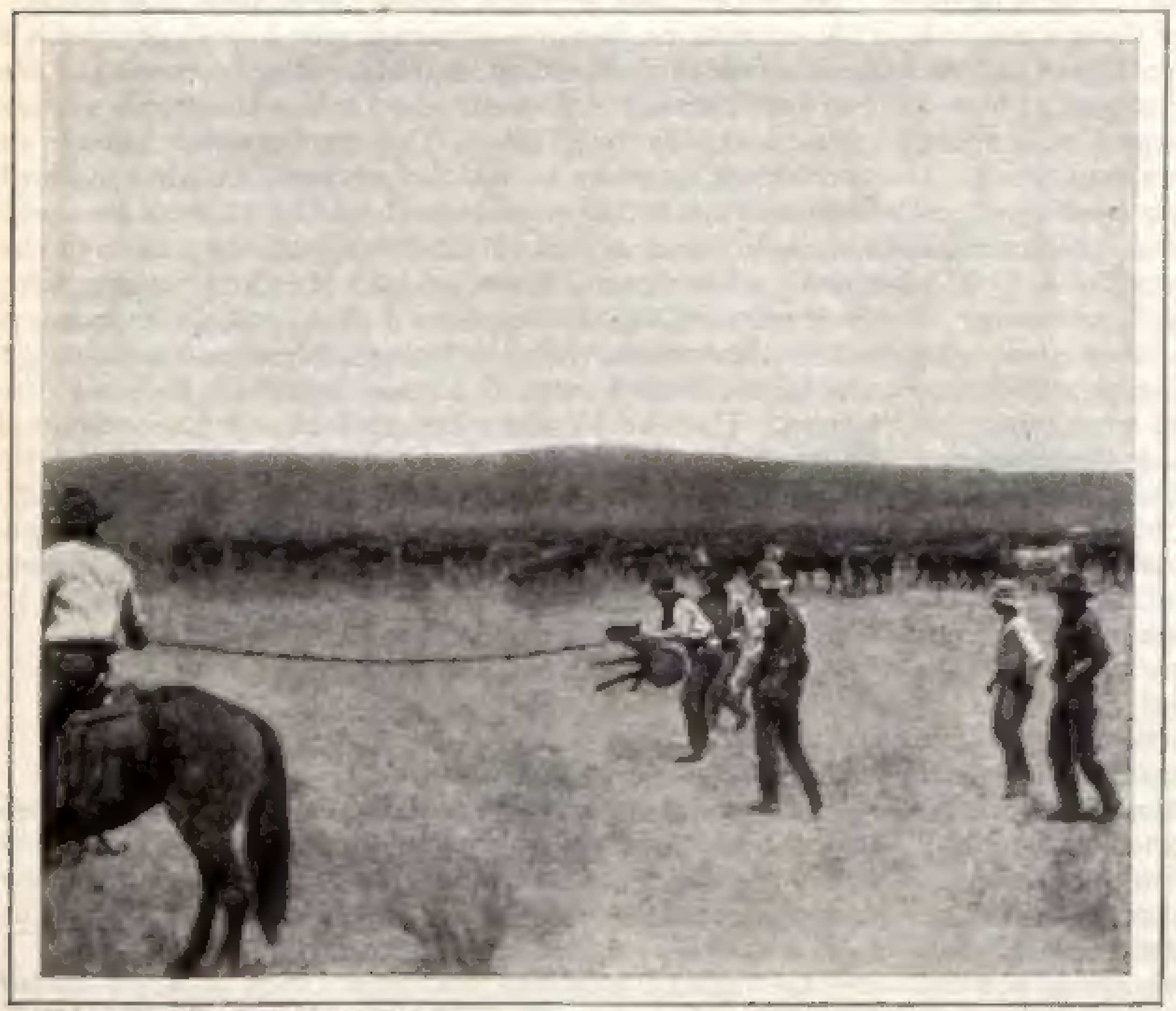
"Ef she ain't a good bluffer, now," mused Steve admiringly. "Tryin' for to hide the little devil."

He slid stiffly from his horse to investigate. Lying on the ground, effectually screened by a bush, was a calf, a sturdy, red-and-white rascal, with bright, prominent eyes and a specially black, moist nose. It flattened out as Steve stood over it. He noted the wiry coat of him, the black markings over the hocks—indications of the old Spanish strain—and then his gaze was held by one loosely-twitching ear. What in thunder—— He squatted on his heels to investigate. There was a curious incision, like no earmark of cattle known to humanity or to a Mexican. It was a curved slit, curiously suggestive of a snake poised to strike. A birthmark, of course; it must be, for the hair was grown over the edges and the calf was not a day old. But who ever heard of such a birthmark? The malformation interested Steve.

"Git up," he commanded, straightening; "I want to see more of you. I bet them hoofs of yourn is soft."

The calf crouched lower. He stooped, seized the brisket and tail, and raised him from the ground, none too gently. But the calf would not stand. When he released his hold the little fellow collapsed, spread out on the ground like a jellyfish. If he was frightened there was no trembling to evidence it. A calf doesn't suffer from nerves. It was simply that the red-and-white knew what he had been told to do and he was going to do it thoroughly. So he hugged the ground and marveled, with wide, questioning eyes rolling upward, what this strange being, who creaked when he moved and who spoke with the voice of authority, would do next. Perhaps his mother—where was she, by the way? He raised his voice in a plaintive bawl.

Now, when a calf of the old breed cries on the open range it's time to go home. First, there is its mother to be reckoned with; secondly, any other mother who happens to be in the vicinity and is afflicted with that troublesome, impartial, maternal instinct sometimes noticeable in women; and lastly, a bull, and even a steer, has been known to charge with sudden, plunging rush when that infantile wail reached him. So Steve knew what to expect. He didn't wait for the quick pounding of the mother's hoofs, but fled. As his horse loped away on the long journey to headquarters, the cow crashed through the bushes to her offspring's side, and was nosing him solicitously, mumbling caresses in absurd baby talk.



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Flanking a Calf

"I'll know you anywheres, Split-Ear," called Steve, settling down to his twenty-mile ride. "Crack-ee, but she's some anxious. They always is with their first."

Small wonder that the calf was agitated. This masterful creature on two legs and the four-footed animal he bestrode were the first living things he had seen in the whole twenty hours of his existence. He had many questions, disturbing questions, barbed to probe the future, but his mother stifled them and comforted him, so he soon forgot. She said nothing of the huge, crude scars her winter coat almost hid.

The red-and-white inherited all the hardiness of his race. "They's tougher'n the oldest man in th' world," Steve had once said; "you cain't kill 'em with an axe." And Steve knew what he was talking about. Half an hour after he saw the light the calf could walk. It was not a gait to justify boasting, for his knees shook, his forelegs showed a tendency to tie up in knots and to give at unexpected places, and sometimes he only saved himself from falling by supporting himself against his mother's shoulder. But he contrived to make the circuit of the cow twice in a clumsy effort to reach the fount of his food supply, she watching with eyes blurred with happiness. Braced against her hindleg he fed like a small glutton. Afterward, feeling full and strong and reckless, he humped his back with careless abandon and essayed to spring, but came down with a jarring thump.

The young mother did her duty by him, as only a young mother can and will. He breakfasted at dawn; ate until he could eat no more. Afterward she went off to graze, while the calf clung to his shelter. But she seldom strayed so far that she was not within sight or call. Certain guile there was she could not provide against, however.

On the third day of his career he lay basking in the first flush of morning light, for a full stomach, no conscience, and youth make for peace. His mother was feeding in an arroyo, so that the calf's retreat was beyond her ken, which fact was noted with a deep, quivering joy by a rusty, musty animal of foxlike head. He appeared suddenly, noiselessly, from nowhere in particular, as coyotes do. Times had gone hard with him, and he showed it. Fleas had played havoc with his coat, and he was hungry—oh, so hungry. It seemed such æons since he had gazed in the face of a square meal that the void where his stomach should have been ached at the recollection. Why, even old boots and bits of cast-off leather, those appetizers he had once pilfered with smiling ease from the ranch-house, were no more to be had. The scoundrelly cook had taken to poisoning things and to setting traps, and he hung around the chicken-yard all day and half the night, with a rifle, instead of playing "forty-two" indoors, as he should have done. So the coyote had changed his den and zigzagged his way to new hunting.

But this fat, juicy calf, young enough to be weak and tender, and no mother ready to give battle—it appeared almost too good to be true. He would never have tackled anything but a newborn without assistance, for his heart was the heart of a craven, and mother cows have a habit of appearing with amazing celerity. His hunger gnawed at his vitals, his jaws slavered, as he slunk, belly to earth, toward his unconscious prey.

Across the prairie, raising a ribbon of dust, from the direction of headquarters came a buckboard, in it two men, a bearded, elderly cattleman and a hawk-visaged youngster whose restless eyes roved every bush, every clump of bear-grass, missing nothing. The coyote raised his head for one fleeting look toward where he knew the cow was grazing. All was favorable. His muscles twitched spasmodically and his body trembled with anticipation as he crouched. Then every cord in him stiffened and grew taut for the spring. Another second——

A horrible, burning pain in his back seized him in mid-air, and in his ears was a roar as of a thousand thunders. Twice he bounded a yard clear of the ground and spun in the air. "He's turning double cats," laughed the boy, holding his smoking shotgun. The coyote squirmed to his feet again and made a short run that gave evidence of a return of strength and purpose, and the youngster once more raised his weapon. The prairie thief lay still.

And the calf? With his tail curling frantically he was conducting a stampede, piloted by his mother, who had started to his aid in a fury of anxiety even before the shot.

He Led the Race From the Clump

It was the calf's first run and it was short, but he had plenty to force his pace, with the terrifying stench of the four-legged hunter lingering in his nostrils and the rancid, stinging scent of the powder.

How fast his strength grew! At five days he could have butted into a stone wall at half-speed without any especially ill effects, save to the wall. Yet his mother's care never lessened. She would go over him each night, with the eager tenderness a woman bestows upon her young in the search for hidden pins, and after the coyote experience her guardianship became closer. It was even aggressive; she was ready, aye, eager, to defend. For she would have fought anything on two legs or four for the life of that long-legged, red-and-white blatherskite she held to be prince of his race.

The cattle grazed in scattered groups over some hundred square miles of the north range. They did not herd close, as do horses, but each unit preserved a certain independence, for the bulls took no such responsibilities upon their shoulders as will stallions with the mares and colts. In fact, the red-and-white never saw his father, to his knowledge. That ponderous, pot-bellied scion of Spanish stock lived his own life in his own way, spending half the day sleeping in the shade of a hackberry, and he did no worrying about family matters. His scores of children might fare as best they could. Anyway, what on earth were their mothers for?

When a week old the calf strayed from his mother's side, where she fed near a surface lake, and took a good look around at the scenery. There wasn't much to see, and probably he didn't see that—a rolling expanse, green-gray with sage-grass and broken by numerous, brick-red gullies; hundreds of scraggy mesquite bushes and some cactus; in the middle distance a creek, a mere trickle of water, whose sandy bed, half a mile wide, was the color of canned salmon; on its banks two or three regal cottonwoods; beyond, a butte, rising sheer two hundred feet from the plain like a monstrous oyster pâté; and farther still, far, far beyond, the hills, raising their cloud-crowned heads with the calm, awesome strength of the perpetual. And over all the country, moving like an army of giant spectres, big blue blotches of shadows cast by the glorious piles of tumbled white clouds.

Upon this the red-and-white gazed, his head moving from side to side in jerks, his ears twitching, his tail straight out as when he fed. He was trying to get up his nerve to sally farther afield in quest of adventure. As a starter and a spur to his courage he curveted clumsily. He was brought up short by the sight of another calf of about his own age, standing not a dozen yards away, surveying him with the liveliest interest. The red-and-white tried to look hostile, even threatening, but his curiosity got the better of him, for the calf into whose face he glared had the merest stump of a tail.

Only his youth could have excused his bad manners, for, taking a step nearer, he gruffly intimated that the abbreviated member astonished and puzzled him. The other treated the impertinence with the contempt it deserved. Then, at a repetition of it, apparently not made to insult but in anxious query, he volunteered the information that a coyote had bitten it off. He was very, very young at the time, added the clay-yellow hastily, and his big half-brother had arrived in time to save his life.

The red-and-white recalled his own experience with a shudder. This catastrophe established a bond of sympathy at once, a bond so strong that it withstood even the pointedly personal observations of the tailless one anent the matter of the slit ear. He told the red-and-white there was a large and very noticeable hunk out of it, as though somebody had chewed hard thereon; whereat the calf twiddled the despised ear testingly, but being unable to verify this summing up for himself, and experiencing no inconvenience, let the point pass. They approached in amicable fashion, made one or two playful butts at each other, and became very good friends indeed. After that they would hang around together in the hot summer days, making trouble for the other calves they encountered, and stirring up fights and feuds.

None of them was of a serious nature. The nearest approach to a tragic ending was when the red-and-white smashed, full tilt, into a six months' old half-brother, of whose relationship he was ignorant—not that this would have made any difference—and knocked him off the steep bank of a stream into the water. He had to run at that, for the other calf was a husky, ardent soul, and he was mad all through. When he scrambled out he went looking for the red-and-white, but by that time the offender was safely under his mother's eye, which fact he flaunted brazenly. It was by such deeds that the two raised some bitter feeling among the cow families.

Who ever saw a braver pair? Who so bold as the tailless one and he of the divided ear when there was absolutely no possibility of danger? Then, at the first hint of trouble, up would go their tails and they would hit the trail for their mothers at their very best pace.

They were learning, too, for many things which they saw carried lessons to their youthful perceptions. They were witnesses of the finish of a wildcat, which a puncher roped out of a tree under which they had been taking a nap, and they "burned the ground" to get out of hearing of the terrible, hissing snarls, as the dogs closed in on the beast for the death grapple. They saw a companion die slowly from "blackleg," and another practically eaten alive by the fearful screw-worm. For days, too, in common with all the cattle, they avoided an old cow whose head was swelled to twice its natural size. The poor creature was the victim of a snake bite, but she survived.

Also, the red-and-white obtained a hasty but sufficient view of a rattler. Into his own account of the exploit to his tailless friend there crept some remarkable features of daring. A bald statement of the encounter is that the little fellow heard a startling whir, like the sound of an overgrown cricket, perceived a small, evil head, atop a sinuous, dust-colored, striped body, rise spirally from among some loose stones he had trod upon, and sway threateningly for the strike. A cold fear seized him, but he was not so frightened that his limbs lost their power of locomotion. He side-stepped and jumped before the rattler launched himself, and he was away, with every muscle straining, in the rush for safety. From that encounter the calf learned to look where he stepped.

"Whoopee! Hi yi! Whew!"

A weird shout and a long, shrill whistle brought the red-and-white to his feet with a jerk just as the sun tinted the eastern sky to gray and gold and rose. He bellowed an inquiry to his mother and for a second stood irresolute. A horseman came riding at top speed straight for them, hallooing with all his might and waving his hat. Whereupon the calf waited for no instructions. He led the race from the sheltering clump where they had passed the night, but still the assailant came on. Huh! so this stiff-shanked, loud-talking thing astride of a rangy, starved-looking horse would catch him, would he? Not if he knew it; and the calf let himself out for all he was worth.

The puncher rode at a hand-gallop behind them, his circle horse making light of the work, and he did not drive too hard. Instead, he gave them a shove in the direction he desired they should travel and with a final shout swung away to the right, where a bunch of six rose up with a snort and gave him a chase. He calculated that the cow would keep going, and she did. Her slow march was marked by protests from her hopeful offspring. Observing that the rider was busy stirring up cattle in many directions, his baby mind could conceive of no good reason for plugging along in a line dead ahead because this individual had furnished the impetus for the start. He said as much.

The calf grumbled but trotted along obediently, and, presently, his own grievances were dissipated by the contemplation of what was happening around him. Day was breaking. First, the lower hills were suffused with a tender light, then the clouds cleared from the peaks and a red rim gleamed over the highest of them. A moment and the sun revealed himself, blood colored, with a promise of fiery heat. The red-and-white surveyed the familiar landscape with wonder and some awe. Every patch of grass in the country appeared to be turning out cows, calves and young steers, as a magician's bag scatters paper roses. He wondered from whence they all came. In several bunches he recognized acquaintances, but they were too concerned about the future to do more than give a hurried squall of recognition, for an enormous procession was under way and they were marching in it, a part of it, too. Whither would it lead them?

The Branding Went Forward With a Rush

Apparently this speculation was also a source of worry to the cows and steers, though they had all been through this sort of thing before. Yet, for the most part, they went

(Continued on Page 38)

Cutting Out the Strays

THE BUYING END

The Merchandise Man and the Woman Buyer

By JAMES H. COLLINS

HARDLY a year ago the last American firm in India withdrew from that famous Calcutta trade that flourished in Old Salem days. We held our share of this trade as long as it was a matter of goods and prices. When German bankers began carrying the Yankee firm's money, however, exchange and other charges ate up the profits, and our traffic to the Indies ceased.

A certain Bostonian had gone out to Calcutta almost as a boy and grown up with the East India trade. Several years ago he saw the change coming, and returned to Boston to engage in some other business. Looking over possibilities at leisure, he found a broad, popular demand just ripening for a certain household convenience. Then he invented a fine contrivance to meet this demand Then he patented it and arranged for manufacture, and just about the time the last American firm drew out of Calcutta he was ready to sell his goods.

This Calcutta man is not old. But he was reared in a venerable trade, and belongs to the old school of business. For example, a cable message came to him in India, asking prices and shipping dates on jute bagging. Then followed a calculation in which prices, profits, exchange, freights, were worked out in fractions of fractions. The merchandise he sold in India went largely to natives whom he never dealt with. He had never known much of retail trade or the consumer. His selling experience was wide, but had been confined to wholesale houses, railroad systems, war departments and governments.

To market his household convenience in this country, however, he saw that his obvious outlet lay in department stores. So the Calcutta man set out to visit buyers in the great shops of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and, presently, found himself among a class of business people which was quite new to him and not entirely agreeable.

The Elusive Loftie Family

IN THE first place, the department-store buyers were not accessible, as in other lines of business. He went to their offices, and was told that Mr. Loftie had just gone upstairs or downstairs, or to Atlantic City or Chicago. When in his office the buyer, perhaps, refused to see a visitor when the latter had something to sell—Mr. Loftie examined goods only between nine and ten on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. The Calcutta man attended then, and found fifty salesmen waiting, of whom twenty got a hearing before the hour was up. He was fortunately one of these. But Mr. Loftie looked at his sample only a moment, let explanations go in one ear and out the other, and curtly criticised goods and prices. It was certain that he could not see possibilities as the Calcutta man saw them.

The latter was not a "quitter," though. He stuck to this disagreeable work until his stuff had been placed with half the large stores in big cities. Then he hired a salesman, and vowed that never again would he deal in person with department-store buyers. How different they were from the purchasing agent of a great railroad, for example, who had told him on his first visit never to leave town without calling on him, whether he had anything to sell or not. Why, when a salesman had an inside advantage on borax he would travel a hundred miles to give the benefit to a buyer like that!

In another instance a London wholesale salesman went to a large New York department store with a fine novelty in women's belts, waited three mornings in a crowd of salesmen and sample-boys to see Miss Loftie, the buyer of such goods, without getting a hearing. Walking into her department, he handed a cutting of material to the head saleswoman.

"My, isn't that pretty!" exclaimed the latter. "What is the material?"

"Austrian tinsel," replied the Londoner. "Do you think you could sell belts made of that?"

"Gracious, yes, if we had them. Have you shown it to Miss Loftie?"

When he told his experience the saleswoman suggested that he call on the buyer in her office at four o'clock. Miss Loftie received his card, wrote upon it "Nothing doing," and sent it back without seeing him. Then the wholesale man went to the manager of the store. As soon as his samples were shown the latter took exclusive rights, and assured him that the house would have been sorry indeed to miss that line.

Among business men not accustomed to dealing with department stores there is a widespread belief that buyers for such establishments are inaccessible, dictatorial and grinding in their transactions; and they are compared, to their disadvantage, with supply men and purchasing agents in other lines, where buying is done in a different way.

The purchasing agent of a railroad company does little else but deal with salesmen and manufacturers and buy supplies. The department buyer, however, is really misnamed. He may actually purchase goods only one or two hours each day. He is primarily a merchant, and the rest of his time goes to selling. He has his force of clerks to organize and manage. On his ability as a merchant he must fight to get representation in the newspaper advertising, and, likewise, fight for display space in the store's windows. One Boston store, for instance, judges the value of a window display entirely by the amount of sales it is making from hour to hour, and when the offerings of one buyer do not attract sufficient trade will immediately give the window to another. The goods shown in a window have been changed as many as six times in one day. Newspaper advertising is governed by a similar system. Out of a hundred or more different departments only a few can be represented in newspaper advertising each day. The buyer competes for this space. He has his special sales or seasons, when additional clerks are sent him from other sections of the store, and over these "extras" he must exercise the closest supervision. For one green "extra" will keep three of his regular saleswomen busy showing her where goods are, helping her with customers, and so forth. He has his proportion of rent to pay, and heat and light and fixed expenses. And, on top of all that, there is the merchandise manager to be reckoned with.

The merchandise manager is comparatively new. He came into existence half a dozen years ago, when it was evident that some of the largest stores had grown too big to be supervised by the proprietor, or general manager, in person. The merchandise manager supervises buying, selling and a good deal of the finance. Expenditures for the whole store must be distributed over the year so that bills can be met conveniently. The department buyer wants additional capital for some promising operation. He comes to the merchandise man, and the latter not only sanctions or vetoes the scheme, but indicates, if approved, in what month the bills must fall due. There is a definite limit to the amount of stock the whole store may carry on hand. That limit is, perhaps, a million dollars. Some morning the reports of sales and stock on hand show that this limit has been exceeded. Immediately, all departments are directed to reduce stock to a stated point. There is also a limit to each department, and the merchandise man watches buyers' daily reports closely, and when goods move slowly will make an investigation and help close out the surplus.

The Duties of the Merchandise Manager

AT ONE period the merchandise manager was feared and disliked by buyers. When he first came into power he sometimes ran things a bit blindly, on averages and percentages. The wrong sort of merchandise man may do that still. Suppose the store is found to be overstocked ten per cent. in March. Suppose an order is issued to each department to reduce stock on hand one-tenth. At that season the fur buyer is winding up his winter's business, while the millinery buyer is preparing for his short, strenuous spring selling season. Obviously to trim both stocks alike is harmful. The fatal blow ought to fall on the fur man.

Women Buyers Contend That They Get Terms and Concessions That No Man Could Obtain

As he got the hang of his work, though, the merchandise manager equalized these conditions in the many different departments and seasons. To-day intelligent buyers turn to the merchandise man for help in difficulties.

The merchandise manager can, in certain ways, exercise better supervision over buyers than even the proprietor of a big store, for while his powers are wide they are also definite and limited. Nothing will more quickly demoralize buying and stocks, it is said, than interference with purchases by heads of the firm, and it is one of the especial beauties of the merchandise man that he cannot interfere

One of the big Eastern stores had, some years ago, an elderly partner who loved a bargain so much that he could not let his buyers alone. Every week he took a little trip himself out among the manufacturers, hunted up job lots of questionable stock, bought them because they were cheap, and dumped them on to the buyers to be sold somehow. Fires, sheriffs' sales and manufacturers' surpluses had a fascination for him, and price was the only factor in his purchases. Every salesman who failed to unload worthless merchandise on the buyers of that store knew that he could still sell it if he got to this elderly partner. Few of them failed to reach him.

The Episode of the Calico Wrapper

ONE day the old chap came back to the store jubilant, and told his partners that he had just bought a lot of cheap calico wrappers—he didn't know exactly how many, because the only detail that he remembered was the price. In a day or two a cheap-John concern began delivering women's calico wrappers. They were all sizes, shapes and colors. There were hundreds of them. They swamped the stock-room and came down on the buyer of ready-to-wear women's gowns like a flood. Inspection showed that this was stock anywhere from one to three years old, which had been offered to nearly every large store in town by various manufacturers, to find no sale. An enterprising jobber had got the junk together solely with a view to unloading it on this partner. He had succeeded.

That purchase resulted in a change in this firm, whereby the elderly, bargain-hunting partner was induced to sell his interest. The store still has a few hundred of those calico wrappers, and will probably always have them—unless it has a fire. It also has a merchandise manager, however, and since the old chap retired its turnover has been doubled by the better buying methods that have resulted.

In one of the great Eastern stores there sits a functionary known as the "comparison man," whose duty, as he expresses it, is to see that the store he works for carries the right goods at the right prices. He is a mercantile and manufacturing man of world-wide knowledge, having written industrial reports for governments, and made acquaintances in most of the foreign industrial centres. He knows just about what is going on everywhere in manufacturing, from New Jersey to Japan, and what he doesn't know he has facilities for finding out.

Some fine morning the linen buyer in this store puts on sale a ladies' handkerchief at fifty cents, stating that no better value can be had elsewhere. That interests the comparison man. He calls one of his "shoppers" and tells her to go to every competing store in town and find out who sells the best ladies' handkerchief for fifty cents. At night the "shopper's" report is turned in, with samples of handkerchiefs. The last sample is one of the linen buyer's, bought in his own department.

The comparison man has a staff of these "shoppers," and takes pains to keep them unknown to other employees, because he wants them to go anywhere in his own store and have the status of customers. Every day they shop for him in this way, looking for the best values. In that, they are doing for him just what several hundred thousand women are always doing in that town for themselves.

If one of the samples is a fifty-cent handkerchief better than his own linen buyer's, the comparison man will find out where it is made and let the buyer know. If there is a handkerchief as good sold in another store at forty-five cents, he will compel the linen buyer to meet this price. If the linen buyer submits his fifty-cent article before it is put on sale, the comparison man will give him an opinion, after investigating what is on sale in other stores. He may first contend that it doesn't represent the best value. The linen buyer believes that it does. Then the comparison man has power to suspend sale of those goods until he can prove that something better is obtainable, either at retail in a competing store or wholesale from a manufacturer.

Thus the comparison man is not unlike a district attorney representing the public. His investigators, the "shoppers," are backed by his own broad knowledge of merchandise in every field, from mosquito netting to fireless cookers. To supplement this knowledge he carries on correspondence with manufacturers, jobbers, agents and brokers in every country in the world. Absolutely devoted to facts, and working only with downright values, he might easily be the most unpopular person in the establishment. In actuality, however, the comparison man gets along very smoothly. For once that he criticises and corrects, he can give assistance nine times. Able buyers take the initiative and come to him first, bringing their problems and using his knowledge. For they are usually as anxious as he to be right in their merchandise.

These are some of the conditions governing the department buyer. This is why he is not always as accessible or leisurely in his work as men in other fields whose whole time is given to purchasing.

Consider the millinery buyer, for instance.

His seasons are short. In a first-class store he carries a stock containing no duplicates. He imports dreams and confections from Paris at fifty, sixty and a hundred dollars apiece, exhibits them, copies them, adapts them, and finally throws them on to the bargain table at fourteen dollars. He likewise buys hats in cases, to retail at a dollar and seventy-five cents. Every year the millinery manufacturers in New York alone originate thousands of different shapes and styles. From these he must single out, by trying a few of each, the half-dozen real sellers of that season—there will seldom be more than a half-dozen. He buys not only hats, but trimmings for his workrooms and, perhaps, the counter trade. Thousands of novelties in artificial flowers, beadwork, feathers, are brought out yearly, and from these, too, he must make selections. In arriving at the fundamental demand he depends upon his clerks, and so is confronted by the labor problem. Fifty girls apply for a position. He sifts them down to twelve. Two of these are self-possessed, quick, likely. He engages those, and they turn out shallow-brained. The leading ladies he needs were among the other ten—intelligent, conscientious girls, whose real qualities were hidden by the stage fright incident to hunting a job.

Every morning at ten he goes up to the sample-rooms, and spends two hours looking through salesmen's cases of hundreds of shapes and trimmings. The buyer goes over them rapidly—he has an eagle eye for a novelty, and there is little discussion.

Millinery in the raw is a good deal like poetry in manuscript. In some lines of merchandise small houses can be ignored, as the main supply comes from thirty or forty large firms. Not millinery, however. Like the obscure poet, an unknown manufacturer may appear any morning with a novelty, and the smaller he is the better—in that case his output is small, and the buyer may get something exclusive.

The obscure poet is supposed to sell his sonnet to only one editor. The millinery manufacturer is supposed to sell his novelty to one buyer, too. But very often he sells it to two or three, and then there is trouble for somebody.

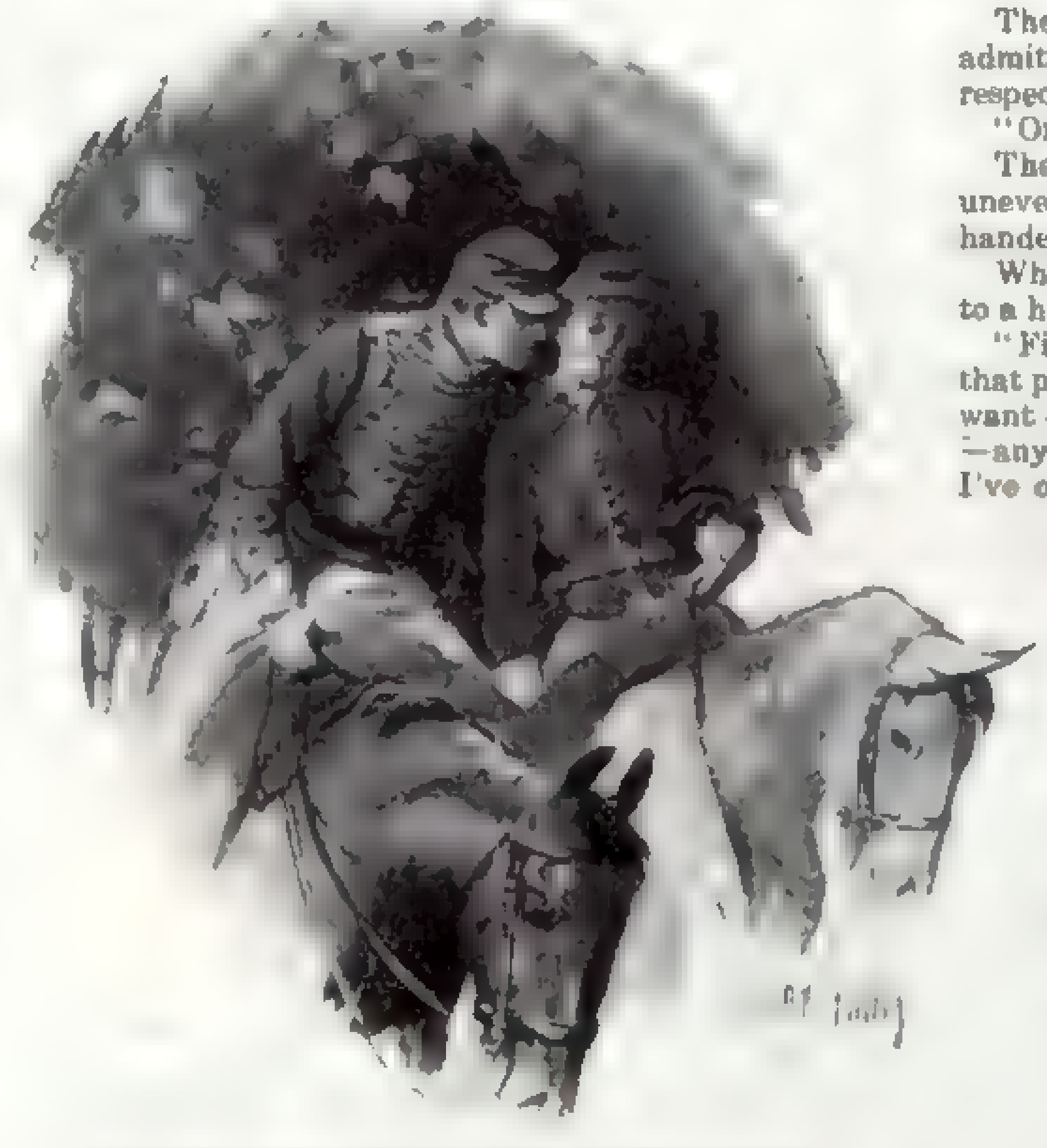
Several seasons ago the millinery buyer for a large store sifted demand down to one style of hat that seemed certain to lead the sales. His forecast was hardly made when along came an obscure manufacturer with precisely the thing that emphasized this fashion. The buyer bought extensively, and put that hat into stock at regular prices. This is a high-class store. The selling season had hardly begun when a cheaper bargain store up the avenue advertised that hat at a few cents above actual cost. Investigation showed that the same manufacturer had sold to the competing establishment. When the bargain store learned, through its "shoppers," that the high-class store was making a strong feature of that hat at regular prices,

(Concluded on Page 54)

EVER AFTER

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS



"Good-By!" She Sobbed; "They're Coming for Me!"

> —And they married, and had many children, and lived happy ever after. *Old Tales.*

FOR two days the signal flags had been talking to each other; for two nights the fiery torches had been conversing about that beleaguered city in the South. Division after division, corps after corps, were moving forward; miles of wagons, miles of cavalry in sinuous columns unending, blackened every valley road. Later, the heavy Parrots and big Dahlgrens of the siege train stirred in their parked lethargy, and, enormous muzzles tilted skyward, began to roll out through the valley in heavy majesty, shaking the ground as they passed, guarded by masses of red artillerymen.

Day after day crossed cannon flapped on red and white guidons; day after day the teams of powerful horses, harnessed in twenties, trampled through the valley, headed south.

Off the sandy headland a Federal gunboat lay at anchor, steam up—a blackened, chunky, grimy thing of timber and iron plates, streaked with rust, smoke blowing horizontally from her funnels. And day after day she consulted hill and headland with her kaleidoscopic strings of flags; and headland and hill talked back with fluttering bunting by day and with torches of fire by night.

From her window in the emergency hospital the Special Messenger could see those flags as she sat pensively sewing. Sometimes she mended the remnants of her silken stockings and the last relics of the fine underlinen left her; sometimes she scraped lint or sewed poultice bandages, or fashioned havelocks for regiments southward bound.

She had grown slimmer, paler, of late; her beautiful hair had been sheared close; her head, covered with thick, clustering curls, was like the shapely head of a boy. Limbs and throat were still smooth and round, but had become delicate almost to leanness.

The furlough she had applied for had not yet arrived; she seemed to remain as hopelessly entangled in the web of war as ever, watching, without emotion, the old spider, Death, busy all around her, tireless, sinister, absorbed in his own occult affairs.

The routine varied but little: at dawn surgeons' call chorused by the bugles; files of haggard, limping, clay-faced men, headed by sergeants, all converging toward the hospital; later, in every camp, drums awaking; distant strains of regimental bands at parade; and all day and all night the far rumble of railroad trains, the whistle of locomotives, and, if the wind veered, the faint, melancholy cadence of the bells swinging for a clear track.

Sometimes, sewing by the open window, she thought of her brother, now almost thirteen—thought, trembling, of his restless letters from that Northern school, demanding of her that he be permitted to take his part in war for the Union, begging to be enlisted at least as drummer in a nine-months' regiment which was recruiting within sight of the dormitory where he fretted over Cæsar and the happy warriors of the Tenth Legion.

Sometimes, mending the last shreds of her cambric finery, she thought of her girlhood, of the white porches at Sandy River; and always, always, the current of her waking dream swung imperceptibly back to that swift crisis in her life—a flash of love—love at the first glance—a word! and his regiment, sabres glittering, galloping pell-mell into the thundering inferno between the hills. . . . And sunset; and the wounded passing by wagon-loads, piled in the blood-soaked hay; and the glimpse of his limp gold-and-yellow sleeve—and her own white bed, and her lover of a day lying there—dead ——

At this point in the dream-tale her eyes usually became too dim to see the stitches, and there was nothing to do except to wait until the tired eyes were dry again.

The sentry on duty knocked, opened the door, and admitted a weather-stained aide-de-camp, warning her respectfully:

"Orders for you, ma'am."

The Special Messenger cleared her eyes, breathing unevenly, and unsealed the dispatch which the officer handed her.

When she read it she opened a door and called sharply to a hospital orderly, who came running:

"Fit me with a rebel cavalry uniform—you've got that pile of disinfected clothing in the basement. I also want one of our own cavalry uniforms to wear over it—anything that has been cleaned. Quick, Williams; I've only ten minutes in which to saddle! And bring me at the same time that bundle of commissions taken from the rebel horsemen brought in yesterday."

And to the mud-splashed aide-de-camp who stood waiting, looking out of the window at the gunboat which was now churning in toward the wharf, billows of inky smoke pouring from the discolored stacks:

"Please tell the General that I go aboard in half an hour. Tell him I'll do my best." In a lower voice: "Ask him not to forget my brother—if matters go wrong with me. He has given me his word. . . . And I think that is all, thank you."

The A. D. C. said, standing straight, hollow-backed, spurred heels together:

"Orders are verbally modified, madam."

"What?"

"If you do not care to go—it is not an order—merely a matter of volunteering. . . . The General makes no question of your courage if you choose to decline."

She said, looking at the officer a little wearily:

"Thank the General. It will give me much pleasure to fulfill his request. Ask him to bear my brother in mind; that is all."

The A. D. C. bowed to her, cap in hand, then went out, making considerable racket with sabre and boots.

Half an hour later a long, deep, warning blast from the gunboat's whistle set the echoes flying through the hills.

Aboard, leading her horse, the Special Messenger, booted and spurred, in a hybrid uniform of a subaltern of regulars, handed the bridle to a sailor and turned to salute the quarterdeck.

. . . .

The United States gunboat, Kiowa, dropped anchor at the railroad wharf two days later, and ran out a blackened gangplank. Over it the Special Messenger, wrapped in her rubber cloak, led her horse to shore, mounted, and galloped toward the hill where the flag of corps headquarters was flapping in the wet wind.

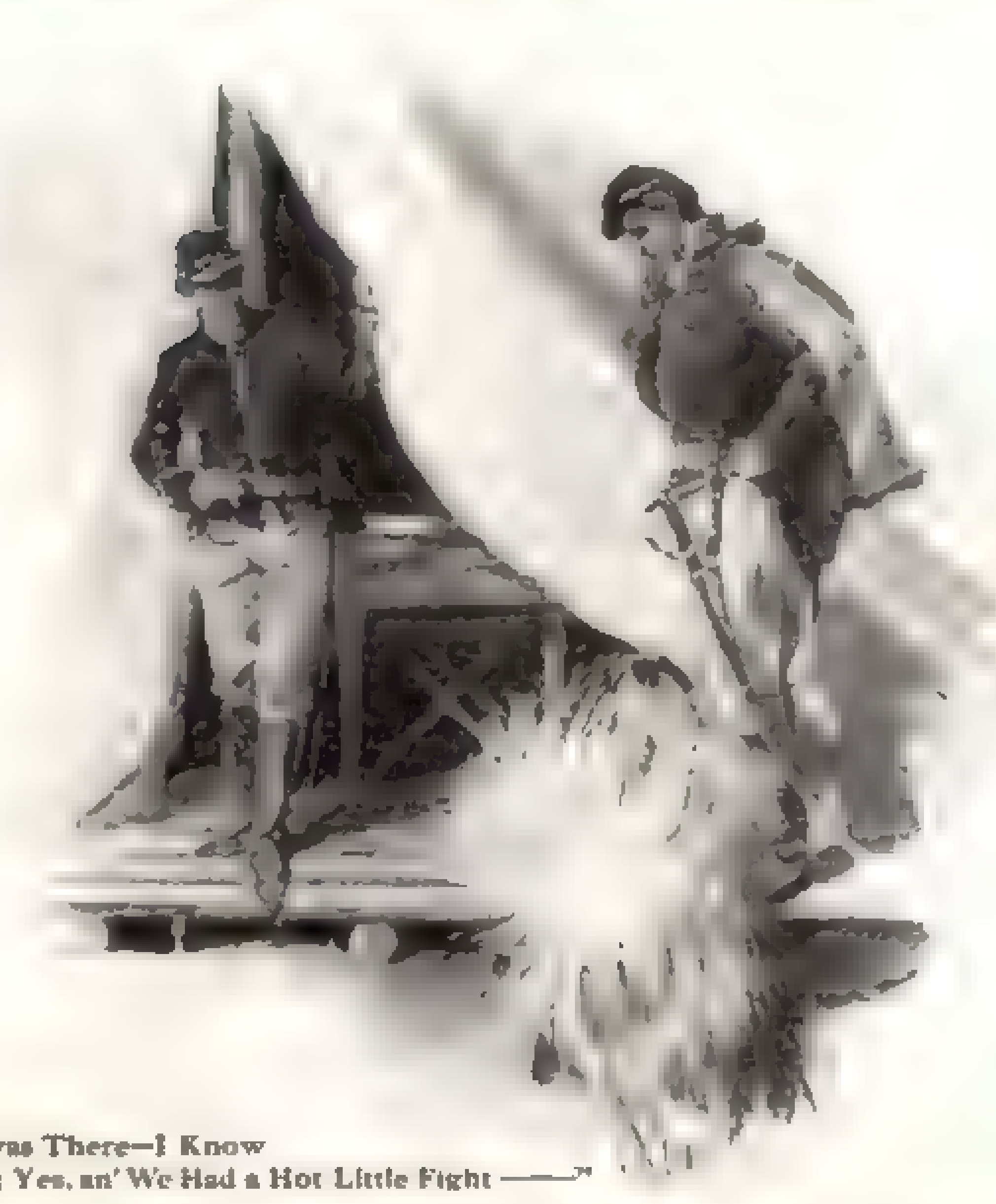
The rain ended as she rode, dying out in a distant rattle of thunder among the inland hills; in the northeast a double rainbow glowed and slowly faded to a rosy nimbus.

Corps headquarters was heavily impressive and paternally polite, referring her to headquarters of the unattached cavalry division.

She remounted, setting her horse at an easy canter for the intervening two miles inland, riding through acres of tents and vistas of loaded wagon-trains; and at last an exceedingly ornamental staff officer directed her to her destination, and a few moments later she dismounted and handed her bridle to an orderly, whose curiously-fashioned forage cap seemed strangely familiar.

As the Special Messenger entered his tent and saluted, the Colonel of the Fourth Missouri Cavalry rose from a camp chair, standing over six feet in his boots. He was magnificently built; his closely-clipped hair was dark and curly, his skin smoothly bronzed and flushed at the cheek bones; his allure that of a very splendid and grave and youthful god, save for the gayly-impudent uptwist of his short mustache and the stilled humor in his steady eyes.

His uniform was entirely different from the usual regulation—he wore a blue forage cap with short, heavy vizor of unpolished leather shadowing the bridge of his nose; his dark blue jacket was shell-cut; over it he wore a slashed dolman trimmed at throat, wrists and edges with fur; his breeches were buff; his boots finished at the top with a yellow cord forming a heart-shaped knot in front; at his heels trailed the most dainty and rakish of sabres, light, graceful, curved almost like a simitar.


"We was There—I Know That; Yes, an' We Had a Hot Little Fight ——"

All this is what the Special Messenger saw as she entered, instantly recognizing a regimental uniform which she had never seen but once before in her brief life. And straight through her heart struck a pain swift as a dagger thrust, and her hand in its buckskin gauntlet fell limply from the peak of her vizor, and the color died in her cheeks.

What the Colonel of the Fourth Missouri saw before him was a lad, slim, rather pale, dark-eyed, in the uniform of regular cavalry, swathed to the chin in the folds of a wet poncho; and he said, examining her musingly and stroking the ends of his curt mustache upward:

"I understood from General Sheridan that the Special Messenger was to report to me. Where is she?"

The lightning pain of the shock when she recognized the uniform interfered with breath and speech; confused, she raised her gloved hand and laid it unconsciously on her heart; and the Colonel of the Fourth Missouri waited.

"I am the Special Messenger," she said faintly.

For a moment he scarcely understood that this slender young fellow, with dark hair as closely clipped and as curly as his own, could be a woman. Stern surprise hardened his narrowing gaze; he stood silent, handsome head high, looking down at her; then slowly the latent humor flickered along the edges of lip and lid, curbed instantly as he bowed, faultless, handsome—only the persistently upturned mustache impairing the perfectly-detached and impersonal decorum with a warning of the *beau sabreur* behind it all.

"Will you be seated, madam?"

"Thank you."

She sat down; the wet poncho was hot and she shifted it, throwing one end across her shoulder. In her uniform she appeared willowy and slim, built like a boy, and with nothing of that graceful awkwardness which almost inevitably betrays such masqueraders. For her limbs were straight at the knees and faultlessly coupled, and there seemed to be the adolescent's smooth lack of development in the scarcely-accented hips—only a straight harmony of proportion—a lad's grace muscularly undeveloped.

Two leather straps crossed her breast, one weighted with field-glasses, the other with a pouch. From the latter she drew her credentials and would have risen to present them, but the Colonel of the Fourth Missouri detained her with a gesture, himself rose, and took the papers from her hand.

While he sat reading, she, hands clasped in her lap, gazed, dim-eyed, at his well-remembered uniform, busy with her memories once more, and the sweetness of them — and the pain.

They were three years old, these memories, now glimmering alive again amid the whitening ashes of the past; only three years—and centuries seemed to dim the landmarks and bar the backward path that she was following to her girlhood! She thought of the white-pillared house as it stood at the beginning of the war; the severing of old ties, the averted faces of old friends and neighbors; the mortal apprehension, endless suspense; the insurgent flags fluttering from porch and portico along the still, tree-shaded street; her own heart-breaking isolation in a disloyal community when Sumter fell—she an orphan, alone there with her brother and bedridden grandfather.

And she remembered the agony that followed the news from Bull Run, the stupor that fell upon her; the awful heat of that battle summer; her evening prayers, kneeling there beside her brother; the red moons that rose, enormous, menacing, behind the trees; and the widow-bird calling, calling to the dead that never answer more.

Her dead? Why *hers?* A chance regiment passing — cavalry wearing the uniform and number of the Fourth Missouri. Ah! she could see them again, sun-scorched, dusty, fours crowding on fours, trampling past. She could see a young girl in white, fastening the long-hidden flag to its halyards as the evening light faded on the treetops! . . . And then—and then—*he* came—into her life, into her house, into her heart, alas!—tall, lean, calm-eyed, yellow-haired, wrapped in the folds of his long, blue mantle! . . . And she saw him again—a few moments before his regiment charged into that growling thunder beyond the hills somewhere.

And a third time, and the last, she saw him, deathly still, lying on her own bed, and a medical officer pulling the sheet up over his bony face.

. . . .

The Colonel of the Fourth Missouri was looking curiously at her; she started, cleared the dimness from her eyes, and steadied the trembling underlip.

After a moment's silence the Colonel said: "You undertake this duty willingly?"

She nodded, quietly touching her eyes with her handkerchief.

"There is scarcely a chance for you," he observed with affected carelessness.

She lifted her shoulders in weary disdain of that persistent shadow called danger, which had long since become too familiar to count very heavily.

"I am not afraid—if that is what you mean," she said. "Do you think you can get me through?"

The Colonel said coolly: "I expect to do my part. Have you a rebel uniform?"

She nodded.

"Where is it?"

"On me—under this."

The Colonel looked at her; a slight shudder passed over him.

"These orders suggest that I start before sunset," he said. "Meanwhile this tent is yours. My orderly will serve you. The regiment will move out about sunset with some six hundred sabres and Gray's Rhode Island flying battery."

He walked to the tent door; she followed.

"Is that your horse?" he asked.

"Yes, Colonel."

"Fit for the work?" turning to look at her.

"Yes, sir."

"And *you?*"

She smiled; through the door of the tent a misty bar of sunshine fell across her face, turning the smooth skin golden. Outside a dismounted trooper on guard presented his carbine as the tall, young Colonel strode out. An orderly joined him; they stood a moment consulting in whispers, then the orderly ran for his saddled horse, mounted, and rode off through the lanes of the cavalry camp.

From the tent door the Special Messenger looked out into the camp. Under the base of a grassy hill hundreds of horses were being watered at a brook now discolored by the recent rains; beyond, on a second knoll, the guns of a flying battery stood parked. She could see the red trimmings on the gunners' jackets as they lounged about in the grass.

The view from the tent door was extensive; an army corps, at least, lay encamped within range of the eye; two roads across the hills were full of wagons moving south and east; along another road, stretching far into the valley, masses of cavalry were riding—apparently an entire division—but too far away for her to hear the trample of the horses.

From where she stood, however, she could make out the course of a fourth road by the noise of an endless, moving column of horses. At times, above the hillside, she could see their heads, and the enormous, uptilted, canvas-covered muzzles of siege guns; and the racket of hoofs, the powerful crunching and grinding of wheels, the cries of teamsters united in a dull, steady uproar that never ceased.

On the picket-lines the troopers of the Fourth Missouri were idly watching the artillery passing—hundreds of sunburnt cavalrymen seated along the hillside, feet dangling, exchanging gibes and jests with the drivers of the siege-train below. But from where she stood she could see nothing except horses' heads tossing, blue caps of mounted men, the huge bulk of a passing cannon, a crimson guidon flapping, or the sun glittering on the slender, curved blade of some officer's sabre as he signaled.

North, east, west, south—the whole land seemed to be covered with moving men and beasts and wagons; flags fluttered on every eminence; tents covered plowed fields, pastures, meadows; smoke hung over all, crowning the green woods with haze, veiling hollows, rolling along the railway in endless, yellow billows.

The rain had washed the sky clean, but again this vast, marauding host was soiling heaven and blighting earth as it advanced on that beleaguered Southern city.

War! Everywhere the monotony of this awful panorama, covering her country day after day, month after month, year after year—war, always and everywhere and in every stage—hordes of horses, hordes of men, endless columns of deadly engines! Everywhere, always, death, or the preparation for death—every road and footpath crammed with it, every field trampled by it, every woodland shattered by it, every stream running thick with its pollution. The sour smell of marching men, the stale taint of unclean fires, the stench of beasts—the acrid, indescribable odor that hangs on the sweating flanks of armies seemed to infect sky and earth.

A trooper, munching an apple and carrying a truss of hay, passed, cap cocked rakishly, sabre banging at his heels; and she called to him and he came up, easily respectful under the grin of bodily well-being.

"How long have you served in this regiment?" she asked.

He swallowed the bite of apple which crowded out his freckled cheeks: "Three years, sir."

She drew involuntarily nearer the tent door.

"Then—you were at Sandy River—three years ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember the battle there?"

The soldier looked doubtful. "We was there—I know that; yes, an' we had a hot little fight ——"

"Yes—near a big white house."

The soldier nodded. "I guess so; I don't seem to place no big white house ——"

She asked calmly: "Your regiment had a mounted band once?"

He brightened.

"Yes, sir-ee! They played us in at Sandy River—and they got into it, too, and was cut all to pieces!"

She motioned assent wearily, then, with an effort: "You don't know, perhaps, where he—where their bandmaster was buried?"

"Sir?"

"The bandmaster of the Fourth Missouri? You remember him—that tall, thin young officer who led them with his sabre—who sat his horse like a colonel of regulars — and wore a cap of fur like—like a hussar of some militia home-guard ——"

"Well, you must mean Captain Stanley, who was at that time bandmaster of our regiment. He went in that day at Sandy River when our mounted band was cut to pieces. Orders was to play us in, an' he done it."

There was a silence.

"Where is he—buried," she asked calmly.

"Buried? Why, *he* ain't dead, is he?"

"He died at Sandy River—that day," she said gently. "Don't you remember?"

"No, sir; our bandmaster wasn't killed at Sandy River."

She looked at him amazed, almost frightened.

"What do you mean? He is dead. I—saw him die."

"It must have been some other bandmaster—not Captain Stanley."

"I saw the bandmaster of your regiment, the Fourth Missouri Cavalry, brought into that big white house and laid on my—on a bed ——" She stared at the boy, caught him by the sleeve: "He is dead, isn't he? Do you know what you are telling me? Do you understand what I am saying?"

"Yes, sir. Captain Stanley was our bandmaster—he wasn't captain then, of course. He played us in at Sandy River—and I oughter know, because I got some cut up m'self."

"You—you tell me that he wasn't killed?" she repeated, steadying herself against the canvas flap.

"No, sir. I heard tell he was badly hurt—seems like I kinder remember—oh, yes!" The man's face lighted up. "Yes, sir; Captain Stanley, he had a close shave! It sorter comes back to me now, how the burial detail fetched him back saying they wasn't going to bury no man that twitched when they lifted his coffin. Yes, sir—but it's three years and a man forgets, and I've seen—things—lots of such things in three years with Baring's dragoons. Yes, sir."

She closed her eyes; a dizziness swept over her and she clung to the canvas flap.

"Is he here?"

"Who? Captain Stanley? Yes, sir. Why, he's captain of the Black Horse troop—F, third squadron . . They're down that lane near the trees. That's his tent! Shall I take you there?"

She shook her head, holding tightly to the canvas flap; and the trooper, saluting easily, resumed his truss of hay, hitched his belt, cocked his forage cap, and went off whistling.

All that sunny afternoon she lay on the Colonel's camp-bed, small hands tightly clenched on her breast, eyes closed sometimes, sometimes wide open, gazing at the sun spots crawling on the tent wall.

To her ears came, faintly, bugle calls from distant hills; drums of marching columns. Sounds of the stirring of thousands made tremulous the dim silence of the tent

Dreams long dead arose and possessed her—the confused dreams of a woman, still young, awakened to youth again, by some miracle, from the passionless lethargy of death itself

Vaguely she felt around her the presence of an earth newborn, of a new heaven created. She realized her own awakening; she strove to comprehend *his* resurrection, and it frightened her; she could not understand that what was dead through all these years was now alive, that the ideal she had clung to, evoking it until it had become part of her, was real—an actual and splendid living power. In this vivid resurgence she seemed to lose her precise recollections of him now that he was alive.

While she believed him dead everything concerning his memory had been painfully real—his personal appearance, the way he moved, turned, the sound of his voice, the touch of his hand as it tightened in hers when he lay there at sunset, while she and Death watched the color fading from his face.

But now—now that he was living—here in this same world with her again—strive as she would she could not fix either his features or the sound of his voice upon her memory. Only the immense wonder of it possessed her, dulling her senses so that even the happiness of it seemed unreal.

. . . .

How would they meet?—they two who had never met but thrice? How would they seem, each to the other, when first their eyes encountered?

In all their lives they had exchanged so little speech! Yet from the first—from the first moment, when she had raised her gaze to him as he entered in his long, blue cloak, her silence had held a deeper meaning than her speech. And on that blessed night instinct broke the silence, yet with every formal word exchanged consciousness of the occult bond between them grew.

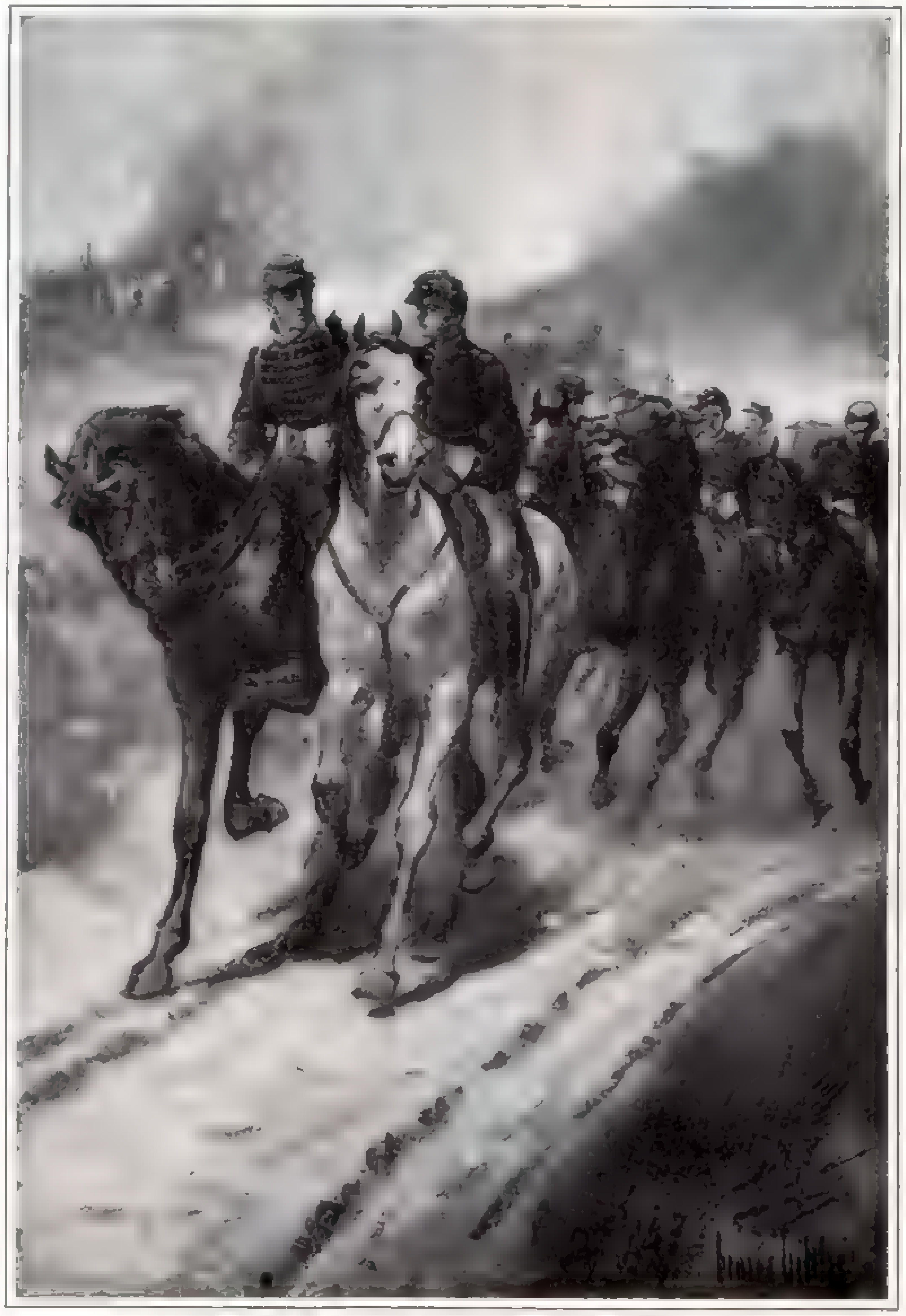
But it was not until she thought him dead that she understood that it had been love—love unheralded, unexpected, incredible—love at the first confronting, the first encountering glance. And to the memory of that mystery she had been faithful from the night on which she believed he had died.

How had it been with him throughout these years? *How had it been with him?*

The silvery trumpets of the cavalry were still sounding as she mounted her horse at the door of the Colonel's tent and rode out into the glare of the setting sun.

On every side cavalrymen were setting toe to stirrup; troop after troop, forming by fours, trotted out to the crest of the hill where the sunset light lay red across the furrowed grass.

A blaze of brilliant color filled the road where an incoming Zouave regiment had halted, unslinging knapsacks, preparing to encamp; and the setting sun played over them in waves of fire, striking fiercely across their crimson fezzes and trousers.



"Say That—That He—He Thought of Her When He was Falling—There, in the Charge at Sandy River ——"

Through their gorgeous lines the cavalry rode, Colonel and staff leading; and with them rode the Special Messenger, knee to knee with the chief trumpeter, who made his horse dance when he passed the gorgeous Zouave color guard, to show off the gridiron of yellow slashings across his corded and tasseled breast.

And now another infantry regiment blocked the way—a heavy, blue column tramping in with its field music playing and both flags flying—the Stars and Stripes, with the name of the regiment printed in gold across crimson, and the State flag—white, an Indian and an uplifted sword on the snowy field. Massachusetts infantry.

On they came, fifes skirling, drums crashing; the Colonel of the Fourth Missouri gave them right of way, saluting their colors; the Special Messenger backed her horse and turned down along the column.

Under the shadow of her vizor her dark eyes widened with excitement as she skirted the halted cavalry, searching the intervals where the troop captains sat their horses, naked sabres curving up over their shoulder-straps

"Not this one! Not *this* one," her little heart beat hurriedly; and then, without warning, panic came and she spurred up to the Major of the first squadron.

"Where is Captain Stanley?" Her voice almost broke.

"With his troop, I suppose—'F'," replied that officer calmly; and her heart leaped and the color flooded her face as she saluted, wheeled, and rode on in heavenly certainty.

A New York regiment, fresh from the North, was passing now, its magnificent band playing Twinkling Stars are Laughing, Love; and the horses of the cavalry began to dance and paw and toss their heads.

One splendid black animal reared suddenly and shook its mane out; and at the same moment she saw *him*—knew him—drew bridle, her heart in her mouth, her body all a-tremble.

He was mastering the black horse that had reared, sitting his saddle easily, almost carelessly, his long, yellow-striped legs loosely graceful, his straight, slim figure perfect in poise and balance.

And now the trumpets were sounding; captain after captain turned in his saddle, swung his sabre forward, repeating the order: "Forward—march! Forward—march!"

The Special Messenger whirled her horse and sped to the head of the column.

"I was just beginning to wonder ——" began the Colonel, when she broke in, breathless:

"*May* I ride with Captain Stanley, of F, sir?"

"Certainly," he replied, surprised and a trifle amused. She hesitated, nervously picking at her bridle, then said: "When you once get me through their lines—I mean, after I am safely through and you are ready to turn around and leave me—I—I would like—to—to ——"

"Yes?" inquired the Colonel gently, divining some "last message" to deliver. For they were desperate chances that she was taking, and those in the beleaguered city would show her no mercy if they ever caught her within its battered bastions.

But the Special Messenger only said: "Before your regiment goes back may I tell Captain Stanley who I am?"

The Colonel's face fell

"Nobody is supposed to have any idea who you are ——" he began

"I know it, Colonel. But is there any harm if I only tell it to—to just this one, single man?" she asked earnestly, not aware that her eyes as well as her voice were pleading—that her whole young body, bent forward in the saddle, had become eloquent with a confession as winning as it was innocent.

The Colonel looked curiously into the eager, flushed face, framed in its setting of dark, curly hair; then he lifted a gauntleted hand from his bridle and slowly stroked his crisp mustache upward to hide the smile he could not control.

"I did not know," he said gravely, "that Captain Stanley was the—ah—'one' and 'only' man."

She blushed furiously; the vivid color ran from throat to temple, burning her ears till they looked like rose petals caught in her dark hair.

"You may tell Captain Stanley—if you must," observed the Colonel of the Fourth Missouri. He was gazing absently straight between his horse's ears when he spoke. After a few moments he looked at the sky where, overhead, the afterglow pulsated in bands of fire.

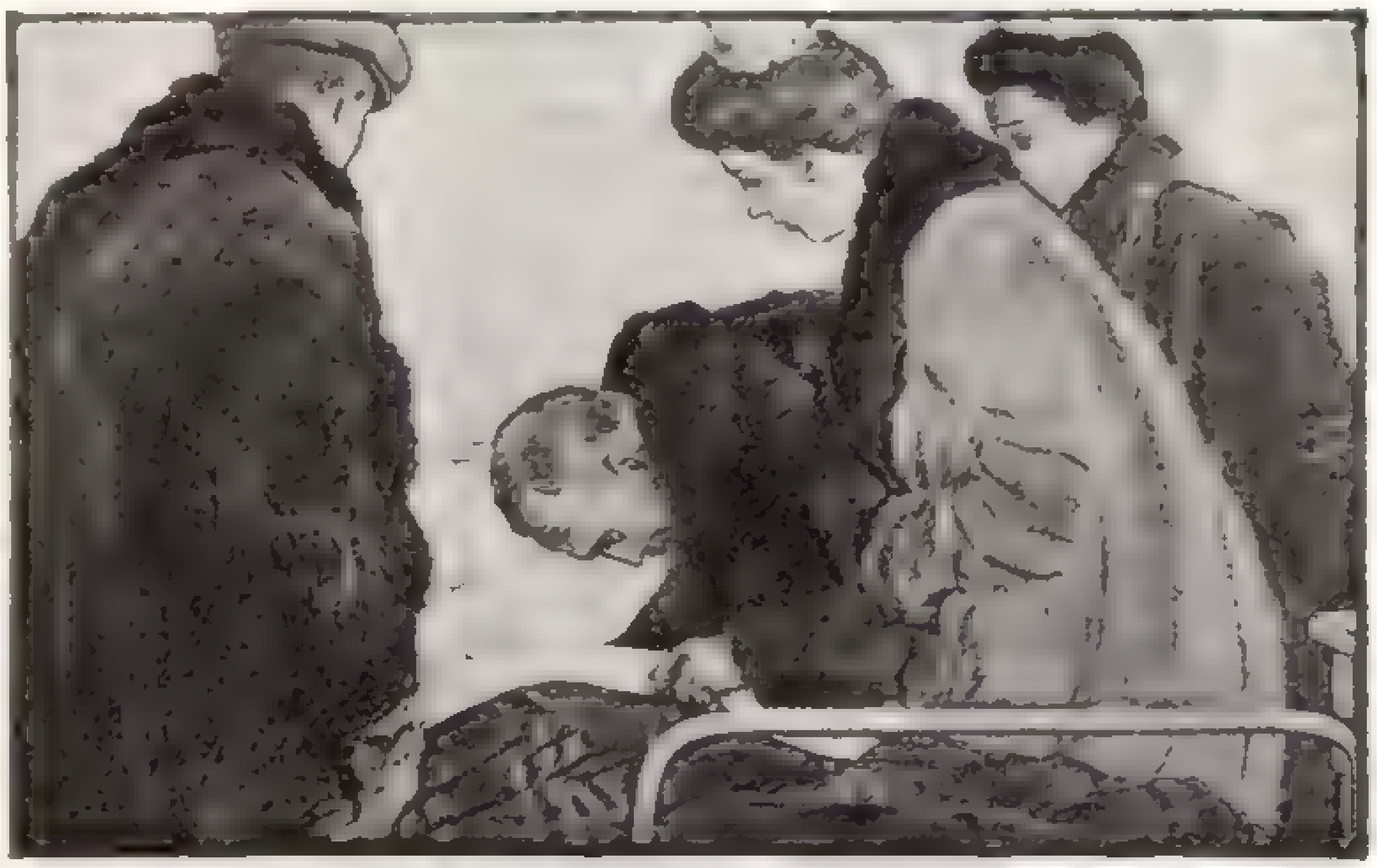
"I always thought," he murmured to himself, "that old Stanley was in love with that Southern girl he saw at Sandy River. . . . . I had no idea he knew the Special

(Continued on Page 34)

THE GREAT SCOURGE

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL



Nurses, Physicians and Ward Attendants are Clothed in Fur Coats

NOT only have most diseases a living cause, and a consequent natural history and course, but they have a special method of attack, which looks almost like a preference. It seems little wonder that the terror-stricken imagination of our Stone Age ancestors should have personified them as demons, "attacking" or leaping upon their victims and "seizing" them with malevolent delight. The concrete comparison was ready to their hand in the attack of fierce beasts of prey; and as the tiger leaps for the head to break the neck with one stroke of his paw, the wildcat flies at the face, the wolf springs for the slack of the flank or the hamstring, so these different disease demons appear each to have its favorite point of attack: smallpox, the skin; cholera, the bowels; the Black Death, the armpits and the groin, and pneumonia, the lung.

There are probably few diseases which are so clearly recognized by every one and about which popular impressions are in the main so clear-cut and so correct as pneumonia. The stabbing pain in the chest, the cough, the rusty or blood-stained expectoration, the rapid breathing, all stamp it unmistakably as a disease of the lung. Its furious onset with a teeth-chattering chill, followed by a high fever, flushed face, and its rapid course toward recovery or death, mark it off sharply from all other lung infections.

Its popular names of "lung fever," "lung plague," "congestion of the lungs," are as graphic and distinctive as anything that medical science has invented. In fact, our most universally accepted term for it, pneumonia, is merely the Greek equivalent of the first of these.

It is remarkable how many of our disease-enemies appear to have a preference for the lung as a point of attack. In the language of Old Man Means in The Hoosier Schoolmaster, the lung is "their fav'rit holt." Our deadliest diseases are lung diseases, headed by consumption, seconded by pneumonia, and followed by bronchitis, asthma, etc.; together, they manage to account for one-fourth to one-third of all the deaths that occur in a community, young or old. No other great organ or system of the body is responsible for more than half such a mortality. Now this bad eminence has long been a puzzle, since foul as is the air or irritating as is the gas or dust that we may breathe into our lungs, they cannot compare for a moment with the awful concoctions in the shape of food which are loaded into our stomachs. Even from the point of view of infections, food is at least as likely to be contaminated with disease germs as air is. Yet there is no disease or combination of diseases of the whole food canal which has half the mortality of consumption alone, in civilized communities, while in the Orient the pneumonic form of the plague is a greater scourge than cholera.

An Inheritance From the Mud-Fish

IT HAS even been suggested that there may possibly be a historic or ancestral reason for this weakness to attack, and one dating clear back to the days of the mud-fish. It is pointed out that the lung is the last of our great organs to develop, inasmuch as over half of our family tree is under water. When our mud-loving ancestor, the lung-fish (who was probably "one of three brothers" who came over in a Mayflower—the records have not been kept), began to crawl out on the tide-flats he had every organ that he needed for land life in excellent working condition and a fair degree of complexity: brain, stomach, heart, liver, kidneys—but he had to manufacture a lung, which he proceeded to do out of an old swim-bladder. This, of course, was several years ago. But the lung has not quite caught up yet. The two or three million year lead of the other organs was too much to be overcome all at once. So carelessly and hastily was this impromptu lung rigged up that it was allowed to open from the front of the gullet or œsophagus, instead of the back, while the upper part of the mouth was cut off for its intake tube, as we have already seen in considering adenoids, thus making every mouthful swallowed cut right across the air passages, which had to be provided with a special valve trap (the epiglottis) to prevent food from falling into the lungs.

So, whenever you choke at table, you have a right to call down a benediction upon the soul of your long departed ancestor, the lung-fish. However applicable or remote we may regard "the bearin's of this observation," the practical and most undesirable fact confronts us to-day that this crossing and mutual interference of the air and the food passages is a fertile cause of pneumonia, inasmuch as the germs of this disease have their habitat in the mouth, and are from that lurking place probably inhaled into the lung, as is also the case with the germs of several milder bronchitic and catarrhal affections.

The Aquatic Life of Human Beings

IT MAY be also pointed out that, history apart, our lung cells at the present day are at another disadvantage as compared with all the other cells of the body, except those of the skin; and that is, that they are in constant contact with air, instead of being submerged in water. Ninety-five per cent. of our body cells are still aquatic in their habits, and marine at that, and can only live saturated with, and bathed in, warm saline solution. Dry them, or even half-dry them, and they die. Even the pavement cells coating our skin surfaces are practically dead before they reach the air, and are shed off daily in showers.

We speak of ourselves as "land animals," but it is only our lungs that are really so. All the rest of the body is still made up of sea creatures. It is little wonder that our lungs should pay the heaviest penalty of our change from the warm and equable sea water to the gusty and changeable air.

Even if we have set down the lung as a point of the least resistance in the body, we have by no means thereby explained its diseases. Our point of view has distinctly shifted in this respect within recent years. Twenty years ago pathologists were practically content with tracing a case of illness or death to an inflammation or disease of some particular organ, like the heart, the kidney, the lung or the stomach. Now, however, we are coming to see that not only may the causation of this heart disease, kidney disease, lung disease, have lain somewhere entirely outside of the heart, kidney or lung, but that as a rule the entire body is affected by the disease, which simply expresses itself more violently, focuses, as it were, in this particular organ. In other words, diseases of definite organs are most commonly the local expressions of general diseases or infections; and this local aggravation of the disease would never have occurred if the general resisting power and vigor of the entire body had not been depressed below par. So that even in guarding against or curing a disease of a particular organ it is necessary to consider and to treat the whole body.

Nowhere is this new attitude better illustrated than in pneumonia. Frank and unquestioned infection as it is, wreaking two-thirds of its visible damage in the lung itself, the liability to its occurrence and the outlook for its cure depend almost wholly upon the general vigor and rallying power of the entire body. It is perfectly idle to endeavor to avoid it by measures directed toward the protection of the lung or of the air passages, and equally futile to attempt to arrest its course by treatment directed to the lung, or even the chest. The best place to wear a chest-protector is on the soles of the feet. And poulticing the chest for pneumonia is about as effective as shampooing the scalp for brain-fag.

This clears the ground of a good many ancient misconceptions. For instance, that the chief cause of pneumonia is direct exposure to cold or a wetting, or the inhalation of raw, cold air. Few beliefs are more firmly fixed in the popular mind—and for the matter of that in the medical, up to fifteen or twenty years ago. It has found its way into literature; and the hero of the shipwreck in an icy gale or of weeks of wandering in the Frozen North, who must be offered up for artistic reasons as a sacrifice to the plot, invariably dies a victim of pneumonia, from his "frightful exposure," just as the victim of disappointed love dies of "a broken heart," or the man who sees the ambitions of years come crashing about his ears, or the woman who has lost all that makes life worth living, invariably develops "brain fever."

There is a physical basis for all of these standard catastrophes, but it is much slenderer than is usually supposed. For instance, almost every one can tell you how friends of theirs have "brought on congestion of the lungs" or pneumonia by going without an overcoat on a winter day, or breaking through the ice when skating, or even by getting their feet wet and not changing their stockings, and this single dramatic instance has firmly convinced them that the chief cause of "lung fever" is a chill or a wetting. Yet when we come to tabulate long series of causes, rising into thousands, we find that the percentage in which even the patients themselves attribute the disease to exposure, or a chill, sinks to a surprisingly small amount. For instance, in the largest series collected with this point in mind, that of Musser and Norris, out of 4200 cases only 17 per cent. gave a history of exposure and "catching cold"; and the smaller series range from 10 to 15 per cent. So that even in the face of the returns, not more than one-fifth of all cases of pneumonia can reasonably be attributed to chill. And when we further remember that under this heading of exposure and "catching cold" are included many mere coincidences and the chilly sensations attending the beginning of those milder infections which we term "common colds," it is probable that even this small percentage could be reduced one-half. Indeed, most cautious investigators of the question have expressed themselves to this effect. This harmonizes with a number of obstinate facts which have long proved stumbling blocks in the way of the theory of exposure as a cause of pneumonia. One of the classic ones was that during Napoleon's frightful retreat from Moscow in the dead of winter, while his wretched soldiers died by thousands of frost-bite and starvation, exceedingly little pneumonia developed among them. Another was that, as we have already seen with colds, instead of being commoner and more frequent in the extreme Northern climate and on the borders of the Arctic Zone, pneumonia is almost unknown there. Of course, given the presence of the germ, prolonged exposure to cold may depress the vital powers sufficiently to permit an attack to develop.

Pneumonia a Disease of Cities

AGAIN, the ages at which pneumonia is both most common and most deadly, namely, under five and over sixty-five, are precisely those at which this feature of exposure to the weather plays the most insignificant part. Last and most conclusive of all, since definite statistics have begun to be kept upon a large scale, pneumonia has been found to be emphatically a disease of cities, instead of country districts. Even under the favorable conditions existing in the United States, for instance, the death rate per one hundred thousand living, according to the last census, was in the cities two hundred and thirty-three, and for the country districts one hundred and thirty-five per one hundred thousand living. In other words, nearly seventy per cent. greater in city populations.

How, then, did the impression become so widely spread and so firmly rooted that pneumonia is chiefly due to exposure? Two things, I think, will explain most of this. One is, that the disease is most common in the wintertime, and like all febrile diseases it most frequently begins with sensations of chilliness, varying all the way from a light shiver to a violent chill, or *rigor*. The savage, bone-freezing, teeth-rattling chill which ushers in an attack of pneumonia is one of the most striking characteristics of the disease and occurs in twenty-five to fifty per cent. of all cases.

Its chief occurrence in the wintertime is an equally well-known and undisputed fact, and it has been for centuries set down in medical works as one of the diseases chiefly due to changes in temperature, humidity and directions of the wind. Years of research have been expended in order to trace the relations between the different factors in the weather and the occurrence of pneumonia, and volumes, yes, whole libraries, published, pointing out how each one of these factors, the temperature, humidity, direction of wind, barometric pressure, and electric tension is in succession the principal cause of the spread of this plague. Many interesting coincidences were shown. But one thing always puzzled us. And that was, that the heaviest mortality usually occurred not just at the beginning of winter, when the shock of the cold would be severest, nor even in the months of lowest temperature, like December or January, but in the late winter and the early spring.

Hothouses for Pneumonia

THROUGHOUT the greater part of the temperate zone the death rate for pneumonia begins to rise in December, increases in January, goes higher still in February, reaching its climax in that month or in March. April is almost as bad, and the decline often doesn't fairly set in until May. No better illustration could probably be given of the danger of drawing conclusions when you are not in possession of all the facts. One thing was entirely overlooked in all this speculation until about twenty years ago—that pneumonia was due not simply to the depressing effects of cold, but to a specific germ, the Pneumococcus of Fraenkel. This threw an entirely new light upon our elaborate weather-causation theories. And while these still hold the field by weight of authority and that mental inertia which we term conservatism, yet the more thoughtful physicians and pathologists are now coming to regard these factors as chiefly important according to the extent to which they crowd us together in often badly-lighted and ill-ventilated houses and rooms, with the windows and doors shut to save fuel, and thus afford a magnificent hothouse hatching ground for such germs as may be present, and ideal facilities for their communication from one victim to another. At the same time, by this crowding and the cutting off of life and exercise in the open air which accompanies it, the resisting power of our bodies is lowered. And when these two processes have had an opportunity of progressing side by side for from two to three months, when, in other words, the soil has been carefully prepared, the seed sown, and the moist heat applied as in a forcing-house, then we suddenly reap the harvest. In other words, the heavy crop of pneumonia in January, February and March is the logical result of the seed-sowing and forcing of the preceding two or three months.

The warmth of summer is even more depressing in its immediate effects than the cold of winter, but the heat carries with it one blessing, in that it drives us willy-nilly into the open air, day and night. And on looking at statistics we find precisely what might have been expected on this theory—that the death-rate is lowest for pneumonia in July and August.

It might be said in passing that in spite of our vivid dread of sunstroke, of cholera and of pestilence in hot weather, the hot months of the year in temperate climates are invariably the months of fewest diseases and fewest deaths. Our extraordinary dread of the summer heat has but slender rational physical basis. It may be but a subconscious after-vibration in our brain cells from the simooms, the choleras and the pestilences of our tropical origin as a race. Open air, whether hot, cold, wet, dry, windy or still, is our best friend, and house air our deadliest enemy.

If this view be well-founded then the advance of modern civilization would tend to furnish a more and more favorable soil for the spread of this disease. This, unfortunately, is about the conclusion to which we are being most unwillingly driven. Almost every other known infectious disease is diminishing, both in frequency and in fatality, under civilization. Pneumonia alone defies our onslaughts. In fact, if statistics are to be taken at their surface value we are facing the appalling situation of an apparently marked increase both in its prevalence and mortality. For a number of years past, ever since, in fact, accurate statistics began to be kept, pneumonia has been listed as the second heaviest cause of death, its only surpasser being tuberculosis.

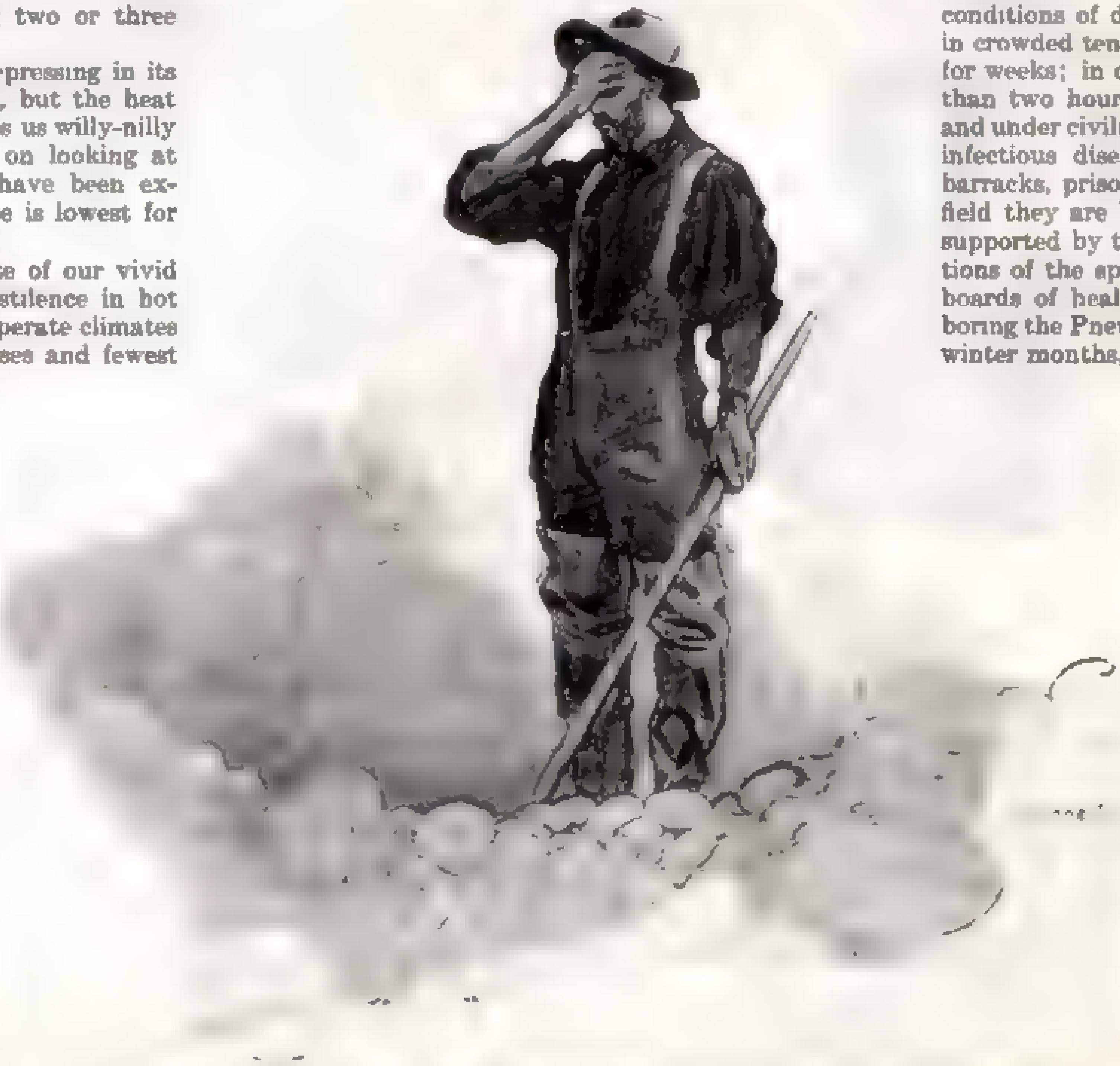
About ten years ago it began to be noticed that the second competitor in the race of death was overtaking its leader, and this ghastly rivalry continued until about three years ago pneumonia forged ahead. In some great American cities it now occupies the bad eminence of the most fatal single disease on the death lists.

The situation is, however, far from being as serious and alarming as it might appear, simply from this bald statement of statistics. First of all, because the forging ahead of pneumonia has been due in greater degree to the falling behind of tuberculosis, than to any actual advance on its part. The death rate of tuberculosis within the last thirty years has diminished between thirty and forty per cent. And pneumonia at its worst has never yet equaled the old fatality of tuberculosis. Furthermore, all who have carefully studied the subject are convinced that much of this apparent increase is due to more accurate and careful diagnosis. Up to ten years or so ago it was generally believed that pneumonia was rare in young children. Now, however, that we make the diagnosis with a microscope, we discover that a large percentage of the cases of capillary bronchitis, broncho-pneumonia and acute congestion of the lung in children are due to the presence of the Pneumococcus. Similarly, at the other end of the line deaths that were put down to bronchitis, asthma, heart failure, yes, even to old age, have now been shown on bacteriological examination to be due to this ubiquitous imp of malevolence. So that, on the whole, all that we are probably justified in saying is that pneumonia is not decreasing under civilization. This is not to be wondered at, inasmuch as the inevitable crowding and congestion which accompanies civilization, especially in its derivative sense of "citification," tends to foster it in every way, both by multiplying the opportunities for infection and lowering the resisting power of the crowded masses.

The Habits of the Pneumococcus

MOREOVER, it was only in the last ten years, yes, within the last five years, that we fairly grasped the real method and nature of the spread of the disease, and recognized the means that must be adopted against it. And as all of these factors are matters which are not only absolutely within our own control, but are included in that program of general betterment of human comfort and vigor to which the truest intelligence and philanthropy of the nation is now being directed, the outlook for the future, instead of being gloomy, is distinctly encouraging.

Our chief difficulty in discovering the cause of pneumonia lay in the swarm of applicants for the honor. Almost every self-respecting bacteriologist seemed to think it his duty to discover at least one, and the abundance and variety of germs constantly or accidentally present in the human saliva made it so difficult positively to isolate the real criminal that, although it was identified and described as long ago as 1884 by Fraenkel, the validity of its claim was not generally recognized and established until nearly ten years later.



Strong, Vigorous Men are Taken With a Chill While Working in Their Sluicing Ditches

It is a tiny, inoffensive-looking little organism, of an oval or lance-head shape, which, after masquerading under as many aliases as a confidence man, has finally come to be called the Pneumococcus, for short, or "lung germ." Though by those who are more precise it is still known as the "*Diplococcus pneumoniae*" or "*Diplococcus lanceolatus*," from its faculty of usually appearing in pairs, and from its lancelike shape. Its conduct abounds in "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," whose elucidation throws a flood of light upon a number of interesting problems in the spread of disease.

First of all, it literally fulfills the prognostic of Scripture, that "A man's foes shall be they of his own household," for its chosen abiding place and normal habitat is no less intimate a place than the human mouth. Outside of this warm and sheltering fold it perishes quickly, as cold, sunlight and dryness are alike fatal to it.

A Bad Disease for Weaklings

WE COULD hardly believe the evidence of our senses when studies of the saliva of perfectly healthy individuals showed this deadly little bacillus to be present in considerable numbers in from fifteen to forty-five per cent. of the cases examined. Why, then, does not every one develop pneumonia? The answer to this strikes the keynote of our modern knowledge of infectious disease, namely, that while an invading germ is necessary, a certain breaking down of the body defenses and a lowering of the vital resistance are equally necessary. These invaders lie in wait at the very gates of the citadel, below the muzzles of our guns, as it were, waiting for some slackening of discipline or of watchfulness to rush in and put the fortress to sack. Nowhere is this more strikingly true than in pneumonia. It is emphatically a disease where, in the language of the brilliant pathologist-philosopher Moxon:

"While it is most important to know what kind of a disease the patient has got, it is even more important to know what kind of a patient the disease has got."

The death rate in pneumonia is an almost mathematically accurate deduction from the age, vigor and nutrition of the patient attacked. No other disease has such a brutal and inveterate habit of killing the weaklings. The half-stifled baby in the tenement, the underfed, overworked laboring man, the old man with rigid arteries and stiffening muscles or waning life vigor, the chronic sufferer from malnutrition, alcoholism, Bright's disease, heart disease—*these* are its chosen victims.

Another interesting feature about the Pneumococcus is its vitality outside of the body. If the saliva in which it is contained be kept moist, and not exposed to the direct sunlight and in a fairly warm place, it may survive as long as two weeks. If dried, but kept in the dark, it will survive four hours. If exposed to sunlight, or even diffuse daylight, it dies within an hour. In other words, under the conditions of dampness and darkness which often prevail in crowded tenements it may remain alive and malignant for weeks; in decently lighted and ventilated rooms, less than two hours. This explains why, in private practice and under civilized conditions, epidemics of this admittedly infectious disease are rare; while in jails, overcrowded barracks, prison ships and winter camps of armies in the field they are by no means uncommon. This is vividly supported by the fact brought out in our later investigations of the sputum of slum-dwellers, carried out by city boards of health, that the percentage of individuals harboring the Pneumococcus steadily increases all through the winter months, from ten per cent. in December to forty-five, fifty and even sixty per cent. in February and March. The old proverb, "When want comes in at the door, Love flies out at the window," might be revised to read: "When sunlight comes in at the window the Pneumococcus flies 'up the flue.'"

Authorities are still divided as to the meaning and even the precise frequency of the occurrence of the Pneumococcus in the healthy human mouth. Some hold that its presence is due to recent infection which has either been unable to gain entrance to the system or is preparing its attack; others, that it is a survival from some previous mild attack of the disease, and the body tissues having acquired immunity against it, it remains in them as a harmless parasite, as is now well known to be the case with the germs of several of our infectious diseases—for instance, typhoid—for months and even years afterward. Others hold the highly suggestive view that it is a normal inhabitant of the

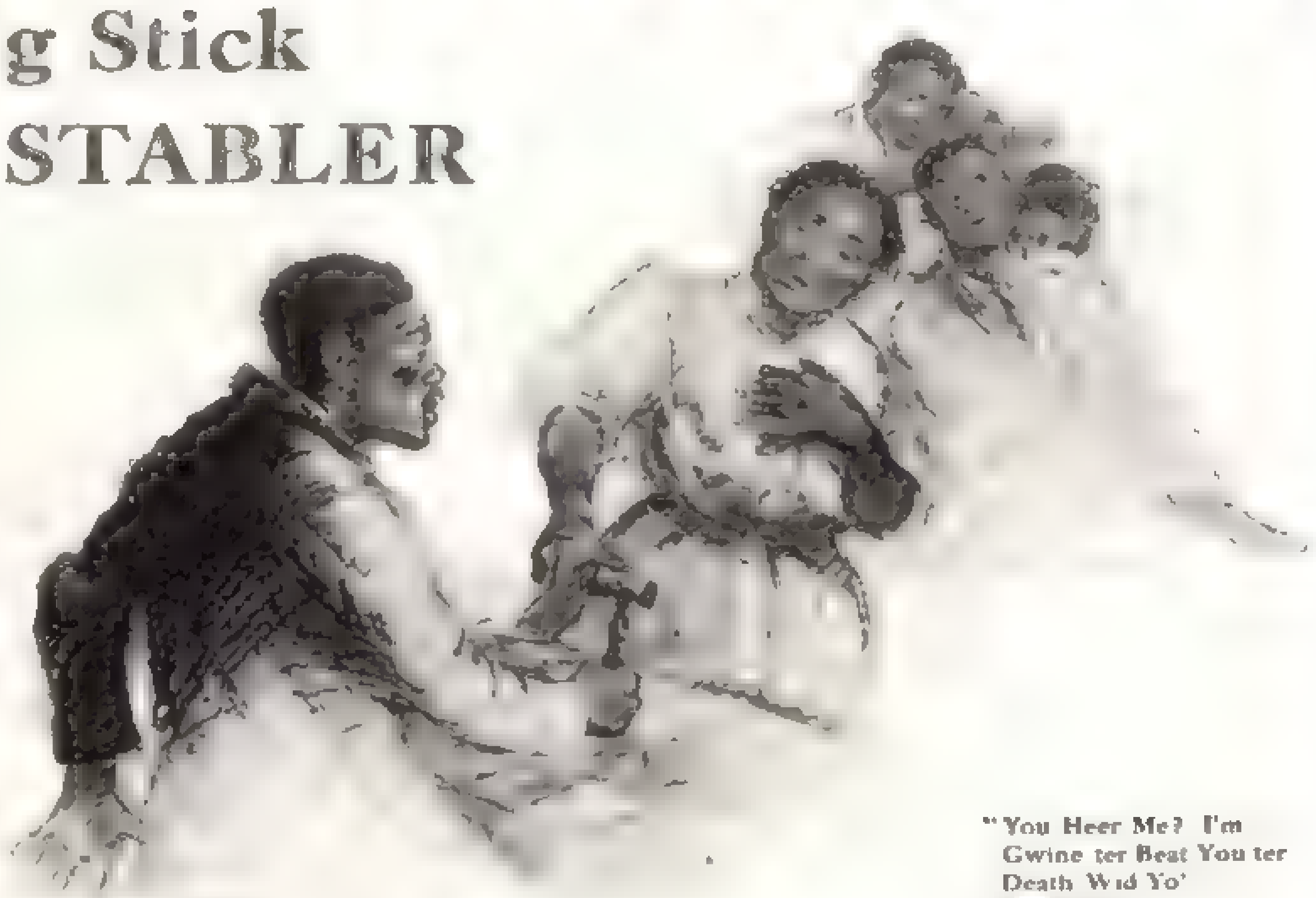
(Continued on Page 44)

JUDY MASON—MUCKRAKER

Being the Tale of a Big Stick

By HARRY SNOWDEN STABLER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. E. SCHOONOVER



"You Heer Me? I'm Gwine ter Beat You ter Death Wid Yo' Own Stick"

DE LODGE will please cum ter order—heish yo' talkin'." A sharp rap of President Ezra Grinnell's little mallet struck the Sons and Daughters of Zion into temporary silence. Ignoring the low-spoken, angry words of Robert Harris, the Secretary and Treasurer, the President arose and continued impressively: "De nex' thing on de cyard is de cornsiderashun o' new bizness, an' de fus' new bizness is de charges agin Sister Judy Mason. An' den will cum de 'leckshun o' new orficers fer de cumin' year."

The undercurrent of uneasiness and curiosity that pervaded the hot, stifling atmosphere became suddenly manifest in a hurried, rustling buzz of eager talk and gesture.

With another insistent rap the President again spoke. "Is Sister Mason present?"

"Dat she is." The instant reply was most emphatic.

"I tol' you ter let dat ooman be, you fool," Harris whispered angrily; "an' now look dar."

The surprise and consternation depicted upon some dusky faces was offset by wide grins and exclamations of satisfaction, as the huge, brawny negro woman strode through the suddenly opened door and down the single aisle to a seat—quickly vacated for her—from which she could see almost every member in the densely-packed room.

Smoothing out the folds of a well-worn alpaca dress and loosening the strings of a small black bonnet, Judy gazed about with an expression of benign simplicity that misled even those who knew her best.

It was not alone Judy's size and immense physical strength that had long since made her a personage among them. Her integrity was never questioned, even by her bitterest enemies, while most of her friends had, at one time or another, benefited by her shrewd common-sense and tolerant good-nature. Her tongue could be as the "pen of a ready writer," although she knew not the alphabet, and there was not much going on in her world with which she was not more or less familiar. Therefore every eye was intent upon her during the lengthy, whispered conversation among the officials at the table.

Finally the President, with a judicial glance at the ceiling, proceeded: "Sister Mason, you is jes' in time ter heer de charges laid agin you."

"Whut's de charges?"

"You is charged wid bein' drunk an' tuk ter de stashun-house, an' wid 'saultin' de darter o' one o' de members o' dis Lodge, an' de by-laws sez——"

"I knows all 'bout dem by-laws. How about dat part whut sez dem whut got charges laid agin 'em shall be heered? Ans'er me dat. Howcum you-all hol'n dis meet'n' ternight?"

"Didn' you git no notice?" innocently inquired the Secretary and Treasurer.

"O-h—y-a-s—I got notice," Judy drawled blandly; "but not f'm you."

"She ain' de only one whut didn' git no notice!" "Same over hyar." "An dat's de truth, too," came from various parts of the room.

The culprit smiled meaningly. "An' now I wants ter know who makes dem charges."

Amid the shuffling of feet and the craning of necks some half-dozen of the new, fashionable clique arose and named themselves.

The wicked gleam in the big woman's eyes deepened as she mentally marked each one down, like the hunter who marks his quarry and then bides his time

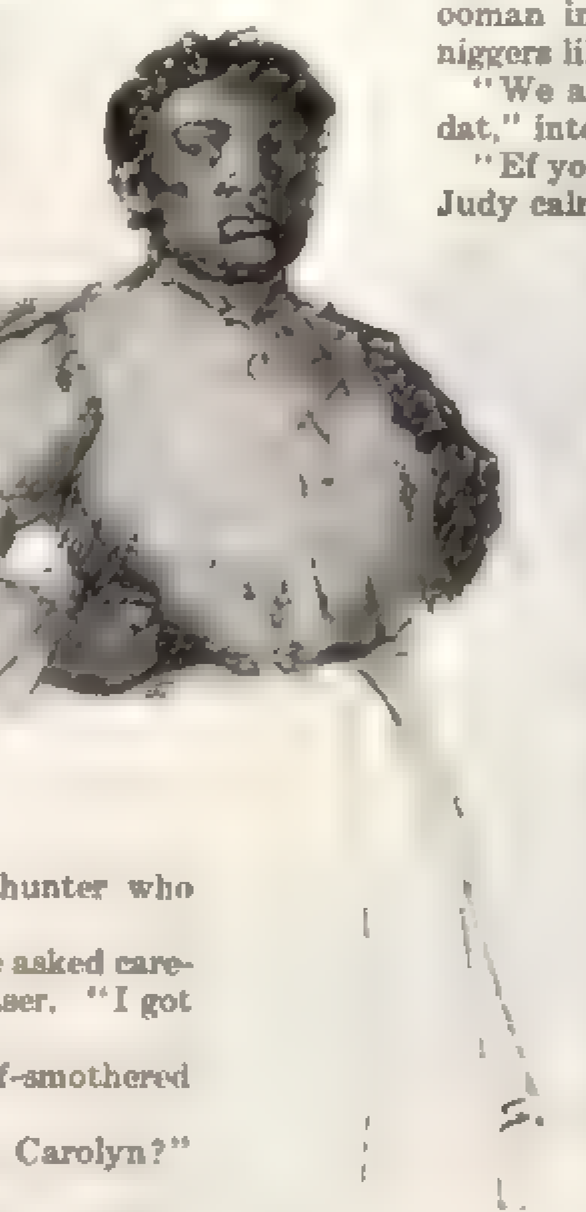
"Well, whut you-all gwine do 'bout it?" she asked carelessly in the silence that followed the last accuser. "I got bread ter make 'fo' I goes ter baid ternight."

The fall of the little mallet silenced the half-smothered laughter.

"An' you ain' 'sputin' you 'saulted my Carolyn?" demanded Petunia Gibson.

"You is de wife o' one o' dem new nigger p'licemen whut fool white folks done start 'sperimentin' wid, ain't you?" inquired Judy with uplifted brows, as though addressing a stranger.

The irrelevancy of the question was understood by only three or four of those present. Dead silence greeted it.



"An' She Sez 'Debbytant is er French Word Whut Mean er Sassiety Bud Makin' Her Fus' Bow ter der Public Dis Year'"

"No, I ain't 'sputin' it," she went on. "I did 'sault yo' *Carolyn*." The thick, black features twisted into a spasm of contempt as she mimicked the up-to-date pronunciation. "An' lemme tell you-all why I done it," rising with a comprehensive wave of her hand.

"Dat gal cum ter Miss Sally Byrd's while I wuz at market, an' she ax Miss Sally ter let her take my place in de house while me an' Sawney wuz gone er couple o' weeks. I cum in de back way an' heered Miss Sally tell her she'd haf ter stay till nine o'clock in de evenin' ter ans'er de bell. An' whut you reck'n dat Calline sez? Sez she, 'I *cyarn't* stay till no nine o'clock. I'se er *debbytant* dis year, an' I got my soshul duties ter look *ahfter*.' I cum right in an' ax Miss Sally whut de gal mean. An' she sez 'debbytant is er *French* word whut mean er sassiety bud makin' her fus' bow ter der public dis year.'"

A titter ran like a ripple around the room, ending in a loud guffaw.

"An' when I tuk *Carolyn* out ter de gate she flung back rank impidence at Miss Sally, an' I smacked her sassy, nappy haid off, mos'."

"De chile jes' tol' her she wa'n't nuthin' but er common ol' dressmaker, nohow, an' dat's er fac'," interrupted Petunia. "An' hit look ter me like she own you yit," she added venomously.

"Shet up, ooman! 'Tain' no use bringin' in dat sort o' talk," came a man's deep voice from the rear.

Judy straightened up to her full six feet. "Sis' Gibson, you is er liar, dat's whut you is—er bare-faced liar." She leaned forward, knuckles on her great hips. "Now you lis'en ter me, you fat lump o' nuthin'! Dat ooman in her time could 'a' sold er dozen niggers like you an' nuvver——"

"We ain't hyar ter lis'en ter sech talk ez dat," interrupted the President roughly.

"Ef you don' wanter lis'en, git out," replied Judy calmly. "Who start it, anyhow?"

"Go on, Sister, go on; dat sort o' talk'll do some in dis room good."

"Yas, she did own me an' Sawney, too, an' I ain' nuvver heered one hard word f'm her in my life, an' 'tain' bin three weeks sence Miss Sally Byrd done fer me an' Sawney mo'n ennybody would 'a' done in dem ol' days. An' you know whut dat wuz?"

"We ain' got nuthin' ter do wid all dat," broke in the President impatiently.

"Let de ooman talk; she got de right, ain't she?" protested Hiram White. "Go on, Sister," he urged. The crowd leaned forward to get the details of which they had heard only the rumor.

And lowering her voice impressively Judy continued: "Sawney had de pendiceetus," pausing that the full import of the statement might sink in, "an' when he wuz 'bout ter die Miss Sally tuk 'im ter de hosspittle in de ambilance—rid in it herse'f—wid 'im an' me, 'cause we wuz skeered ter go. An' when dey tuk de senses 'way f'm 'im, an' he went down in de 'Valley o' de Shadder,' dar she wuz hol'n dat nigger's han' ter keep de heart f'm jump'n clean outen 'im. An' when dey had fixed 'im like he wuz daid, dey sont her outdoors, an' dey tuk 'im up ter de cuttin'-up room, an' cut 'im open an' tuk dat pendiceetus out an' sewed 'im up agin; an' he got it now, in er ol' strawberry jar, fer ter prove it."

As Judy paused for breath the air became full of exclamations: "Umph, umph, my Lawd!" "An' I thot 'twuz all er lie!"

"'Tain' no lie," she asserted; "'tis de Gawd's blessed truth. An' ain' nobody, black ner white, gwine ter talk discontempshus ter dat ooman—not ef I heer 'em. An' dat's all I got ter say 'bout 'saultin' *Carolyn*, which she wa'n't hurt, nohow."

The effect of Judy's story, delivered with the solemnity and humor of a born actress, was profound. It led the President, glancing cautiously around, to steer a middle course.

"We'll let all dat res' jes' whar 'tis till de time cum," he said. "Now, how 'bout bein' drunk an' tuk ter de stashun-house?"

Judy simply beamed upon him. "Dat's all er lie—'tain' no manner o' truth in whut dem niggers sez," she replied, as though that settled it. "I wa'n't drunk ain' bin drunk sence Hector wuz er puppy. An' I wa'n't tuk ter no stashun-house, nuther," she reiterated, emphasizing each word with a defiant nod. "I went down dar by myself wid three drams o' gin in me, an' dat ain' nuff——"

"Howcum you went dar by yose'f? Dis ain' no time fer foolin', Sister Mason," admonished the President, frowning heavily.

"Ain't I jes' tellin' you?" complained the big woman with the air of a rebuked child. "Hit's dis way," she turned to the eager, intent listeners with a genial smile. "Wid Sawney gittin' well in de hosspittle an' Miss Sally done got married an' gone on de weddin' trip I got sort o' lonesome, an' I jes' sifted down in Love Grove Alley—jes' ter do 'bout er bit an' git er look at dem gamblin', crap-shootin' frien's o' Sawney's." The smile became a wide, silent laugh that put the crowd on edge.

"I went in ter git er thin drink in Jim Logan's place an' one o' dem gamblin' niggers start ter jaw at me. An' I shoved 'im thoo de swingin' do', out in de street. An' while I wux tellin' de man behin' de counter I wuz gwine ter pay 'im fer bustin' de do', up steps *Mistah* P'liceman Gibson, an' lays me under 'res', 'count o' bein' drunk an' disord'ly." Judy's sarcastic glance traveled over to where Gibson's wife sat, in all her finery. "An' when I tol' 'im ter go git er sho 'nuff p'liceman ter take *me* ter de calaboose, bless yo' soul! fo' I could say 'scat' he done clapped dem nippers on my lef' wrist." Judy paused, watching her audience carefully.

"An' whut'd you do?" asked a voice that punctured the long sigh of anticipation.

"I flung 'im, nippers, brass buttons an' all, in de kernal 'fo' we crossed de bridge, dat's whut I done," was the slow, contemptuous reply. Then, with quick uplifted hand that held her auditors silent, Judy continued:

"An' I tol' dem niggers whut seed me do it, I wuz gwine ter bus' er couple uv 'em wide open ef dey follered me, an' I went right down ter de stashun-house by myse'f an' tol' dat red-haid Jedge O'Brien whut I done. 'Twa'n't nobody in de place but 'im an' two white p'licemen, an' when

I tol' 'im dey wuz fishin' *Mistah* Gibson out wid er crabnet pole when I lef', he sez, 'I fine you fifty dollahs or ninety days in jail, but dat's jes' 'cause I has ter.' An' I ax de Jedge ter sen' fer Doctor Paxton. An' de p'liceman talked wid 'im on de tellmephome an' he cum right down an' paid de money whut de Jedge fine' me. An' de Jedge shuk han's wid me an' he sez, 'Ef de Doctor hadn' cum down an' paid dat fine I wuz gwine ter pay it myself, an' you could 'a' paid me back, ten cents er week.' An' den Doctor Paxton an' 'im went round de cornder an' tuk er drink an' I cum on home. An' *dat's* how drunk I wuz, an' *dat's* how I wuz tuk ter de stashun-house."

As Judy sat down, wiping the sweat from her broad features, there was an excited babel of voices, amid which President Grinnell arose, a satisfied smirk on his long, yellow face. "In my 'umble 'pinion," he said, "whut Sister Mason jes' 'lowed she done is 'nuff ter put her outen dis Lodge, ennyhow—even ef dem charges ——"

"Whut's dat you sez, man?" demanded Judy, springing to her feet.

"He sez whut's right," exclaimed Sarah Gatchell, one of the swell, fashionable dressers, taking her cue from the President. "You orter bin out o' dis Lodge dis long time sence."

"An' dat's no lie!" added Jim Bowman, another of the clique; "you ain' got no gradichude fer stayin' in dis Lodge ez long ez you has, 'cause you ain' nuthin' but er trouble maker."

"Good Lawd, cum down!" exclaimed Judy slowly. In an even voice, which amazed those who knew of the woman's violent temper, once aroused, she asked, "Brethren an' sisters, don' de Good Book say, 'Let dem whut is widout sin fling de fus' stone'?"

"Hit sholy do," answered Peter Brent, an aged darky.

"Den whut in de name o' Gawd is dese niggers settin' deyselves up ter fling 'em at me fer?" she inquired calmly. Then swiftly changing her attitude of sorrow rather than anger, Judy shook a huge fist under Sarah Gatchell's aristocratic nose. "An' who is you, I'd like ter know, ter fling 'em at ennybody. Why, you ain' bin wid de same fambly three mont' han' runnin' in three year. An' you settin' up dar in dat black silk dress whut cos' er hundud dollahs, mos'. O-h, n-o, you didn't git it no secon' han'. Miss Sally Byrd made dat dress, an' it fit Mis' Turnbull like de paper on de wall. She ain' wore dat dress six times. How 'bout it? Ans'er me dat."

Getting no reply from the cowed and speechless Sarah, Judy whirled around, with a short, scornful laugh.

"An' you, Jim Bowman, talkin' ter me 'bout gradichude! How 'bout Majer Hanson takin' you off'n er dump-cyart, dressin' you up like er blue-nose ape an' settin' you up behin' dem fine hosses o' his'n, an' den you mos' killin' 'em haulin' niggers all day long ter dat Babtis' picnic? Whut you gwine ter say ter 'im when he see dat hoss wid er sprung knee?"

"Who-e-e!"

"Rake 'em, Sister!"

"Dat's hittin' 'em f'm de taw line!"

"Shet de ooman up!"

"Put her out!"

Off came the little black bonnet, up went the sleeves, baring a pair of forearms that might have held harmless the hindleg of a mule. Thus cleared for action, Judy sailed to the middle of the room with a deep, wide-flung courtesy.

"I invites enny an' all ter try it. Step out hyar, Sam Hardin', ef you ain' feared o' splittin' dat frock coat o' Mr. Ned Carey's, an' see ef you kin put me out." Sam promptly ducked out of sight.

The mingled hisses and laughter that greeted Judy's speech almost drowned the voice of the President, as he arose and leaned forward, wondering where the lightning would strike next.

"Look hyar, Sister Mason, dis rank talk an' high-han'ed doin's ain' fitten fer no 'spectible Lodge."

"Does you call dis Lodge 'spectible when you try ter put jedgement on me, an' turn me out wid er pack o' lies when you reck'n'd I wa'n't gwine ter be hyar ter take up fer myse'f?"

The loud murmur of approval told Judy she had gauged her auditors correctly. Folding her brawny arms, her contemptuous glance swept over them all.

"'Spectible de dev'l!" she snorted. "You ain' got ter be nuthin' but er lot o' scan'l-mongers, backbiters an' liars. An' dat ain' all. You is fools ter boot fer 'lowin' dis bunch o' fancy niggers, apin' white folks, wid dey swell dressin' an' *French* debbytant darters, an' dancin' de *German* an' all dat *heathen* foolishness, ter cum in dis Lodge an' run things ter suit deyselves. Whut's dese niggers doin' ter make er livin'? How 'bout ——"

"Shet up dat fool talk, ooman! I calls you ter order!" exclaimed the President roughly; risking the lightning for the sake of his prestige.

"An' I'm gwine ter *call you* down f'm de place whar you is, you long, lant'n-jawed hippercrit," Judy retorted savagely. Quivering with rage she advanced to the table, danger, imminent and personal, writ all over her. "You heer me? I'm gwine ter beat you ter death wid yo' own stick."

The wildly-excited crowd scrambled upon chairs and benches only to see their President shrink into his seat before the towering, raw-boned figure. It took all of Robert Harris' nerve to arise and exclaim loudly, "I move we 'journ! Dat's de only way I know ter stop all ——"

"De fus' one whut 'journs outen dat do' is jes' breedin' er scab!" warned Judy, facing them with menacing forefinger. (This was tough "alley talk" and it proclaimed her deadly earnestness.) "You, Hiram White an' Amos Walker, lock dat do'." Then she stilled the tumult with a sudden question:

"How long sence Sis' Mandy Lewis died?

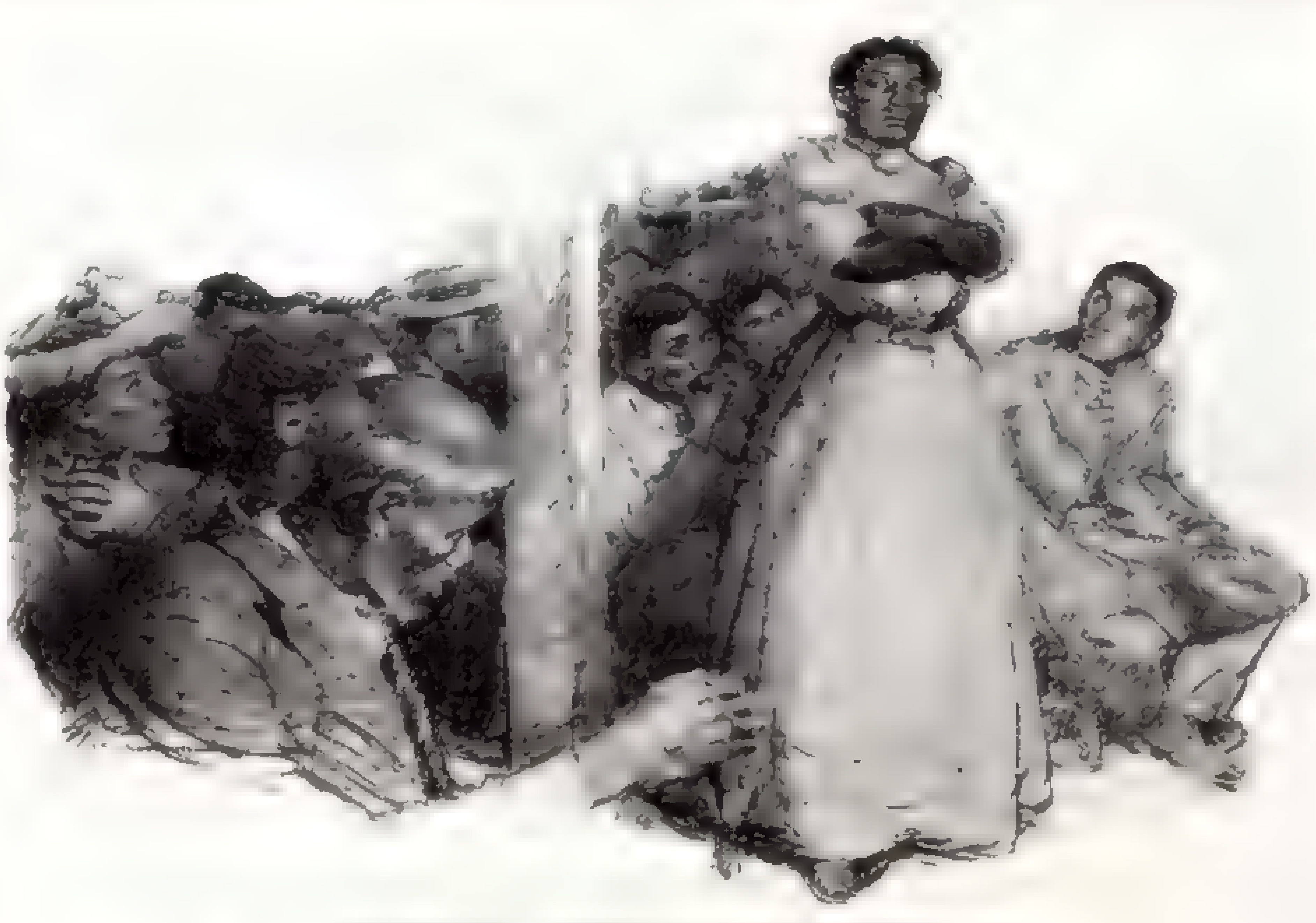
"You-all heered me ax you, didn' you?" she insisted amid the confused silence.

"Six weeks, cum nex' Sunday," a voice replied.

"Well, now, you-all lis'en ter me. De money fer her layin' 'way ain' bin paid yit. An' ef enny o' you wuz ter die ter-night," she added, sweeping the dark sea of faces with an all-including gesture, "you'd go ter de po'house buryin' groun', ef you didn' have no money wid you ter pay fer layin' you 'way decent."

Of the storm of wild, incoherent questions hurled at Judy's head, she chose to reply to the Secretary and Treasurer's. He stumbled to his feet, ashy with fear.

"Whut you mean, ooman? Is you assertin' ——"



"You Ain' Got ter be Nuthin' but er Lot o' Scan'l-Mongers"

"I ain' certain o' nuthin'," interposed Judy calmly; "but I'm doin' some mighty good guessin'. Read dat, Brother Brent," taking a piece of paper from her bosom.

Hardly a breath stirred the rank, heated atmosphere while the gray-haired old negro adjusted his spectacles and read slowly:

"'Accordin' ter de books o' dis bank de bal'nce ter de credit o' de Sons an' Darters o' Zion is'—Good Gawd A'mighty!—'fo'teen dollahs an' nine cents!'" The old man swayed and would have fallen but for the quick support of Hiram White.

"An' all our money," added Judy with a terrible, shuddery calmness, "gone ter back dat crap game down in Love Grove Alley. An' dar's de backers." She pointed dramatically at Grinnell and Harris.

"You'se er liar!" Harris shouted. In a wild, foolish endeavor to avert disaster, he rushed from behind the table, confronting his accuser. "Ooman, you'se lyin'! Dat money's invested ——"

"You houn'!" Beside herself with rage, the whites of her eyes rolling like those of a vicious horse, Judy's huge, open palm struck the man's bullet head with an impact which might have been heard a hundred feet away. He crashed to the floor senseless; only the thickness of his short neck prevented its being broken.

Then, like a tidal wave, with hissing, jagged crest, the crowd surged up and forward, filling the air with groans and imprecations.

Thoroughly frightened—more at what she saw in their faces than at what she herself had done—Judy flung wide both arms. "Hol' on, hol' on! Name o' Gawd, wait!" she shouted. "Hit's all right!"

"Whut's all right? Ain' our money gone?" demanded Hiram White.

"We kin git de money back, I tell you. Set down, all o' you," Judy commanded. "Beatin' dese niggers up ain' gwine do no good."

Sullen and doubtful, they slowly resumed their seats, while the half-conscious Harris was helped into a chair against the wall. President Grinnell, apparently shrunk to half his size, was seated next to him.

"Now," said Judy, when some semblance of order had been restored, "our money's gone, an' dat's er fac'. But dem two owns de houses dey live in. I reck'n some o' you knows dat."

"How we gwine ter git 'em?" Hiram White asked.

"I done got 'em, ruther I jes' de same ez got 'em," was the amazing response. "Whew! Does enny o' you know whut I bin doin' all dis day?" Judy asked, wiping the sweat from her broad face. Without waiting for a reply she continued: "I bin sailin' roun' dis hyar town in one o' dem dev'lish ortermobills ——"

"I seen you," interrupted one of the younger members, with the proud air of one who had shaken the hand of Sullivan; "you wuz wid two white men cumin' down Calvert Street, an' you cum nigh hitt'n my wagin."

"You wouldn't be hyar now ef dat thing had hit you," Judy grinned. "Now I got er tale ter tell you-all," she went on soberly, "an' I don' want nobody ter stop me.

"Las' Monday week I met up wid Mister Meigs on de street, an' he sez ter me, 'Judy, howcum you-all haf ter gimme er note fer buryin' dat las' member? I tho't yo' Lodge wuz de bes' in town.' I tol' 'im 'I dunno, suh, but I'll fin' out.' I went right up ter Mr. Hooper's bank, but de bank wuz shet up. An' dat same night I had ter go up ter Harf'd County ter see Sawney, which he wuz mos' daid. An' day 'fo' yistiddy cum er letter f'm Peter Brent, dar, tellin' me 'bout dis called meetin', an' 'bout 'im tellin' dem whut didn' git no notice ter cum, too. I got back las' night an' de fus' thing I done dis mawnin' wuz ter go up ter de bank an' ax 'bout our money. De man sez he didn' know howcum I had enny right ter know how much money wuz in de bank. An' den I went ter Doctor Paxton an' he made 'em gimme dat paper. An' den he sont me ter lawyer Cyarter. I didn' have sense 'nuff ter tell 'im all I know'd at fus', an' he jes' nachully turned me inside out wid questions—all 'bout dat Love Grove Alley bizness, an' whutall. An' den he pulled out his watch an' he sez, 'We ain' got much time.' An' he called up de place whar dey keep dem ortermobills an' we got in behin' one o' dem goggle-eyed men an'" Judy paused at the recollection—"my haid's whirlin' yit. I don' reckerleck much, 'cep'n' we went ter de tax orfice fus', ter look up sump'n 'bout dem houses, an' den down ter Jestice O'Brien's fer de warrants, an' den back ter de Cote-House fer de 'junction f'm de Jedge agin dem houses, so nobody kin do nuthin' wid 'em. An' now," she took another long breath, "de sheriff is outside, ready ter put de papers on em, an' two p'licemen ter take 'em ter jail."

There was really not much more for the crowd to feel in the way of emotions; they had run the whole gamut of them. Limp and wordless they sat gazing at Judy.

She turned as Robert Harris arose, still feebly defiant. "Ef dat's all," he said with a twisted smile, "you might ez well let 'em in."

"How 'bout dat 'leckshun you wuz gwine ter have ter-night?" replied Judy.

(Concluded on Page 55)

Frauds and Deceptions in Precious Stones

Secrets of the Professional Gem-Fakers

By George F ederick Kunz

DECORATIONS PETER NEWELL

ABOUT 1880 there lived near New York a Hollander, a peculiar genius, who, after having succeeded in many things, came to feel that he could do some things that had never been done before. Becoming interested in the subject of diamond cutting he procured a diamond-polishing wheel and taught himself to cut and polish diamonds, a craft in which he became quite expert. Not only did he succeed in this, but he learned to drill diamonds also, and to work them into various quaint forms, until he made this work his profession. Not content with this, his restless mind led him to attempt to make diamonds and, incidentally, to make gold also, the dream of the alchemists

His business he neglected, but he worked diligently on both the gold and the diamonds. In time he succeeded in obtaining the right colors in his products, but these neither possessed the incorruptibility of true gold nor the hardness of the diamond. At last he called upon me with an air of triumph. Showing me some beautiful, small cubes, which he was quite sure were diamonds, he asked my opinion. A touch of the tongue proved them to be cubes of salt, diamond-like in form, but not a realization of his dreams. In the end he lost his all by placing too much confidence in a housekeeper, to whom he loaned all his diamonds to wear to a function of some kind. Neither she nor the diamonds were ever seen again.

Something About Near-Diamonds

ABOUT 1886 the whole world was startled by cablegrams stating that some one had made artificial diamonds. They were small—very small, in fact—but they were submitted to Dr. Nevill Story Maskelyne, then the Keeper of Minerals of the British Museum, who pronounced them to be genuine diamonds. Then nothing more was heard of the matter until I personally had the pleasure of conversing with my friend, Doctor Maskelyne. I had no real faith in the experiments and I asked what the diamonds were like. He replied that they were fragments. I then asked him how they could make fragments and not whole crystals. He answered that that was the mystery. I inquired if he had any of them with him. He replied that he had not; they had been kept in a watch crystal, which had been broken. The precious fragments had been scattered and had never been recovered. It was better so. The inventor may have been deceived, but Doctor Maskelyne could not be. Another dreamer insisted that he was able to produce diamonds which he could crystallize on a hair. Indeed, many have declared that they could produce the gem in one way or another. As a general rule, however, they first want some money to enable them to complete their experiments, but the commercial product itself has never been forthcoming.

There is only one substance known as diamond that can be sold as such. This has a specific gravity of 3.52, a hardness of 10, and is scarcely acted on by any known reagent. Yet a patent was granted by the United States Government, about 1875, to some persons who claimed that they could dissolve a diamond in hydrofluoric acid, and take a chemical solution which is not metallic and deposit it as a thin coating on quartz or topaz, neither of which can be plated upon. Nothing was said about polishing the deposited material, and yet the diamond in its natural state never shows brilliancy unless it is polished by its own dust.

At hundreds of places throughout the United States stones of paste or glass are sold, a large percentage of which consists of oxide of lead, which imparts a certain brilliancy but reduces the hardness much below that of flint or crown glass. This material is sold with extravagant claims for its durability, owing to its surface of diamond, although there is, in reality, no plating or action of any kind upon it. Then, again, under the name of Alaska or Lake George diamonds, there are windowsful of cut paste or glass, generally with a gas jet or two playing upon them to add a prismatic brilliancy. They do show a play of color, exactly as would a prism cut for a pendant for a chandelier; but no gem possesses the refractive index of the diamond or its great hardness. Suffice to say that such "diamonds" are sold by the thousand gross and, as they are lead glass, they become dull and, because of their low hardness, are easily scratched.

Not frequently, but from time to time, there appears in the trade a diamond doublet made with a flat table, weighing probably from one-half to one carat or more, which is faceted to look like the top of a good diamond. On the back of this is cemented a paste diamond. Even to one familiar with the lustre of a diamond it would not be apparent that two-thirds or three-fourths of the weight of the stone was not diamond but glass. Such a stone is usually set with a glass back, not *à jour*, as it is termed, and there is no way of examining the back of the stone.

There are many people who cannot be deceived as to the genuineness of a diamond, but when it comes to the various colored stones of all kinds there is more likelihood of deception. There are imitations known as doublets, which many people believe are made of a piece of the real gem with a colored imitation for the back. This, however, is not true, for the gem itself is never, or rarely, used. There is simply a slab of garnet or of rock-crystal or of beryl at the top, cut with a very low dome, almost flat, and a very deep back, wherein is inserted some substance having the color of the gem it is desired to imitate—that is, red, blue or green glass, depending on whether the imitation is to be a ruby, a sapphire or an emerald. Strange to say, it is possible to take a colorless slab of rock-crystal for the backing of a green stone, or vice versa, and when it is in its setting it has all the appearance of entirely green stone. If a piece of garnet is backed with a piece of blue glass the general color is that of a blue stone, or if a piece of garnet is backed with a piece of red glass the general effect will be that of a ruby. The two pieces are cemented together by means of gum mastic, and they are joined so cleverly that it is difficult for many laymen to distinguish the difference. An expert can very readily determine whether the stone has been joined or not, and what the character of each part of the material is, without even removing the stone from its setting. When the sides of the stone are exposed it has been the custom to put a slab of crystal in the centre at the girdle of the stone, since an old-fashioned dealer would test the gem at the top and bottom.

Imitations such as these have been known for two centuries; but a much more dangerous sophistication is made by taking two pieces of beryl and inserting between them a piece of intensely green glass, or a green varnish, which imparts an entirely green color to the stone and has genuine beryl material both on the top and back.

Having found what she believed to be a diamond, a woman carried a crystal about with her for more than thirty years, not daring to say anything of it to any one she knew, and when at last she approached me it was with the timid condition that if what she had was a gem of great price nothing was to be said about it. After explaining to her that it was possible to have her treasure sent to a great city where it could be insured and cared for she sent it on, only to have it proved to be merely a quartz crystal, weighing about half an ounce, and of no value. If the stone had been what she thought it was, the value would have meant a fortune to her.

Some Artificial Emeralds

FREQUENTLY a new, artificially-colored material is advertised in much the same fashion as a nostrum or some other novelty might be, and a great sale is sometimes effected. There is seldom, however, sufficient ground in the material itself to sustain the claim of superior excellence that is usually made for it. As an instance, some so-called artificial emeralds, which were sold some three years ago, proved to be nothing but a finely-colored glass which did not even have the hardness of quartz, 7, although, as an emerald, it should have had the hardness 8, that of the beryl.

The emerald and the sapphire have been repeatedly imitated in color in the imitation materials, but if they are a correct color by day they are frequently not so at night. Being glass, it is a matter of only a short time when their surfaces will become dull and abraded and will lack the lustre peculiar to the gem imitated.

In regard to the many fanciful names given to imitation stones and pearls, whether they are called Lake George, Alaska, Irish, Swiss, Patagonian, or other meaningless names, they all consist of what is known as paste, a lead glass. The only difference between them is a slight change in the cutting and in the name. As to imitation pearls: in almost every case they are only spheres of glass filled with wax; between the inner layer of glass and the wax there is placed what is known as the Essence d'Orient, made from the scales of a small fish, called the bleak, found in France. It is said that occasionally the scales of a young herring are also used. Again, a porcelain-like glass is sometimes finished with an opaque surface and the faintest iridescence; but whether these objects are called Vesuvius pearls, or by whatever other name they may be advertised, they are only one of the many forms of imitation pearls, though the name and the advertising may increase their selling price a thousand per cent. above what those known as Roman or French pearls command. Imitation pearls are almost invariably frail, the slightest pressure of the foot upon them being sufficient to crush them. Although they are not meant to be trodden upon, and would not improve if subjected to such abuse, yet the writer, in a series of experiments, found that a weight of two hundred pounds placed on the heel was sufficient to drive a small pearl into pine, whitewood or mahogany, but did not break the true pearl more than once in four or five times.

The imitating of pearls has been practiced from such early times that the period of its origin is unknown. All imitations, however, are easy to detect on examination. A glass pearl of any kind is apt to show minute round or elongated air-bubbles, or the outlines of the same, broken across; the thin coating, also, is somewhat transparent, so that it is possible to see into it below the surface for a fraction of a millimeter, and then it becomes opaque, whereas a real pearl is translucent to the very surface. Occasionally the reflection from the inner side of the glass can be seen, as from the back surface of an ordinary mirror. If the imitation pearl is cut from mother-of-pearl the fine lines of the grinding can be discerned with a magnifier. Whatever be the kind of imitation it is generally recognizable, not only by the jeweler, but often by the very people whom the wearer would least like to have cognizant of it.

If a person is once known to have worn sham jewelry a doubt always exists in the minds of those who are aware of the fact as to the genuineness of anything of the kind which that person may afterward wear. A marked instance of this feeling occurred some time ago in New York. A lady, wishing to attend the opera at a time when her own jewels were inaccessible, obtained a necklace of imitation pearls and wore them until just before the curtain fell, when the necklace parted and some of the spheres rolled over the floor of the box. The owner found a few of them; but since they had not been counted, she could not be certain of having procured them all, so she offered a reward for each of these so-called pearls. The longer the delay in finding them the more excited she became. "My fear is," she said, "that some one may step on one and flatten it out, and so recognize that the pearls were sham; and then no one would ever believe that any pearl I might wear could possibly be real."

One frequently hears that many ladies have replicas of their jewels made in imitation stones. This is not so, and the writer's experience of a quarter of a century has shown him that rarely, if ever, are the imitations worn, even if possessed, nor are they owned in the large majority of cases

There is found in South Africa, at Elandsfontein, on the Orange River, a substance that, when in its natural state, is a soft, filmy mineral, of dark blue color. It has a fibre finer than that of any known silk, and it is of considerable strength. This mineral, crocidolite, is found in veins, parts of which have been metamorphosed by heated waters of igneous or volcanic origin. By this action some of the constituents of the mineral have been removed, changing the iron in it to a brown, hydrous oxide, and then coating each fibre with a chalcedony silicate. In this way a hard mineral is produced, generally chalcedony, which, when cut across the fibre and domed so as to be *en cabochon*, shows a distinct cat's-eye. Many of the specimens are very beautiful, and when the material was first found these cat's-eyes sold for from six to twelve dollars a carat. This was in 1879, when the cat's-eye was a favorite gem and was selling at its highest price. The new material was found in such abundance that the price dropped to twenty-five cents a carat. It was then worked up into seals, chains and umbrella handles. The ingenious chemist then studied the composition of the stone and found that he could dissolve all the brown iron oxide in it, reducing it to a white, colorless substance, as pale as are the currants and cherries bleached by the French fruit-preserver, who first removes all the natural color and then gives them that uniform tint which pleases the eye of the buyer and is the despair of the housewife. The colorless, porous quartz is now stained blue, red and green, making cat's-eyes of hitherto unknown colors. Sometimes a stone is tinted green and spotted with pink, red and blue. Very naturally these stones have been relegated to the cheapest tourist jewelry shops.

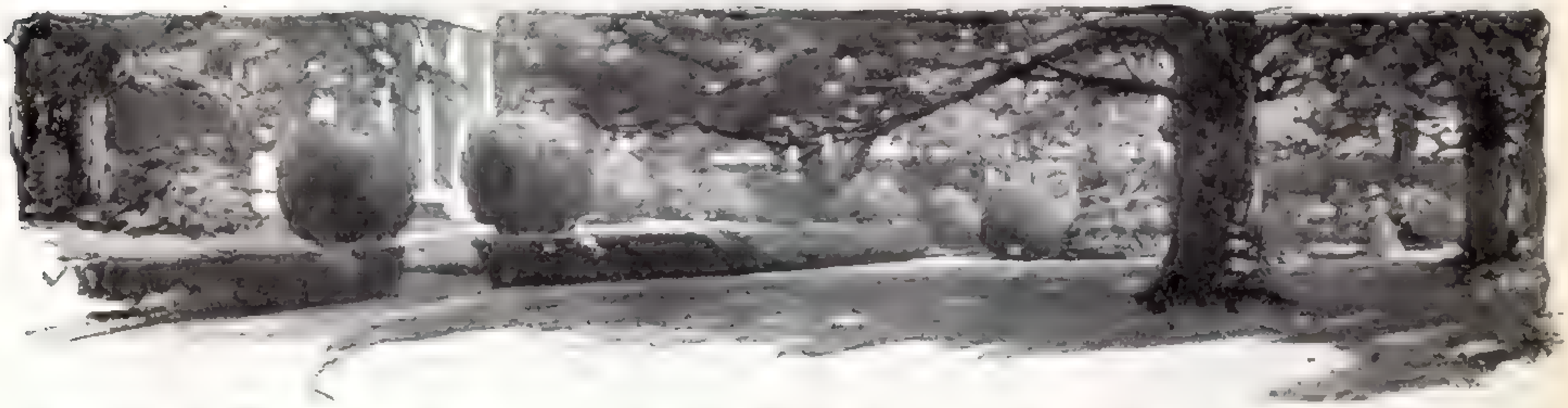
In ancient Egypt great numbers of scarabs were cut from steatite and glazed, or cut from gems, or made of a faience or pottery for use as amulets or burial with the dead. But great as was the output in remote times, this is equaled, if not excelled, by the number fabricated in our own day to satisfy the insatiable demands of tourists, who feel in duty bound to bring back from Egypt some scarabs as mementoes of their visit. These sophisticated scarabs are not carelessly made; indeed, they are often such fine copies as to rival the best work of this kind

(Concluded on Page 53)

The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL AND H. C. WALL



VII

CRAIG swooped upon the Severences the next afternoon. His arrivals were always swoopings—a swift descent on a day when he was not expected; or, if the day was forearranged, then the hour would be a surprise. It was a habit with him, a habit deliberately formed. He liked to take people unawares, to create a flurry, reasoning that he, quick of eye and determined of purpose, could not but profit by any confusion. He was always in a hurry—that is, he seemed to be. In this also there was deliberation. It does not follow because a man is in a hurry that he is an important and busy person; no more does it follow that a man is an inconsequential procrastinator if he is leisurely and dilatory. The significance of action lies in intent. Some men can best gain their ends by creating an impression that they are extremely lazy, others by creating the impression that they are exceedingly energetic. The important point is to be on the spot at the moment most favorable for gaining the desired advantage; and it will be found that of the men who get what they want in this world, both those who seem to hasten and those who seem to lounge are always at the right place at the right time.

It best fitted Craig, by nature impatient, noisily aggressive, to adopt the policy of rush. He arrived before time usually, fumed until he had got everybody into that nervous state in which men, and women, too, will yield more than they ever would in the kindly, melting mood. Though he might stay hours, he, each moment, gave the impression that everybody must speak quickly or he would be gone, might quickly be rid of him by speaking quickly. Obviously, intercourse with him was socially unsatisfactory; but this did not trouble him, as his theory of life was, get what you want, never mind the way or the feelings of others. And as he got by giving, attached his friends by self-interest, made people do for him what it was just as well that they should do, the net result, after the confusion and irritation had calmed, was that everybody felt, on the whole, well content with having been compelled. It was said of him that he made even his enemies work for him; and this was undoubtedly true—in the sense in which it was meant as well as in the deeper sense that a man's enemies, if he be strong, are his most assiduous allies and advocates. It was also true that he did a great deal for people. Where most men do favors only when the prospect of return is immediate, he busied himself as energetically if returns seemed remote, even improbable, as he did when his right hand was taking in with interest as his left hand gave. It was his nature to be generous, to like to give; it was also his nature to see that a reputation for real generosity and kindness of heart was an invaluable asset, and that the only way to win such a reputation was by deserving it.

Craig arrived at the Severences' at half-past four, when no one was expected until five. "Margaret is dressing," explained Mrs. Severence, as she entered the drawing-room. "She'll be down presently—if you care to wait." This, partly because she hoped he would go, chiefly because he seemed in such a hurry.

"I'll wait a few minutes," said Craig in his sharp, irritating voice.

And he began to tour the room, glancing at pictures, at articles on the tables, mussing the lighter pieces of furniture about. Mrs. Severence, pink-and-white, middle-aged, fattish and obviously futile, watched him with increasing nervousness. He would surely break something; or, being by a window when the impulse to depart seized him, would leap through, taking sash, curtains and all with him.

"Perhaps we'd better go outdoors," suggested she. She felt very helpless, as usual. It was from her that Lucia inherited her laziness and her taste for that most indolent of all the dissipations, the reading of love stories.

"Outdoors?" exploded Craig, wheeling on her, as if he had previously been unconscious of her presence. "No. We'll sit here. I want to talk to you."

And he plumped himself into a chair near by, his claw-like hands upon his knees, his keen eyes and beaklike nose bent toward her. Mrs. Severence visibly shrank. She felt as if that handsome, predatory face were pressed against the very window of her inmost soul.

"You wish to talk to me," she echoed, with a feeble conciliatory smile.

"About your daughter," said Craig, still more curt and aggressive. "Mrs. Severence, she ought to get married."

Roxana Severence was so amazed that her mouth dropped open. "Married?" she echoed, as if her ears had deceived her.

The colossal impudence of it! This young man, this extremely common young man, daring to talk to her about such a private matter! And she had not yet known him a month; and only within the last fortnight had he been making frequent visits—entirely on his own invitation, for she certainly would not overtly provoke such a visitation as his coming meant. Mrs. Severence would have been angry had she dared. But Craig's manner was most alarming; what would—what would not a person so indifferent to the decencies of life do if he were crossed?

"She must get married," pursued Craig firmly. "Do you know why I've been coming here these past two or three weeks?"

Mrs. Severence was astounded anew. The man was actually about to propose for her daughter! This common man, with nothing!

"It's not my habit to make purposeless visits," continued he, "especially among frivolous, idle people like you. I've been coming here to make a study of your daughter."

He paused. Mrs. Severence gave a feeble, frightened smile, made a sound that might have been mirth and again might have been the beginnings of a hastily-suppressed call for help.

"And," Craig went on energetically, "I find that she is a very superior sort of person. In another environment she might have been a big, strong woman. She's amazing, considering the sickly, sycophantic atmosphere she's been brought up in. Now, I want to see her married. She's thoroughly discontented and unhappy. She's becoming sour and cynical. *We* must get her married. It's your duty to rouse yourself."

Mrs. Severence did rouse herself just at this moment. Cheeks aflame and voice trembling, she stood and said: "You are very kind, Mr. Craig, to offer to assist me in bringing up my family. Surely—such—such interest is unusual on brief and very slight acquaintance." She rang the bell. "I can show my appreciation in only one way." The old butler, Williams, appeared. "Williams, show this gentleman out." And she left the room.

Williams, all frigid dignity and politeness, stood at the large entrance doors, significantly holding aside one curtain. Craig rose, his face red. "Mrs. Severence isn't very well," said he noisily to the servant, as if he were on terms of closest intimacy with the family. "Tell Margaret I'll wait for her in the garden." And he rushed out by the window that opened on the veranda, leaving the amazed butler at the door, uncertain what to do.

Mrs. Severence, ascending the stairs in high good humor with herself at having handled a sudden and difficult situation as well as she had ever read of its being handled in a novel, met her daughter descending. "Sh-h!" said she in a whisper, for she had not heard the front door close. "He may not be gone. Come with me."

Margaret followed her mother into the library at the head of the stairs.

"It was that Craig man," explained Mrs. Severence, when she had the door closed. "What *do* you think he had the impudence to do?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine," said Margaret, impatient.

"He proposed for you!"

Margaret reflected a brief instant. "Nonsense!" she said decisively. "He's not that kind. You misunderstood him."

"I tell you he did!" cried her mother. "And I ordered him out of the house."

"What?" screamed Margaret, clutching her mother's arm. "*What?*"

"I ordered him out of the house," stammered her mother.

"I wish you'd stick to your novels and let me attend to my own affairs," cried Margaret, pale with fury. "Is he gone?"

"I left Williams attending to it. Surely, Rita ——"

But Margaret had flung the door open and was darting down the stairs. "Where is he?" she demanded fiercely of Williams, still in the drawing-room doorway.

"In the garden, ma'am," said Williams. "He didn't pay no attention."

But Margaret was rushing through the drawing-room. At the French windows she caught sight of him, walking up and down in his usual quick, alert manner, now smelling flowers, now staring up into the trees, now scrutinizing the upper windows of the house. She drew back, waited until she had got her breath and had composed her features. Then, with the long skirts of her graceful pale-blue dress trailing behind her, and a big white sunshade open and resting upon her shoulder, she went down the veranda steps and across the lawn toward him. He paused, gazed at her in frank—vulgarly frank—admiration; just then it seemed to her he never said or did or looked anything except in the vulgarest way.

"You certainly are a costly-looking luxury," cried he loudly, when she was still several yards away. "Oh, there's your mother at the window, upstairs—her bedroom window."

"How did you know it was her bedroom?" asked Margaret.

"While I was waiting for you to come down one day I sent for one of the servants and had him explain the lay of the house."

"Really!" said Margaret, satirical and amused. "I suppose there was no mail on the table or you'd have read that while you waited?"

"There you go, trying to say clever, insulting things. Why not be frank? Why not be direct?"

"Why should I, simply because *you* wish it? You don't half realize how amusing you are."

"Oh, yes, I do," retorted he, with a shrewd, quick glance from those all-seeing eyes of his.

"Half, I said. You do half realize? I told you once before that I knew what a fraud you were."

"I play my game in my own way," evaded he; "and it seems to be doing nicely, thank you."

"But the further you go, the harder it'll be for you to progress."

"Then the harder for those opposing me. I don't make it easy for those who are making it hard for me. I make 'em so busy nursing their own wounds that they've no longer time for me. I've told you before, and I tell you again, I shall go where I please."

"Let me see," laughed Margaret; "it was Napoleon—wasn't it?—who used to talk that way?"

"And you think I'm imitating him, eh?"

"You do suggest it very often."

"I despise him. A wicked, little, dago charlatan who was put out of business as soon as he was really opposed. No!—no Waterloo for me! . . . How's your mother? She got sick while I was talking to her, and had to leave the room."

"Yes, I know," said Margaret.

"You ought to make her take more exercise. Don't let her set foot in a carriage. We are animals, and Nature has provided that animals shall walk to keep in health. Walking and things like that are the only sane modes of getting about. Everything aristocratic is silly. As soon as we begin to rear and strut we stumble into our graves —— But it's no use to talk to you about that. I came on another matter."

Margaret's lips tightened; she hastily veiled her eyes.

"I've taken a great fancy to you," Craig went on. "That's why I've wasted so much time on you. What you need is a husband—a good husband. Am I not right?"

Margaret, pale, said faintly: "Go on."

"You know I'm right. Every man and every woman ought to marry. A home—children—*that's* life. The rest is all incidental—trivial. Do you suppose I could work as I do if it wasn't that I'm getting ready to be a family man? I need love—sympathy—tenderness. People think I'm hard and ambitious. But they don't know. I've got a heart, overflowing with tenderness, as some woman'll find out some day. But I didn't come to talk about myself."

Margaret made a movement of surprise—involuntary, startled.

"No, I don't always talk about myself," Craig went on; "and I'll let you into a secret. I don't *think* about myself nearly so much as many of these chaps who never speak of themselves. However, as I was saying, I'm going to get you a husband. Now, don't you get sick, as your mother did. Be sensible. Trust me. I'll see you through—and that's more than any of these cheap, shallow people round you would do."

"Well?" said Margaret.

"You and Grant Arkwright are going to marry. Now, don't pretend—don't protest. It's the proper thing and it must be done. You like him?"

As Craig was looking sharply at her she felt she must answer. She made a vague gesture of assent.

"Of course!" said Craig. "If you and he led a natural life you'd have been married long ago. Now, I'm going to dine with him to-night. I'll lay the case before him. He'll be out here after you to-morrow."

Margaret trembled with anger. Two bright spots burned in her cheeks. "You wouldn't dare!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "No, not even you!"

"And why not?" demanded Craig calmly. "Do you suppose I'm going to stand idly by, and let two friends of mine, two people I'm as fond of as I am of you two creatures, make fools of yourselves? No. I shall bring you together."

Margaret rose. "If you say a word to Grant I'll never speak to you again. And I assure you I shouldn't marry *him* if he were the last man on earth."

"If you only knew men better!" exclaimed Craig earnestly. His eyes fascinated her, and his sharp, penetrating voice somehow seemed to reach to her very soul and seize it and hold it enthralled. "My dear child, Grant Arkwright is one man in a million. I've been with him in times that show men's qualities. Don't judge men by what they are ordinarily. They don't reveal their real selves. Wait till a crisis comes—then you see manhood, or lack of it. Life is bearable, at the worst, for any of us in the routine. But when the crisis comes we need, not only all our own strength, but all we can rally to our support. I tell you, Miss Severence, Grant is one of the men that can be relied on. I despise his surface—as I do yours. But it's because I see the man—the manhood—beneath that surface that I love him. And I want him to have a woman worthy of him. That means *you*. You, too, have the soul that makes a human being—a real aristocrat—of the aristocracy of strong and honest hearts."

Craig's face was splendid, was ethereal in its beauty, yet flashing with manliness. He looked as she had seen him that night two years before, when he had held even her and her worldly friends spellbound, had made them thrill with ideals of nobility and human helpfulness foreign to their every-day selves. She sat silent when he had finished, and presently drew a long breath.

"Why aren't you always like that?" she exclaimed, half to herself.

"You'll marry Grant?"

She shook her head positively. "Impossible."

"Why not?"

"Impossible," she repeated. "And you mustn't speak of it to me—or to him. I appreciate your motive. I thank you—really, I do. It makes me feel better, somehow, to have had any one think so well of me as you do. And Grant ought to be proud of your friendship."

Their eyes met. She flushed to the line of her hair and her glance fell, for she felt utterly ashamed of herself for the design upon him which she had been harboring. "Let us go in and join the others," said she confusedly. And her color fled, returned in a flood.

"No, I'm off," replied he, in his ordinary, sharp, bustling way. "I'm not defeated. I've done well—very well, for a beginning." And he gave her hand his usual firm, uncomfortable clasp, and rushed away.

She walked up and down full fifteen minutes before she went toward the house. At the veranda Lucia intercepted her. "Did he?" she asked anxiously.

Margaret looked at her vaguely, then smiled. "No, he did not."

"He didn't?" exclaimed Lucia, at once disappointed and relieved.

"Not yet," said Margaret. She laughed, patted Lucia's full-blown cheek. "Not quite yet." And she went on in to tea, humming to herself gayly; she did not understand her own sudden exceeding high spirits.

VIII

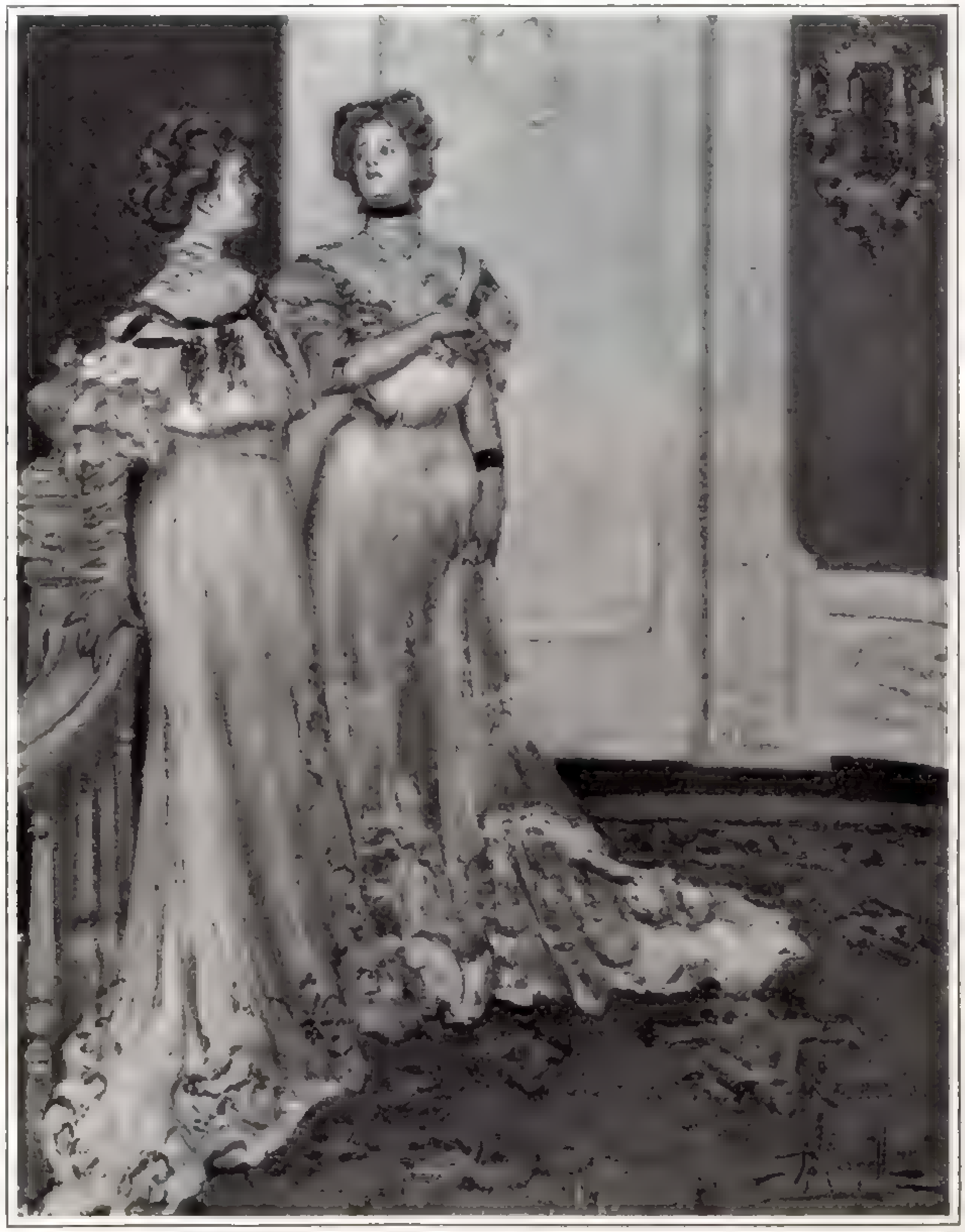
CRAIG did not leave Margaret more precipitately than he had intended; that would have been impossible, as he always strove to make his departures seem as startling and mysterious as a dematerialization. But he did leave much sooner than he had intended when he came, and with only a small part of what he had planned to say said. He withdrew to think it over; and in the long walk from the Severences' to his lodgings in the Wyandotte he did think it over with his usual exhaustive thoroughness.

He had been entirely sincere in his talk with Margaret. He was a shrewd judge both of human nature and of situations, and he saw that a marriage between Margaret and Grant would be in every way admirable. He appreciated the fine qualities of both, and realized that they would have an uncommonly good chance of hitting it off tranquilly together. Of all their qualities of mutual adaptability the one that impressed him most deeply was the one at which he was always scoffing—what he called their breeding. Theoretically, and so far as his personal practice went, he genuinely despised "breeding"; but he could not uproot a most worshipful reverence for it, a reverence of which he was ashamed. He had no "breeding" himself; he was experiencing in Washington a phase of life which was entirely new to him, and it had developed in him the snobbish instincts that are the rankest weeds in the garden of civilization. Their seeds fly everywhere, are sown broadcast, threaten the useful plants and the flowers incessantly, contrive to grow, to flourish even, in the desert places. Craig had an instinct against this plague; but he was far too self-confident to suspect that it could enter his own gates and attack his own fields. He did not dream that the chief reason why he thought Grant and Margaret so well suited to each other was the reason of snobbishness; that he was confusing their virtues with their vices, and was admiring them for qualities which were blighting their usefulness and even threatening to make sane happiness impossible for either. It was not their real refinement that he admired, and, at times, envied; it was their showy affectations of refinement, those gaudy pretenses that appeal to the crude human imagination, like uniforms and titles.

It had not occurred to him that Margaret might possibly be willing to become his wife. He would have denied it as fiercely to himself as to others, but at bottom he could not have thought of himself as at ease in any intimate relation with her. He found her beautiful physically, but much too fine and delicate to be comfortable with. He could be brave, bold, insolent with her, in an impersonal way; but personally he could not have ventured the slightest familiarity, now that he really appreciated "what a refined, delicate woman is."

But the easiest impression for a woman to create upon a man—or a man upon a woman—is the impression of being in love. We are so conscious of our own merits, we are so eager to have them appreciated, that we will exaggerate or misinterpret any word or look, especially from a person of the opposite sex, into a tribute to them. When Craig plead for Grant and eulogized her, Margaret, moved by his eloquence and his sincerity, had dropped her eyes and had colored in shame at her own thoughts and plans about him, in such black contrast with his frank generosity. He had noted her change of expression, and instantly it had flashed into his mind: "Can it be that she loves me?"

The more he reflected upon it the clearer it became to him that she did. Yes, here was being repeated the old story of the attraction of extremes. "She isn't so refined that appreciation of real manhood has been refined out of her," thought he. "And why shouldn't she love me? What does all this nonsense of family and breeding amount to, anyway?" His mind was in great confusion. At one moment he was dismissing the idea of such delicateness, such super-refined supersensitiveness being taken with a man of his imperfect education and humble origin. The next moment his self-esteem was bobbing up again, was jauntily assuring him that he was "a born king" and, therefore, would naturally be discovered and loved by a truly princess —— "And, by Heaven, she is a princess of the blood royal! Those eyes, those hands, those slender feet!" Having no great sense of humor he did not remind himself here how malicious Nature usually deprives royalty of the outward marks of aristocracy to bestow them upon peasant.



"I Wish You'd Stick to Your Novels and Let Me Attend to My Own Affairs," Cried Margaret, Pale With Fury

At last he convinced himself that she was actually burning with love for him, that she had lifted the veil for an instant had lifted it deliberately to encourage him to speak for himself. And he was not repelled by this forwardness; was, on the contrary, immensely flattered. It is the custom for those of high station to reassure those of lower, to make them feel that they may draw near without fear. A queen seeking a consort among princes always begins the courting. A rich girl willing to marry a poor man lets him see she will not be offended if he offers to add himself to her possessions. Yes, it would be quite consistent with sex-custom, with maidenly modesty, for a Severence to make the first open move toward a Josh Craig.

"But do I want her?"

That was another question. He admired her, he would be proud to have such a wife. "She's just the sort I need to adorn the station I'm going to have." But what of his dreams of family life, of easy, domestic undress, which she would undoubtedly find coarse and vulgar? "It would be like being on parade all the time—she's been used to that sort of thing her whole life, but it'd make me miserable." Could he afford a complete, a lifelong sacrifice of comfort to gratify a vanity?

He had devoted much thought to the question of marriage. On the one hand he wanted money; for in politics, with the people so stupid and so fickle, a man without an independence, at least, would surely find himself, sooner or later, in a position where he must choose between retiring and submitting himself to some powerful interest—either a complete sale, or a mortgage hardly less galling to pride, no less degrading to self-respect. On the other hand he wanted a home—a wife like his mother, domestic, attentive, looking out for his comfort and his health, herself taking care of the children. And he had arrived at a compromise. He would marry a girl out West somewhere, a girl of some small town, brought up somewhat as he had been brought up, not shocked by what Margaret Severence would regard as his vulgarities—a woman with whom he felt equal and at ease. He would select such a woman, provided, in addition, with some fortune—several hundred thousands at least, enough to make him independent. Such had been his plan. But now that he had seen Margaret, had come to appreciate her through studying her as a possible wife for his unattached friend Arkwright, now that he had discovered her secret, her love for him—how could he fit her into his career? Was it possible? Was it wise?

"The best is none too good for me," said he to himself swaggeringly. No doubt about it—no, indeed, not the slightest. But—well, everybody wouldn't realize this, as yet. And it must be admitted that those mere foppish, inane nothings did produce a seeming of difference. Indeed, it must even be admitted that the way Margaret had been brought up would make it hard for her, with her sensitive, delicate nerves, to bear with him if she really knew him. A hot wave passed over his body at the thought. "How ashamed I'd be to have her see my wardrobe. I really must brace up in the matter of shirts, and in the quality of underclothes and socks." No, she probably would be shocked into aversion if she really knew him—she, who had been surrounded by servants in livery all her life; who had always had a maid to dress her, to arrange a delicious bath for her every morning and every evening, to lay out, from a vast and thrilling store of delicate clothing, the fresh, clean, fine, amazingly costly garments that were to have the honor and the pleasure of draping that aristocratic body of hers. "Why, her maid," thought he, "is of about the same appearance and education as my aunts. Old Williams is a far more cultured person than my uncles or brothers-in-law." Of course, Selina and Williams were menials, while his male kin were men and his female relatives women, "and all of them miles ahead of this gang when it comes to the real thing—character." Still, so far as appearances went —— "I'm getting to be a cheap snob!" cried he aloud. "To hell with the whole crowd! I want nothing to do with them!"

But Margaret, in her beautiful garments, diffusing perfume just as her look and manner diffused the aroma of gentle breeding —— The image of her was most insidiously alluring. "And, hang it all, isn't she just a human being? What's become of my common-sense that I treat these foolish trifles as if they were important?"

Grant Arkwright came while the debate was still on. He soon noted that something was at work in Josh's mind to make him so silent and glum, so different from his usual voluble, flamboyant self. "What's up, Josh? What deviltry are you plotting now to add to poor old Stillwater's nervous indigestion?"

"I'm thinking about marriage," said Craig, lighting a cigarette and dropping into the faded magnificence of an ex-salon chair.

"Good business!" exclaimed Arkwright.

"It's far more important that you get married than that I do," explained Craig. "At present you don't amount to a hang. You're like one of those twittering swallows out there. As a married man you'd at least have the validity that attaches to every husband and father."

"If I could find the right girl," said Grant.

"I thought I had found her for you," continued Craig. "But, on second thoughts, I've about decided to take her for myself."

"Oh, you have?" said Arkwright, trying to be facetious of look and tone.

"Yes," said Josh, in his abrupt, decisive way. He threw the cigarette into the empty fireplace and stood up. "I think I'll take your advice and marry Miss Severence."

"Really!" mocked Grant; but he was red with anger, was muttering under his breath, "Insolent puppy!"

"Yes, I think she'll do." Craig spoke as if his verdict were probably overpartial to her. "It's queer about families and the kind of children they have. Every once in a while you'll find a dumb ass of a man whose brain will get to boiling with liquor or some other ferment, and it'll incubate an idea, a real idea. It's that way about paternity — or, rather, maternity. Now who'd think that inane, silly mother of Margaret's could have brought such a person as she is into the world?"

"Mrs. Severence is a very sweet and amiable *lady*," said Grant coldly.

"Pooh!" scoffed Craig. "She's a nothing—a puff of wind—a nit. Such as she, by the great gross, wouldn't count one."

"I doubt if it would be—wise—politically, I mean—for you to marry a woman of—of the fashionable set." Grant spoke judicially, with constraint in his voice.

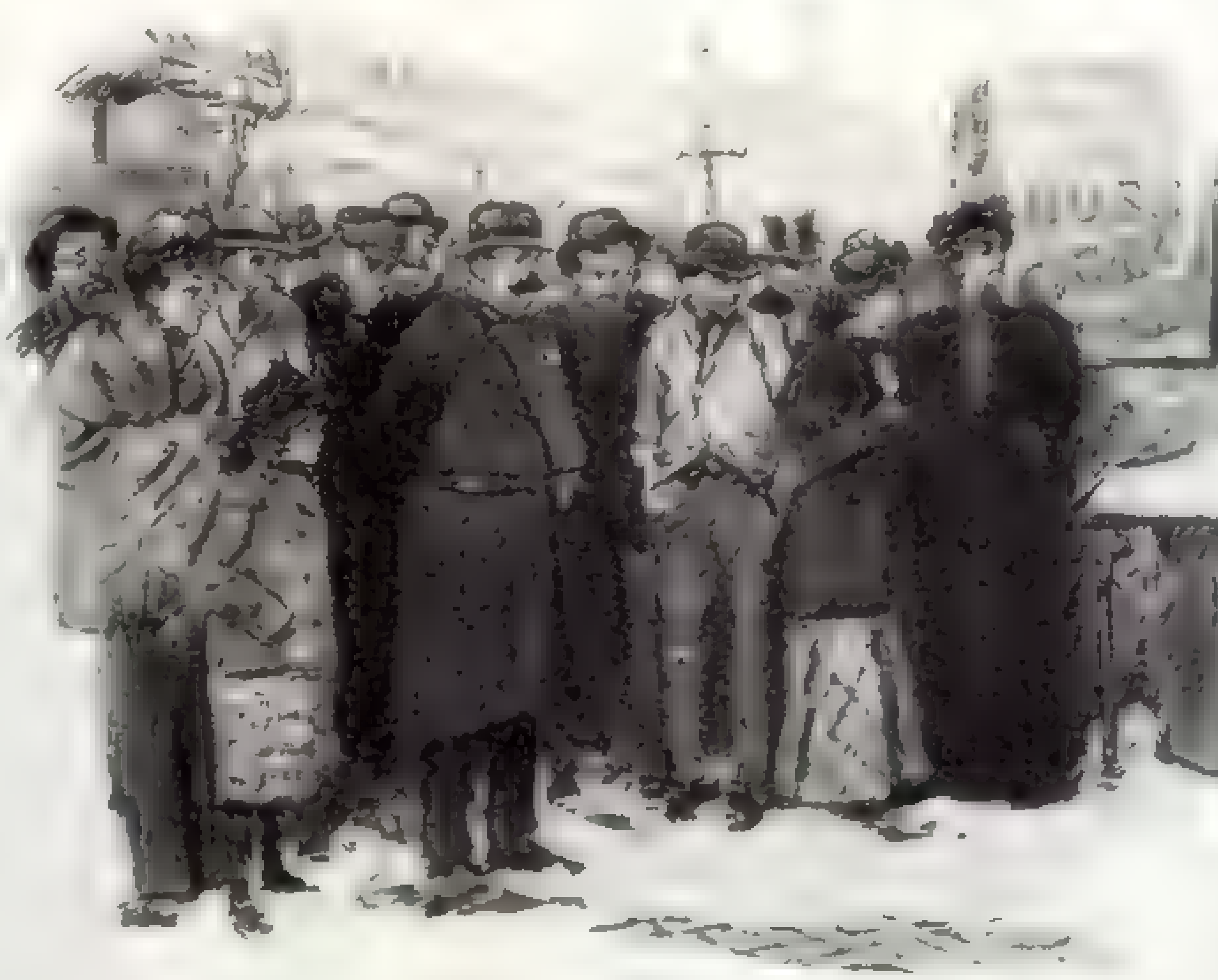
"You're quite right there," answered Craig promptly. "Still, it's a temptation. . . . I've been reconsidering the idea since I discovered that she loves me."

Grant leaped to his feet. "Loves you!" he shouted.

(Continued on Page 56)

The Autobiography of an Obscure Author

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



One Could See They Were Ashamed, but They Held Their Ground

VI

THE city editor was not an egotist, but he had ambition and a proper confidence in himself. He believed he was capable of better things. When the World's Fair opened he essayed the higher flight by resigning from the editorial staff and taking a job in the advertising department, where he was soon making so much money that it seemed half unreal to his former colleagues. I was promoted to the place he vacated. It was a pleasure to be relieved of the grind of writing editorials—until I found the other grind rather more trying.

Considering the amount of work I did for thirty dollars a week, I knew I could not be much good. Eugene Field was then writing his Sharps and Flats for the morning paper, and occasionally dropped into the office to tell a story. He used to say he had long noticed that newspaper men who got ten dollars a week had to do a hundred dollars' worth of work, while those who got a hundred dollars did ten dollars' worth. Probably the rule applies pretty generally outside of journalism.

Long before the Fair opened we had moved to a snug little flat some four blocks west of Lincoln Park. I do not know now exactly how we did it on twenty-five and thirty dollars a week; but it is a fact that we had paid up that old debt to the bank at Catlin and owed nothing. We went to the theatre two or three times a month on passes, occasionally to a concert, had books from the public library, and, ridiculous as it seems, now and then had a party.

In the fall of 1892 and spring of 1893 we went down to Jackson Park and so saw a vast, ugly, inchoate wreck grow almost magically into the ordered beauty of the Fair. That persists in my mind as the most imposing and inspiring symbol of human power. When I hear lugubrious persons say we cannot have honest city government, or cannot control the trusts, or cannot in any particular build as we wish, I remember the Fair and feel sure they do not know what they are talking about.

The Fair, of course, both extended and quickened our circle of out-of-town friends. We were extensively visited. Many of the visitors we were glad to have with us, although there were times when it was a very nice question in the proprieties whether I should sleep on the sitting-room floor across from Mrs. Matthews and her daughter from High Grove, or on the dining-room floor across from Mr. Penny and wife from Catlin.

Previous to the Fair our pup had enjoyed a monopoly of sleeping on the floor, and the sagacious young beast seemed to feel that he was peculiarly charged with the duty of hospitality toward the humans who were disposed of on his plane. Some time during the night he would be sure to go around and smell each particular guest, apparently to satisfy himself that all were present. If we shut the kitchen door on him, to relieve him of this responsibility, the sense of it would break his sleep and he would howl. We discussed several expedients for reassuring the pup, but none seemed practicable.

Great-uncle Ezra proposed a plan in which he had such faith that he was quite ill-natured when we rejected it. His plan was to put the pup in a stout flour-sack, with a heavy stone, tie the neck of the sack and drop it into the lake. He urged this idea so persistently that we deemed it prudent to keep an eye on the pup while he was near.

We had seen Great-uncle Ezra once on his little farm near High Grove, and thought it would be interesting to have so simple, hearty and unsophisticated a guest. He proved, however, a rather gloomy old gentleman, peculiarly subject to fixed ideas. One of his prepossessions was that I had consumption. It appeared that he had known an extraordinary number of persons who had died of consumption at about my age, so he was able to describe to us in much detail the manner in which the malady progressed and terminated.

The great fault with consumptives, he said, was that when they found the disease fastened upon them they lost their heads and began squandering their money on doctors or by trying changes of climate. The result of this folly was that they lingered on long enough to impoverish themselves, and their families were left to beggary.

Of course, he made no personal application, but it was very clear to us that he feared I was going to commit this typical fault. When a man had consumption, he said, the only sensible course was to make up his mind at once that nothing could help him. He ought to stick to his work just as long as he could keep up, for the sake of his family, and not lose his head and begin squandering his money.

In Great-uncle Ezra's opinion, losing one's head was the elemental weakness of mankind, to which most of the misfortunes from which humanity suffered might be attributed. In his philosophy this failing played a part about like that of original sin in Calvinistic theology. He was ever sternly on his guard against falling victim to it. Congested travel was a standing feature of Chicago life during the Fair. We could never get Great-uncle Ezra to hurry through the turnstile and across the crowded platform to catch the train or boat. When we thought we had our party all together and were jammed in the press that bore toward the car door, we would hear Great-uncle Ezra's voice, much in the rear, booming the caution, "Don't lose your heads, now!" Then one of us would have to fight a way back against the current and rescue the old gentleman as he was going through the uptown stile instead of the downtown.

Even when we had him through the stile and headed for the open gate of the car he would not lose his head. At the very gate he would push back to reassure himself that it was the right car. Twice we had the mortification to see a guard pluck him from the gate after it was closed and the train was in motion. Upon one of these occasions, when I had stepped on the car platform first, and so had to go back from the next station and recover him, I found him excitedly arguing that the guard had lost his head.

The Fair at first inspired him only with an idea of perpetual motion. He did not wish to sit down anywhere or stand still. Even the superb spectacle of the illuminated Court of Honor failed to hold him. One gnarled hand clasping the limp lapel of his coat, the other dangling at his side, he stumped slowly on mile after mile, looking from right to left, and as he was always lost all places were alike to him. But, at length, he discovered an object so overwhelming that he reposed before it. This was a gigantic horse, in the Agricultural Building, made entirely of beans. Great-uncle Ezra was himself devoted to bean culture, and the horse fascinated him. Thereafter, whenever we lost him, we knew he would be found in the Agricultural Building gazing at the bean horse. The guards had to drive him away two or three times and threaten to arrest him because he persisted in moistening his thumb and rubbing certain beans to see whether the color was natural or artificial.

The Fair was a dream of what life might be. We varied the monotony of reporting it by getting out extras about big bank failures here and there. In midsummer ranks of sad and anxious depositors besieged the savings institutions. Away from Jackson Park the country was indulging the luxury of a panic. When the immense energy that built and operated the Fair was released it found nothing in particular to do.

There was an entrance from the alley to the building that housed the editorial department. The back doors of the Herald, Post and Journal were across the narrow way, which was called Newsboys' Alley. Usually I came and went that way. It was a lively place, aswarm with urchins mostly ill-clad, some of them no bigger than my boy at home. A burly policeman was especially assigned to look after them. He was really a kindly man. Probably his sway was as mild as consisted with due order. Instead of a club he carried a rawhide, and briskly switched the thin legs of such as needed correction. Often I saw some ragged little chap huddled against the grimy, inhospitable brick wall, or crouched on the sloppy asphalt, rubbing the calf of his leg with one hand and digging a soiled knuckle into a tearful eye. I would not have liked that to be my boy.

After the theatre, one snowy night, I saw a couple of mere babies race across the street and fall on their tattered knees by a pile of sand where an office structure was building. They dug into the sand and unearthed a broken sandwich wrapped in a piece of newspaper, which they had evidently buried as a dog buries a bone. It was so theatrical that I stopped, rather expecting them to beg. But without even looking at me they scuttled away, one of them hiding the bread under his jacket.

It was also the duty of the alley policeman to keep certain eager patrons of the Daily News from choking the mouth of the narrow way when the twelve and three and five o'clock editions came out. They evidently knew when the editions appeared on the street and began to gather a quarter of an hour or more in advance, forming a crowd on either side the mouth of the alley that often took up the whole flagging—not a very presentable crowd, too often with faded hats, and only an upturned coat collar for protection against inclement weather.

Inside another crowd formed, of newsboys, lined up before the zinc-covered counter, their metal checks in hand, on edge to get their bundles of papers and scurry away. Elsewhere, the energy employed in selling papers was of an aggressive sort; but at the mouth of the alley it was defensive. The waiting crowd fell upon the boys that ran that way, thrusting out their pennies, snatching at the damp sheets. Alas, their eagerness was no compliment to the editorial staff. They flung aside news and learned comment; had eyes only for the inside pages headed: "Help Wanted."

More than once I saw women in the crowd. One of those dismal Chicago days when fog and smoke so conspire that electric lights are burned in every shop and office as at night, and the raw cold bites, I noticed two young women at the mouth of the alley. They would have held my defectively monogamous attention anywhere, because both of them were notably pretty. My impression still is that the larger one, next the alley, might have been called beautiful. At any rate, she would have made a smashing Amazon. They had evidently come early, for they had the best positions. They crowded close together, bit their lips, looked down, nervously moved their hands, with a press of men close behind them and at the side. One could see they were ashamed, but they held their ground and got their paper. I watched them step to a nearby doorway and search the column, heads together. They seemed to find a hopeful advertisement, for they hurried away to a street car, talking earnestly, one of them carrying a piece torn from the paper. Perhaps, after all, that was Amazonian enough.

Among the best of our new city friends were the Stillmans, who had a flat across the street. He was a middle-aged, gently genial, admirable man. Their flat was larger and better than ours, and we had always thought of them as a moderately-prosperous, securely-placed household. He had been with a wholesale house many years; worked up from almost nothing to cashier at eighteen hundred a year; had a daughter eighteen and a son two years younger. The wholesale house failed that winter. He had always been liberal with his family, and saved little. The best he could do, finally, was to take a job at eighty dollars a month. Of course, they had to move to a poorer neighborhood. Educational plans were abandoned. The household was thrust down from its comfortable plane to bare subsistence, and Stillman was no longer of the age to find resources in air castles.

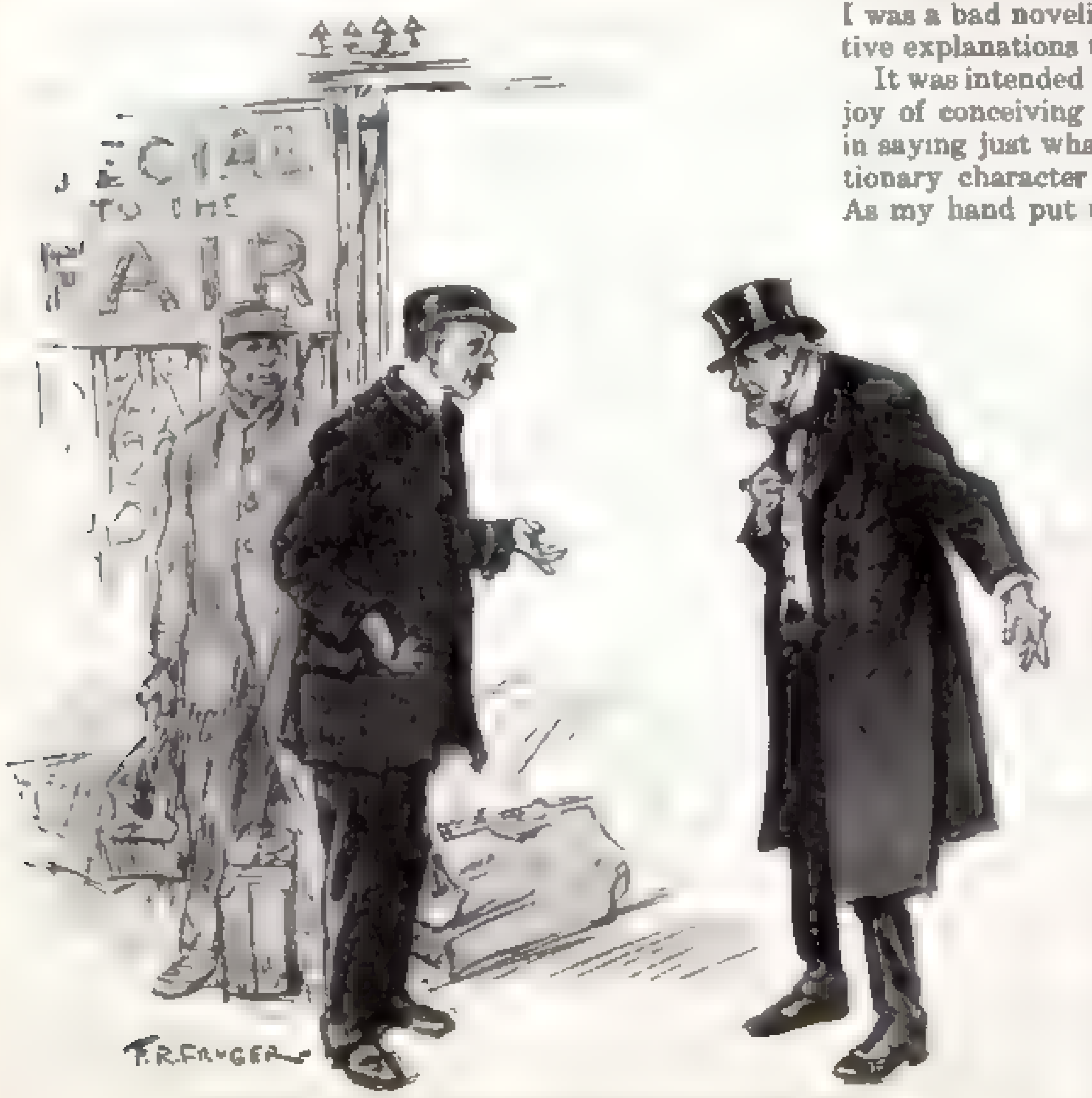
One day toward spring, on La Salle Street, I met a young electrician who had been employed by my Rookery concern—a bright, steady, likable fellow, not long married. Just by his eyes I knew what ate his heart. He was looking for work, and not finding it. Scarcely a day passed but some man came to our back door asking food or a little money.

Amid this vast economic breakdown we, on the Daily News staff, were in a stout little castle, with no reason to fear that our wages would not go right on so long as we kept reasonably attentive to business. But I saw the wounds of the thing all around me. What that mere abstraction "An Industrial Depression" meant in human pain pressed upon my mind. The people who suffered were in no wise to blame. Wise persons said the panic and depression were due to excessive coinage of silver, or overextension of credits, or overspeculation. But the thousands and thousands of men who sought work in vain while their families scrimped and hungered knew nothing of coining silver. They had not been guilty of overextending credit, never having had any to extend. Stillman on his back street, sorrowing because his daughter must quit college and seek work in an office, had not indulged in overspeculation.

The persons who arranged the coinage of silver, extended the credits and speculated were in the main not hurt at all. They were making less money than before, but still enough for all their reasonable wants. To them, "Industrial Depression" was merely some figures in a book—which, possibly, is why they had so cheerfully taken the chances of bringing it about.

The paper was growing into a more complex organization. Some time after the Fair closed I was given a department which brought me into personal contact with many leading men of affairs. To them hard times meant figures in their ledgers. They discussed it quite exclusively in impersonal terms of interest rates, gold exports, the balance of trade and Stock Exchange quotations. I had to postpone my vacation that summer because I could not get out of town. There was a great railroad strike. Many thousand striking workmen, enthusiastically abetted by what is termed the floating population, were ditching engines, breaking switches and burning corporation property. They, too, it seemed, were deeply interested in this phenomenon of hard times, because it lightened their loaves. Being ignorant of the currency and the balance of trade, they were expressing their feelings about it in such terms as were most available to them. When I did leave town the Lake Front was a camp of Federal troops, and the train crept cautiously through strings of wrecked and charred box cars and other débris.

The little lake up in the Michigan woods looked so good that every morning when I awoke to its tranquillity and every evening, as we watched the twilight fade, I wondered why I did not lay in a stock of hardtack and try to spend the rest of my life there. In fact, I made the discovery that I was tired—probably not so much from work as from the cruelty of the times.

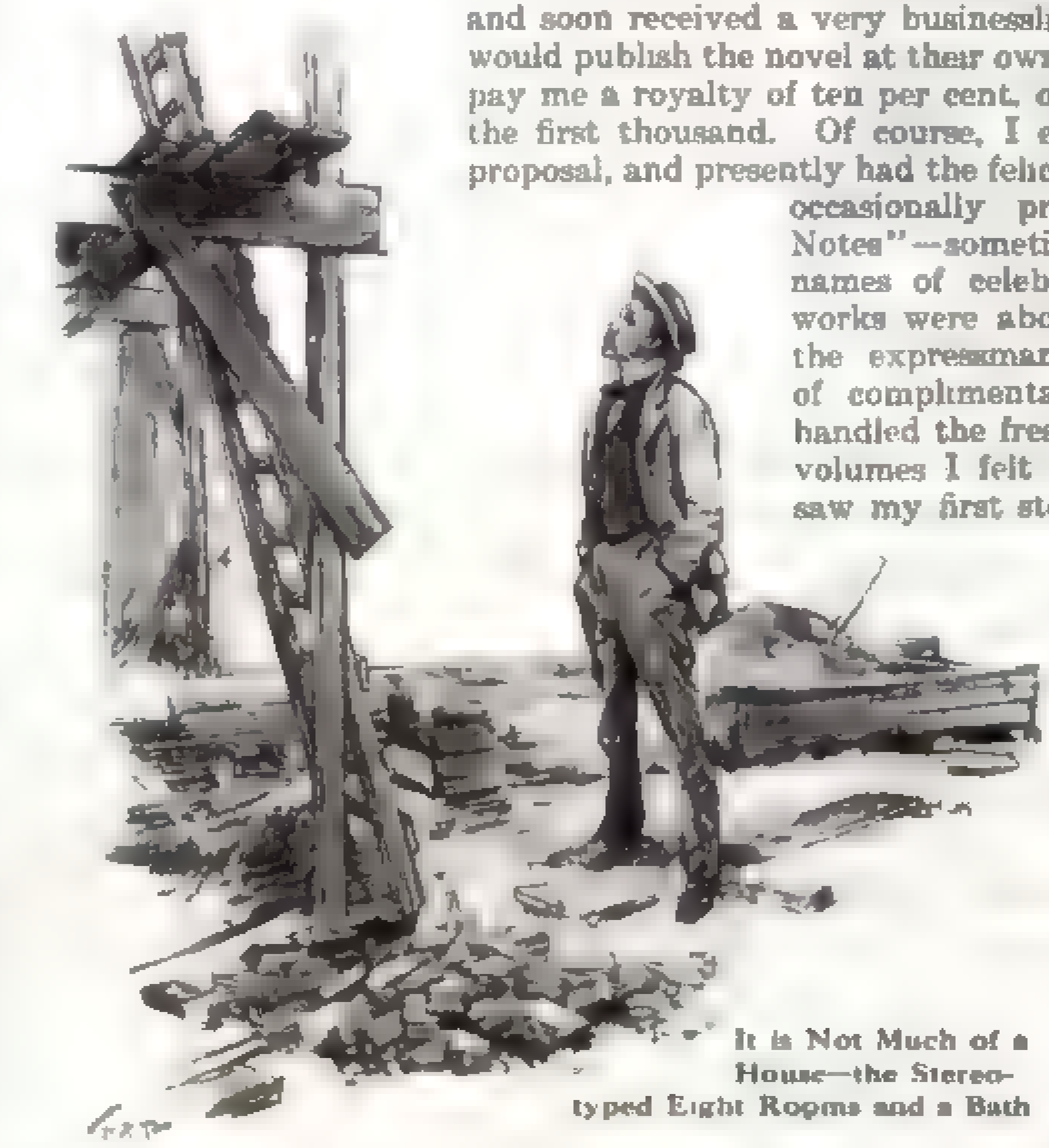


Excitedly Arguing That the Guard had Lost His Head

I was especially open to its menace just then because, after an extended immunity, we were again in the same trouble that had visited us the year after our marriage. Nobody preached against race suicide then, because it seemed so doubtful whether many of such children as there were would get enough to eat. No doubt I had become morbid, but the proposition that, if I died or were incapacitated, the edge between my children and Newsboys' Alley would be uncomfortably thin, looked a good deal like twice two makes four.

One immediate effect was to increase my natural cowardice and make me start a savings-bank account. For several months I had been doing considerable outside work to boost the sickly account. A local weekly paper and a little monthly—both then describing their short arcs between hopeful sunrise and insolvent dusk—numbered me among their editorial contributors. Another effect, oddly enough, was a renewed assault upon literature.

Impressed by the precariousness of my footing, I saw that my little economies might in time bring me to a tolerably secure condition, but a more vigorous stroke was necessary if I wished to enjoy the goal with faculties undimmed by age. Even more than that, I wanted to say something. The ferment of my latter observations pressed for utterance. So from a mixed motive I resolved to write a novel.



It is Not Much of a House—the Stereotyped Eight Rooms and a Bath

As the newspaper job was by no means a sinecure, and I kept up my outside work—which might have been contemned as 'pot-boiling if, in fact, the pot had ever got beyond a mere simmer—the novel progressed slowly. For a while in the winter it was only now and then that I could put in a stroke—generally amiss. Another boy was born—into a world as unkind as my gloomiest thoughts had prefigured it. After only a fortnight illness fastened upon him, and for quite two months it was an ever-recurring question whether he could live. Even now nothing else is so vivid about that novel as the clear, cold Sunday morning when I dropped the pen and ran to summon the doctor from church in that insupportable fear which nearly all parents have known at some time. I suspect both the doctors were more or less at sea, but from that crisis the small patient began to mend. The shadow passed from our house.

It may have been because I had had a real trouble and seen it pass, or because more exercise improved my bodily tone, or because the acute phases of hard times decreased. The fact remains that, as I got my novel down on paper and into typewriting, the character of the work underwent an important change. Possibly this was merely because I was a bad novelist, but I am willing to give the alternative explanations the benefit of the doubt.

It was intended in a spirit of protest, and the intellectual joy of conceiving it lay precisely in being utterly frank, in saying just what I pleased. But somehow this revolutionary character helplessly faded away in the writing. As my hand put the words on paper my own poor little self, staggering under a ha'pennyworth of egoistic modesty, kept intruding. My creative mind might clearly perceive, for example, certain newspaper frailties, such as the exploitation of personal matters, but when it came to writing them down for print—after all, who was I to arraign the Press? I could see the Press pointing a sarcastic thumb at a small locomotory object and saying, "That is one Hudson, an indigent reporter; does anybody really care to hear him spout?" And then I shriveled back into my merely individual proportions, and cut out the arraignment.

It was the same in other directions. I really felt the more or less typical tragedy of the pretty, sweet-tempered, foolish shopgirl as I conceived it in the candor of Tolstoy. But then—what would the neighbors think? Even in the first draft the bold, free lines began to dwindle and wobble and break off into hints and hiatuses. Then my wife further philistinized me by inquiring whether I would like my children, in a few years, to read that and know it was my work—and I imagined four round eyes fixed in shocked surprise upon papa. So, as I went over the copy, my sombre sub-plot kept bleaching out, until in the final typewriting the girl simply ran away with a married man and then dropped off into a slightly discolored obscurity.

I sent the manuscript to Harpers, because their name came first on the list of publishers that I had made up, and soon received a very businesslike reply, saying they would publish the novel at their own risk and expense and pay me a royalty of ten per cent. on all copies sold after the first thousand. Of course, I eagerly embraced this proposal, and presently had the felicity of seeing my name occasionally printed under "Book Notes"—sometimes right beside the names of celebrated authors whose works were about to appear. Then the expressman brought a package of complimentary copies, and as I handled the freshly-printed, pale blue volumes I felt once more, as when I saw my first story in print, the pure joy of authorship. It comes, alas, but seldom and is transitory in its nature.

Then the clippings bureaus began to offer me their services, and for a time, like all young authors, I nourished myself on the insubstantial pabulum of reviews. All the local newspapers—mostly, no doubt, because I was a local newspaper man—were exceedingly generous. Indeed, the out-of-town reviews were almost universally flattering. Like most novices I had anticipated getting important and helpful light upon my work from the critics. But, however luminous to the public, they had never a ray for the author. The most celebrated of them maintained at some length that the heroine fared better in the end than a young woman who used slang and whose manners were so indifferent had any right to expect. Another liked the story in the main, but was offended because this same unlucky heroine called a female domestic employee a hired girl instead of a maid.

If, by any possibility, I had some fear of the critics in mind when I whitewashed that sombre sub-plot, I had my labor for my pains. The consensus of critical opinion was that she was vulgar, so the particular manner in which she went her appointed way to perdition could not be a matter of genteel interest. Indeed, the reviews were a revelation to me of the comprehensive gentility of my native land. Reading them, I seemed to see our young lady who reported society indefinitely multiplied. Reading reviews of other novels, I often marvel how it can be that in a country so overwhelmingly ladylike so many of the people one happens to know personally deviate from the norm.

There was a London edition, and the English critics, I regret to say, gave a quite opposite view. They mostly accounted for the book on the ground of the low state of culture in the United States. One of them took me to his bosom like a long-lost son, because I was so evidently the product of a land in which gentility was unknown. How I would have liked to thrust him into the outraged presence of the native critic who would not permit a country-bred person to say hired girl!

Certainly I could not complain of neglect. The reviews sent to me comprised a bulk at least equal to that of the novel itself. This naturally gave rise to flattering speculations. Yet, by and by, misgivings visited me. I failed to discover any eager queues of purchasers at the bookstores. If I plucked up heart and sauntered within, I sometimes saw two or three copies of my novel on the shelves; sometimes none at all. As I now paid more attention to book reviews than ever before, I saw that an uncommon lot of very fine novels were coming out.

When I was writing the novel we had talked soberly about some more money in the savings-bank. In the first flush of the reviews we had gone up to look again at the charming little house on the Lake Shore. It had been sold and occupied long before, but we agreed that if we should have a windfall, so as to build next year, we would have a house about like it. By the time the criticisms ceased coming in—except occasional driblets from country papers which were usually condensed reprints of more pretentious reviews—we were talking about refurnishing our flat. When a friend informed me that McClurg's bookstore no longer kept the novel in stock, but offered to send and get a copy if he would order it, we concluded that to refurnish the dining-room would do very well.

In due time came the publishers' statement. I have forgotten exactly how many copies had been sold, but

(Continued on Page 52)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 31, 1908

Streaks of Fat in a Lean Year

WE NOTICE that the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, in this last fiscal year of unpleasant memory, with its trade reaction and State passenger-rate laws, managed to pay eight per cent. on its preferred stock, seven per cent. on the common, and lay by a surplus of nearly five million dollars. The Northwestern is, of course, somewhat exceptional, being just a good, well-managed, out-and-out transportation proposition. Its shares represent money actually invested in its own railroad plant, and not purchases of other shares, either for control or speculation. The Atchison earned the regular five per cent. on its preferred stock, five and a half on the common—although that issued at the reorganization represented little tangible value—and nearly two millions besides. The Atchison, also, is merely running a railroad.

That the railroads are in quite desperate straits—just struggling along valiantly at the ragged edge of insolvency—has been said a great many times this year, in one way and another, by many not wholly disinterested people. The financial difficulties of some naturally weak or grossly overcapitalized and sadly manipulated properties have been cited to prove it. The real test of the situation, however, is to be found in the experience of clean, well-built, well-managed lines. They may be suffering some, as anybody suffers when his income falls off, but the distress is hardly of a nature to call for public subscriptions.

Our One Perfect Institution

IT IS important to remember, in an imperfect and fretful world, that we have one institution which is practically above reproach and beyond criticism. Nobody worth mentioning wants to change its constitution or limit its powers. The Government is not asked to inspect, regulate, suppress, guarantee or own it. There is no movement afoot that we know of to uplift it, like the stage, or to abolish it, like marriage. No one complains that it is vulgar, like the newspapers, or that it assassinates genius, like the magazines. It rouses no class passions, and, while it has magnates, they go unhung with our approval.

This one comparatively perfect flower of our sadly defective civilization is, of course, baseball—the only important institution, so far as we remember, which the United States regards with a practically universal, uncritical, unadulterated affection. The fact doesn't fit any theory, for baseball is somewhat of a trust and monopoly, and is operated with an eye single to the gate receipts.

The strength of baseball is simply that it gets results. Politics bores, the newspaper irritates, the drama frequently, at best, leaves you in doubt as to whether you have had a pleasant evening, professions disagree upon the value of college courses, a cold in the head takes the perfume from the rose of matrimony. But there is no doubt, no bar, no discount upon the thrill of the double play, or the deep joy of the three-bagger.

Dividends on Steel Engravings

A GOOD many railroad and "industrial" dividends have been reduced, or passed, the last six months. A few roads, afflicted with rickets or dropsy, have gone into the hands of receivers, involving suspension of the payment of interest on bonds. We have seen some tables that make a quite impressive showing of the extent to which investors' incomes have suffered in this way. For example, in New York City, receivers have ceased paying interest or dividends on over a hundred and forty millions of street railroad capitalization—much of which should never have been issued.

The position of the investor is regrettable; but he is really the victim of gross extravagance, rather than of depression or—least of all—of anybody's policies. In very flush times, dividends were paid with a liberality which nothing but very flush times could support—and securities marketed on the basis thereof. Some engravings that ought to have been kept for decorative purposes merely were put on a dividend basis. To convince, the tables ought to show how much capital legitimately invested has been shortened of its reasonable return

A recent celebrated political gathering was described as disappointing by some hotel-keepers. The visitors, they said, too generally patronized vulgar and inexpensive restaurants—instead of hotel menus which were arranged on the cheerful supposition that everybody had lots of money to burn. Those hotel-keepers and the investors could sympathize with one another.

The Corporation's Nursemaid

FOR our part, we accept Senator Foraker's statement that, while he received thousands of dollars from the Standard Oil Company, the money was not paid to him for the purpose of influencing legislation.

Interests of which the Standard Oil Company is typical need not bother to influence legislation. It is sufficient for their purposes to influence legislators merely. That a Senator with a pocketful of corporation money must have a high sense of the corporation's utility seems quite obvious. Naturally, he would scrutinize with jealous care any measure which appeared likely to limit that corporate freedom of action to the beneficent results of which he could so convincingly testify. His own bank account would suggest that a blow to a corporation may react in many directions, in a manner highly injurious to many individuals.

Usually, when a bill seeks to restrict corporate freedom of action, the grand point about it, in the Senate, is whether it is constitutional. Whether a bill is or is not constitutional is often so nice a question that the Supreme Court justices themselves are at sea about it; and there is no bill concerning which some constitutional question cannot be raised.

When the case is so dubious at best, the Senator having raised the constitutional question will naturally incline to give his own interests the benefit of the doubt. Most senatorial representation of wealth is not really illicit; but the effects are quite as unfortunate as though it were.

His Majesty Plays Chess

THE old game of statecraft dies hard—principally, no doubt, because it reduces the science of government to terms so simple that ordinary ability can deal with them.

For example. Austria-Hungary has been rent with trouble for many years. That the dual monarchy would presently break up has been a stock opinion for generations. To cure the defects of the Government has seemed a task sufficient to tax the highest political intelligence. But to seize Bosnia and Herzegovina was so easy that a child could have done it; and it now becomes the sacred duty of the Austrians and Hungarians, for the time being, to forget their own difficulties in order that they may unitedly stand prepared, with goods and lives, to support the formal extension over those provinces of a government in which neither of them has ever found any particular satisfaction.

That the people of Austria and Hungary have any interest in making the people of Bosnia and Herzegovina formally subject to the Hapsburgs, such as would at all compensate them for the risk of bringing on a great war, is, of course, impossible and preposterous. A candid British commander in Egypt is said to have addressed his troops on the eve of battle as follows: "I have got you into a very bad fix and it is now your duty to fight like thunder to get me out of it." Which describes the position of the people in the game of statecraft.

It dies hard, but it is dying. To expose a nation, even remotely, to the terrible risk of war, for a cause which involves no vital interest of the people of the nation, becomes more rare, and will, presently, become unthinkable.

Where the Joke Came In

THE campaign, after all, could not end without something being said about the tariff—the only subject concerning which an important, permanent difference exists between the two big parties.

To benefit American workmen, who are the great consumers of protected articles, by imposing forty per cent. duties, sometimes much exceeding the whole labor cost involved in the article, comes as near to being an undying principle as anything either party possesses. That such duties are a great fraud, most unbiased and intelligent students of the subject have agreed. We really expected that this subject would be discussed, especially as the only decisive victory that the Democrats have won since the Civil War they won precisely by discussing it.

This expectation was not entirely disappointed. Mr. Bryan, in a speech, quoted the tariff plank of the Republican platform. A leading Republican newspaper, whose editor is chief of that party's publicity bureau, hastily mistook the quoted words for Mr. Bryan's own and dutifully denounced them. "Nothing prettier in the catch-all line has been offered in this campaign," it said, of its own plank; "the most hide-bound stand-patter can accept it and the rankest free-trader can find delight in it."

It was, of course, an excellent joke, and the Republicans, we observe, enjoyed it as much as the Democrats. So this was the only notable incident of the campaign in regard to tariff discussion—a bully joke and a good, hearty laugh all around! We wouldn't be surprised, considering the weakness of their position and the small advantage taken of it, if the Republicans, in regard to the tariff, enjoyed some good, hearty laughs in which they did not invite the public to join.

By general consent the subject of the tariff was referred to that able politician, Old King Cole, who disposed of it in the manner which has made him immortal.

Under Which Flag?

REFERRING to the candidacy of Mr. Chanler, the Financial Chronicle, especially the organ of Wall Street and high finance, observes: "It is a matter for congratulation that in this State business men who are opposed to the political tendencies of the day, and particularly the radical policies which are responsible for the present extraordinary depression in trade, will have a chance to vote in a way to indicate their preferences." In Mr. Chanler and his platform our estimably safe and sane contemporary finds an embodiment of protest and reaction against radicalism which affords a quite rare opportunity for truly conservative voters. His Jeffersonian doctrine that "people are best governed who are least governed" is quoted with particular approbation.

Mr. Chanler, of course, is a Democrat. At the head of his ticket and platform you find the label "Democratic," exactly as at the head of the ticket and platform of Mr. Bryan, who personifies those destructive modern tendencies against which Mr. Chanler, in the judgment of the Chronicle, stands so valiantly.

At the end of an exceptionally dull and barren campaign this incident fairly typifies the whole. Neither party any longer has principles or meaning. With Parker running against Roosevelt, the Democrats were the conservatives, the Republicans the radicals. With Bryan running against Taft the rôles are lightly reversed. To know what either party stands for at any time or place you must discover who happens to be at the head of the organization at the moment, and what the strategical exigencies of the situation are—as though, for example, the Prohibitionist should stand for saloon licenses in "wet" territory and for moonshining in the Tennessee mountains.

Playing Czar or Playing Goat?

WE HAVE seen this fall the obverse side of that perennial cartoon which represents the Lower House of Congress as a collection of puppets whose wires are operated by a sceptred figure in the Speaker's chair. There has been, during the campaign, a rather extensive inclination to picture the House as an unfortunate body whose native leanings toward virtue would have found expression if a bad old man from Danville had not stepped in and tied it all up when it wasn't looking.

Poetically, this is quite just—which, perhaps, will simply increase Uncle Joe's prejudice against poetry. The Speaker is, of course, merely the creature of the House. He is nothing and does nothing that the House, taking it by and large, doesn't wish him to be and do. If there is ever a bill which the majority wish to pass and cannot, it is because of bars which the majority in pious and, perhaps, well-grounded fear of themselves—carefully set up, and can take down at will. If, on the other hand, the majority wish not to pass a bill, but wish still more to escape responsibility for not passing it, the strategical advantage of the bars is obvious.

The Wicked Tyrant of the House, as a matter of fact, is merely a straw man. Nevertheless, we hope it will be the rule that a man cannot assume the powers of the House without also assuming responsibility for its acts and failures to act—which will give a Speaker plenty to think of as election comes near.

Perhaps the rôle of Czar of the House will not look so attractive hereafter if it is thoroughly understood that whoever plays Czar while Congress is in session must also play goat during the campaign. We haven't noticed any great enthusiasm for Uncle Joe of late among leading Republican organs.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Man With Wooden Shoes

OF COURSE, James Eli Watson smiles a deprecatory smile and waves a graceful and disparaging hand when you put it up to him, and protests: "Oh, no; no, *indeed;* not *that,*" but they do say when he ran for Congress his first time, against Watchdog Holman out in Indiana, Watson wore wooden shoes when he was campaigning among the Germans, used a string of frankfurters for a necktie, and sang Oh, My German Brother, before each speech.

That was away back yonder in the Fifty-fourth Congress, after John K. Gowdy, who invented the paint-brush whiskers Candidate Kern is now making so popular, had enticed James Eli over from his home in Winchester to Rushville, where the Gowdy whiskers were brought to their full flower of perfection, and had told James Eli there was a mighty good chance in that deestrict for a rising young chap. Winchester is the ancestral home of the Watsons, but there wasn't much doing thereabouts for young men with political ambitions, certain other citizens, who had risen, having the raising machinery by the tail with a downhill drag, as the saying of that section goes. But in Gowdy's deestrict there was a chance, for Mr. Watchdog Holman had been going to Congress so long from that part of Indiana he began to think there was something in the Constitution that gave him the job—and there wasn't.

So James Eli migrated to Rushville and ran for Congress against Holman, and he put it all over the Watchdog, for when the dust of the conflict had settled it was discovered that James Eli, wrapped in the starry flag, had some votes to spare, and he burst into the House of Representatives the next December, bursting out again two years later, but arriving for the Fifty-sixth Congress, still panoplied in the red, white and blue, and remaining there until now, when he is running for Governor of Indiana on the Republican ticket, with his eye on any casual Senatorship that may happen along later, provided, of course—provided—but, what's the use? It will be all over in a few days, anyhow.

They do say James Eli wore wooden shoes in that first campaign. Maybe he did. Nobody has produced any letters bearing on this important subject yet, but this much is certain: if James Eli thought he could get any votes by wearing wooden shoes, he would wear 'em, or wooden socks or a wooden vest. When it comes to garnering votes James Eli lets no such thing as habiliment stand in his way. He would make a campaign in a fur coat and a straw hat if he thought it would bring any tangible results in the way of ballots on election day. When James Eli is in Indiana he does as the Indianians do, does it to a fare-you-well, but that is when he is campaigning. Down in Washington he looks mighty slick in his evening clothes, for when it comes to pulchritude James Eli has a whole lot of our lawmakers beaten to a whisper.

James Eli was a boy orator at De Pauw University at the same time Senator Beveridge was a boy orating at that seat of learning. Possibly there wasn't room at De Pauw for two boy orators. Anyhow, one day the Faculty informed James Eli they would give him twenty-four hours in which to leave for Winchester.

Until this day that Faculty owes Watson twenty-three hours, for he left in one, thus allowing all the boy-orator privileges to Beveridge, with the result that is now apparent.

All Indiana boy orators go into politics, and James Eli went in. He also laid out several other lines of endeavor. He joined the Knights of Pythias and became grand chancellor of the order for the State, and was twice elected president of the State Epworth League. In these capacities he traveled from one end of the commonwealth to the other, shaking every hand that was proffered, or wasn't proffered—shaking every hand, to be exact, and using the warm and lingering clasp that means so much out that way. He was nominated for Presidential elector in 1892, but, owing to the fact that Mr. Cleveland used the Indiana electors that year, had no chance to exercise his high function. Then he ran for Secretary of State, a sort of a warming-up gallop, and was not nominated.

Hams and Hymns His Specialties

THEN Gowdy came into his life and he moved to Rushville, where he placed himself astride the prostrate form of Watchdog Holman, thereby eliminating from one Congress those deep and fearsome growls that preceded any attempt of the House to spend money. He fell into a new district when he ran again, the State having been reapportioned, and Henry U. Johnson cleaned him up. Those two years were happily spent in shaking hands, and, next time, Johnson withdrew and Watson has been coming to Congress ever since, taking the Republican nomination for Governor last summer and being now within a few days of finding out whether he is, or isn't, a child of destiny.

Down in Washington He Looks Mighty Slick in His Evening Clothes

You see, a fortune-teller told him once he was a child of destiny. It was remarkable, really. Watson has a sort of an occult slant. He likes to delve into hidden mysteries. So he dropped in on the fortune-teller one day, just for a lark. "Your second name has three letters in it," she told him, "and you are very fond of Smithfield ham." Well, that staggered him, for his second name has three letters in it, and, next to singing a hymn, nothing gives him so much pleasure as Smithfield ham. So he fell for the child of destiny designation, and it has made out pretty well so far, but the supreme test is coming early in November. Did or did not that fortune-teller tell James Eli he was to be Governor of Indiana? If he is to be, she did, but if he isn't to be—oh, this is becoming too complicated. Let's wait and see.

And Not a Throat was Dry

ON THOSE Congressional occasions when song is necessary, just before final adjournment, or at a long, night session, or during a filibuster, James Eli steps right out and takes command. To be sure, Jim Tawney thinks he can sing, and he is likely to go scrabbling off on Auld Lang Syne, when Watson is lining out There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea, but that is due, more or less, to professional jealousy. When it comes to singing, real singing, you know, Watson has something on Tawney—not much, but a shade. Tawney had a sort of a high, golden, billion-dollar-session tenor, while Watson's is a robust give-me-liberty-or-give-me-death barytone, with fine coloratura effects, as we say when writing musical criticism. Still, when the two of them got together on one memorable afternoon, put their arms around each other's necks and sang The Old Oaken Bucket, it was great. There wasn't a dry throat in the Capitol as soon as the members could get into the committee-rooms.

Watson leads the Congressional song service at the Dewey Hotel on Sunday afternoons when Congress is in session. His Epworth League experience made a fine hymn singer of him. When he and Colonel Crumpacker get to whooping it up on Pull for the Shore you can hear them as far as Thomas Circle. Likewise, when Watson gets to going good in a speech you can hear him a few blocks. He is what may be called a florid orator. You'd think he was proprietor of an aviary from the number of Birds of Freedom he lets soar. And when he points dramatically at the American flag and apostrophizes a bit, you just naturally get up and yell:

"Come on, you Japanese, and we'll lick you to a frazzle in four minutes by the clock!"

Watson knows all the rules in the Book of Politics. He has spent the past thirty years in making friends in Indiana. He is suave and smiling. He has shaken hands from South Bend to New Albany, up and down, back and across, kissed babies, sung hymns and made speeches. He is a man of good ability, and has made himself a strong place in Congress, where he is a member of the Ways and Means Committee. He has strewed Indiana with garden seeds, public documents, and is the People's Friend. His colleagues in Washington all like him, and wish him luck in his fight for the Governorship.

And, speaking about the wooden shoes: mayhap you can find a pair in his grip right now. James Eli is looking for votes, and if the end—the wooden-shoe end—justifies the means, why not?

A Master of Tongues

AN OVERZEALOUS county committee once advertised that J. Adam Bede, of Minnesota—who is the House humorist and, for that reason, probably, has been defeated for renomination, the people desiring serious-minded statesmen, apparently—would make a speech in Scandinavian in a town where there was a large settlement of Swedes and Norwegians.

Bede had a full house. He could not make a speech in Scandinavian, and he was in a bad hole.

After he had been introduced as a fellow-Norsky by the chairman Bede stepped out: "My friends," he said, "I have been advertised to address you in your native tongue. Before proceeding, I desire to say that I have heard great things of the sturdy men from the North who are doing so much to make Minnesota an imperial State. I have heard that you men are the best class of immigrants, that you rapidly assimilate our language and customs, and become our best American citizens. I believe this to be true. Now, just to satisfy my curiosity, I desire to ask how many of you can understand English, just to prove to the world how admirable you are as settlers. How many understand English?"

"Ve ban all know Englis'," said the spokesman.

"In that case," continued Bede, "it is entirely unnecessary for me to speak to you in Scandinavian, so I will proceed in English."

What to Do When Broke

"THE evident distress of some of our leading citizens," said Irving Cobb, "over the disclosures of their past affiliations along corporation lines, and their painful endeavors to discover just what is the right thing to do, reminds me of a man down in Paducah who invested in a sure system for beating the races.

"He sent his money to New York and received by return mail an elaborate set of instructions how to bet, with a certain capital, to bring about the utter annihilation of the bookmakers and get for himself all the money at the track.

"He followed the system carefully, losing, it is scarcely necessary to state, all his money. Then, disheartened but not discouraged and still retaining faith, he wired to the men who sold him the system: 'I have followed your system carefully and am broke. How shall I act now?'

"A few hours later he received this reply: 'Act like you are broke.'"

The Hall of Fame

ℭ Jacob Schiff, the financier and philanthropist, is a natty little man with a gray beard.

ℭ William Collier, the comedian, used to be a call-boy at Daly's Theatre in New York.

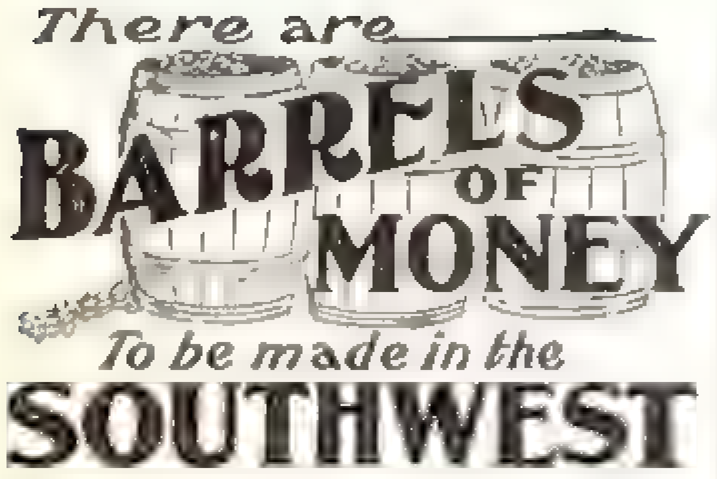
ℭ Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the Review of Reviews, has a standing luncheon invitation at the White House.

ℭ E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate, makes a clever after-dinner speech when he wants to—and no reporters are present.

ℭ Winston Churchill, the author, writes his books in a room in his house in New Hampshire overlooking the Connecticut River.

ℭ John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster, is a limited member of the Gridiron Club at Washington. He was admitted when he was the leader of the Marine Band.

ℭ Dr. Woods Hutchinson, the medical writer, does not smoke, simply because tobacco gives him no pleasure. He confesses, however, to an addiction for peppermints after meals.



The Southwest is growing.

New businesses are needed. New factories have only to be started to run full capacity. Coal, gas, oil and raw material in abundance reduce the cost of operation and insure a wide margin between cost and selling price. Retail stores are being forced into wholesale houses to supply the demands of a rapidly growing country. The banks are making money, and so are the farmers who are raising big crops on low-priced land. No one who wants work is idle in the Southwest. Investors are reaping large profits, even for this country.

Right now an unusual chance for making money is open in Eastern Oklahoma because of the removal of restrictions from the Indian Lands.

In all these fields of activity there is sure to be a place for you to make money. The Southwest wants you and will reward you. Let me help you find the opportunity. Write me to-day, stating the line of activity and the particular section in which you are most interested and I will send you free, truthful and informative literature which will show you what others have already accomplished and what you may do in that prosperous section. Write today.

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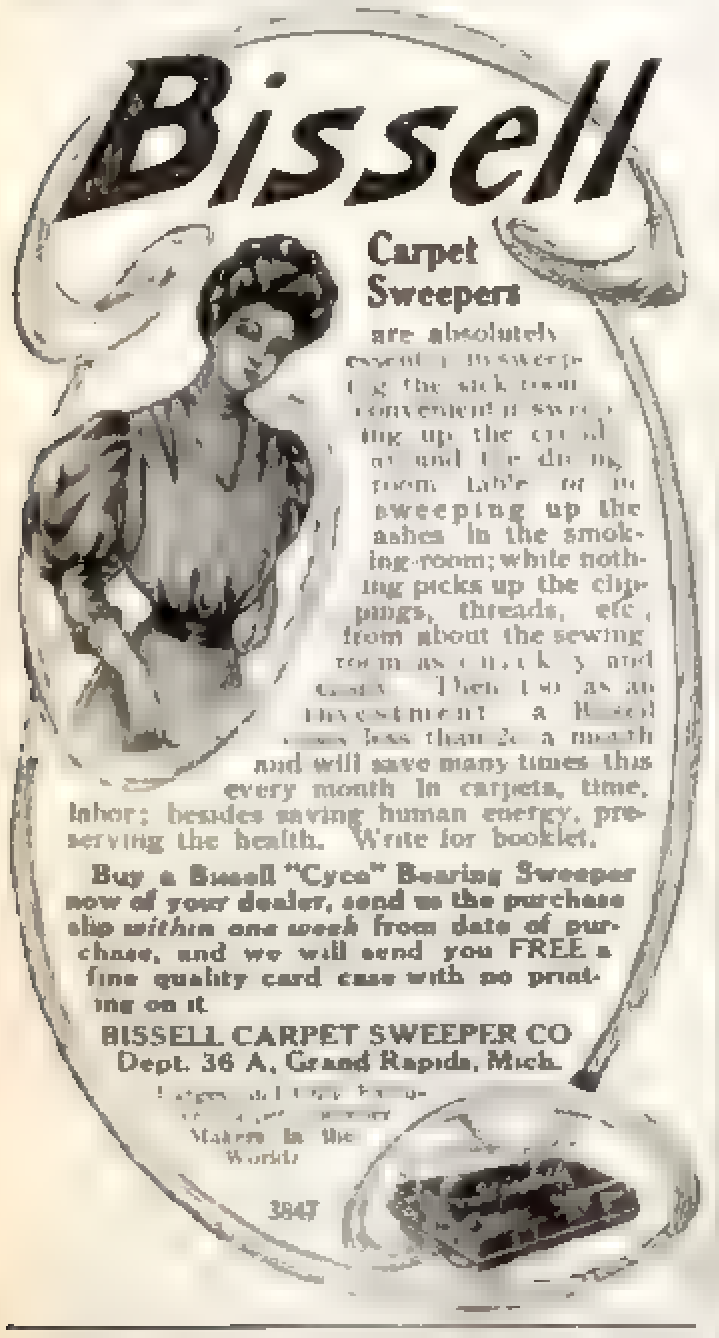

Carpet Sweepers

are absolutely essential in sweeping the sick room, convenient in sweeping up the crumbs and the dining room table, or in sweeping up the ashes in the smoking-room; while nothing picks up the clippings, threads, etc., from about the sewing room as quickly and easily. Then too as an investment a Bissell costs less than 2c a month and will save many times this every month in carpets, time, labor; besides saving human energy, preserving the health. Write for booklet.

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Growing on a 5 acre lot of Mississippi Gulf Coast land, costing $200, is a most successful industry, working [illegible] while you stay at home and pursue your regular occupation. The results furnish a satisfactory life income from original small investment. Send for my Pecan circular and free Gulf Coast truck farming illustrated booklet.

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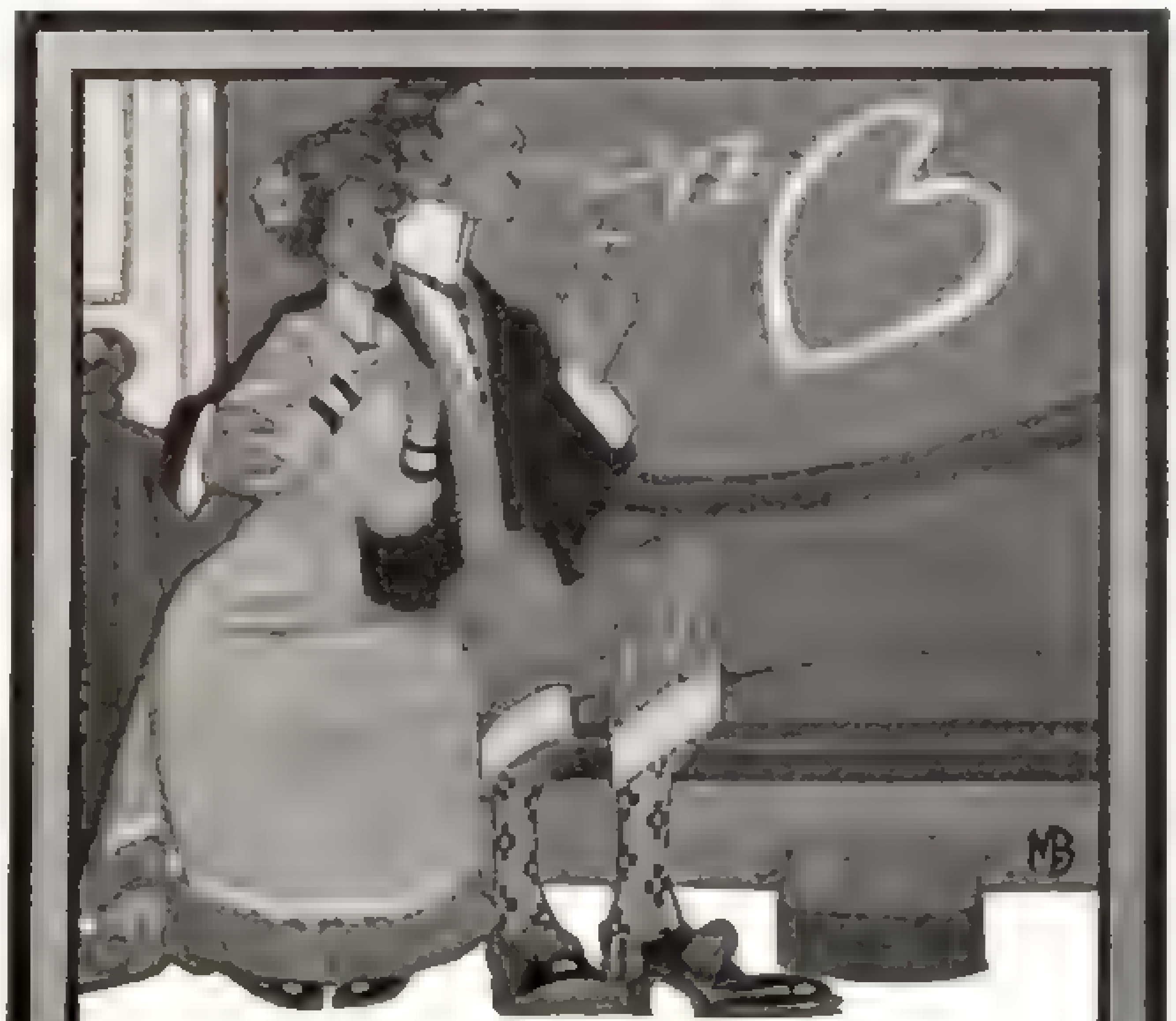
Sense and Nonsense



High Art

Young Percival Spence, with a patience
immense,
Made smoke-blowing quite a High Art.
He blew and he blew, and, before he was
through,
He achieved a Tobacco Heart.
—*M. L. Blumenthal.*

Cleaning Out the Jones Crowd

ROSECRANS W. PILLSBURY, of New Hampshire, who has been defeated twice for the Republican nomination for Governor, turned up at his office bright and early on the morning after his second rejection by the party convention, and told his friends this story.

A man was once walking along the street when a door flew open and a man came bumping down the steps to the sidewalk. Picking him up the pedestrian asked what was the matter.

"That's my club in there," said the projectile. "It's a political club; there are nine Jones men, and I'm for Smith. They threw me out. But don't worry. I'm going in and clean 'em all out. You stand here and count 'em."

In he went, and sure enough, in a minute the door burst open, and a figure cleared the steps without touching.

"One!" said the spectator, holding up an index.

"Hold on!" cried the prostrate one; "don't begin to count yet. This is only me again!"

The Weather Man

The Weather Man's a sprightly cuss,
He knows his P's and Q's.
Likewise his isotherms and things
That men in his line use.
His station in this life is such
(Enthroned on plaints and scowls)
He summons versatility
To save him from our growls.
So if, perchance, he misses fire,
He's got an answer pat;
You might as well just save your breath,
And let it go at that.

Says he: "The menu for to-day —
Rain, probably, and cool."
Then that same day is bright and fair
(Which only proves the rule)
And when you ask the reason why
We didn't get that rain,
He says it is because they had
"High pressure" up in Maine.

And then, when he says "Bright and fair,"
And joy is in the land,
The clouds pile up and pretty soon
It rains to beat the band.
But that is simple when you pause
And hear what he's to say:
"There must have been an isobar
Through Paterson, N. J."
—*Guernsey Van Riper.*

A Nursery Rhyme to Date

Twinkle, twinkle little star,
Now I know just what you are.
I no longer wonder what
You are made of, twinkling spot!

For, since Man's enormous brain
Has produced the aeroplane,
Father often skims the air,
For the cream of knowledge there.

He has specimens of Mars,
Jupiter, and lesser stars;
While not long ago he soared
And the Polar Star explored.

Brother, with his latest pattern,
Gyroscoped the rings of Saturn.
Mother darling, every year,
Summers in a different sphere.

So, you are no mystery
To a little child like me,
For I know just what you are.
Twinkle, twinkle little star!
—*Blanche Elizabeth Wade.*

Kindergarten Coal-Mining

COAL-MINING experts from England, Germany and Belgium, visiting the Government fuel-testing plant at Pittsburg the other day, were much astonished at a spectacle which, by mere chance, came under their observation. It was that of a number of children of both sexes engaged in digging coal for their own private purposes.

The city authorities, it appears, are laying out a park and playground for the young folks in that vicinity, and, the work demanding the removal of a small hill,

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The foremost of money-savers in telling one what not to do.

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The invaluable companion of every one in business, every one who *does* business, every one needing knowledge *about* business; every one who holds property or works for living, that is — all the world.

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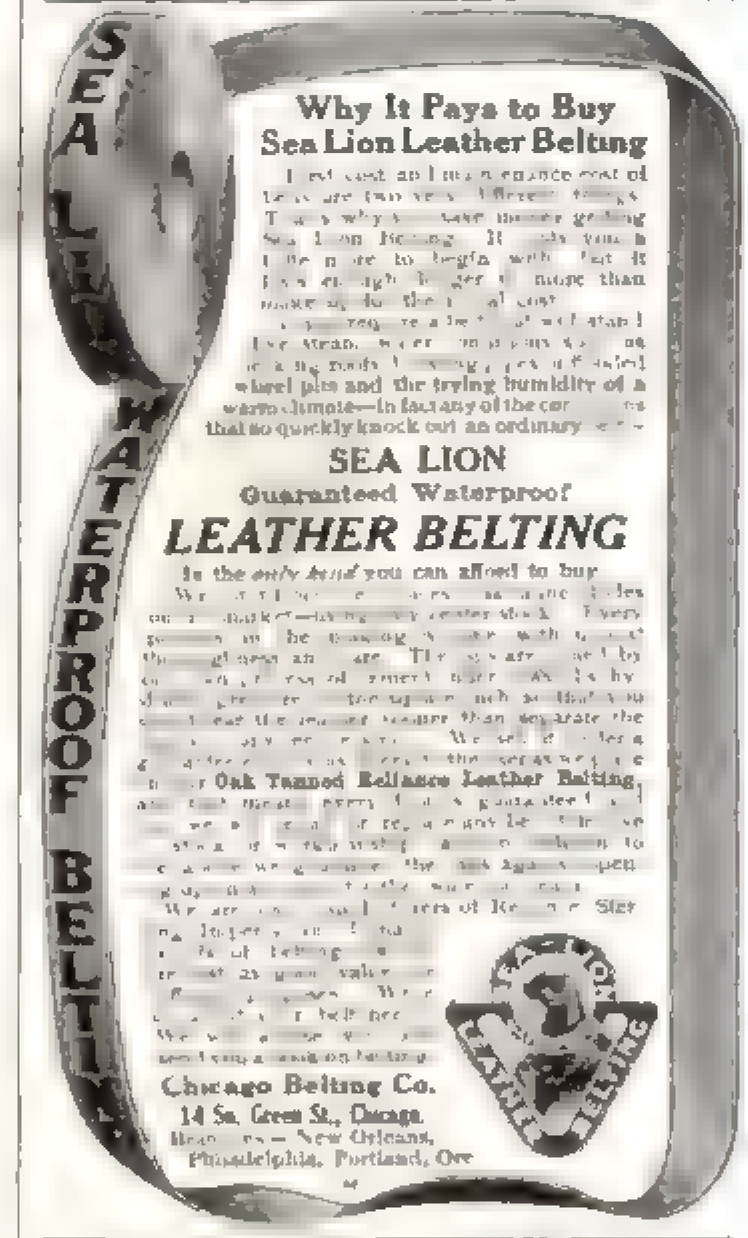
With up to date chapters on Employers' Liability, Powers and Liabilities of Stockholders, Officers and Directors of Corporations, Food and Drug Laws, New Trade Mark Law, Bailment, etc. Also a Full Glossary of Law Terms.

[illegible] treats also of rights and duties under Contracts, Sales, Notes, Agency, Agreement, [illegible] Leases, Partnership, [illegible] Interest, Insurance, [illegible] Bonds, Receipts, [illegible] Deeds, Mortgages, Liens, Assignments, Minors, Married Women, Arbitration, Guardians, [illegible]

Up-to-Date 1908 — [illegible] also abstracts of **All State Laws** relating [illegible] **300 Approved Forms** [illegible] **$3.50** [illegible] Mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The S. S. Scranton Co., Hartford, Conn.



Why It Pays to Buy Sea Lion Leather Belting

First cost and maintenance cost of belts are two very different things. [illegible]

[illegible] wheel pits and the trying humidity of a warm climate — in fact any of the conditions that so quickly knock out an ordinary belt.

SEA LION
Guaranteed Waterproof
LEATHER BELTING

is the *only kind* you can afford to buy. [illegible] **Oak Tanned Reliance Leather Belting** [illegible]

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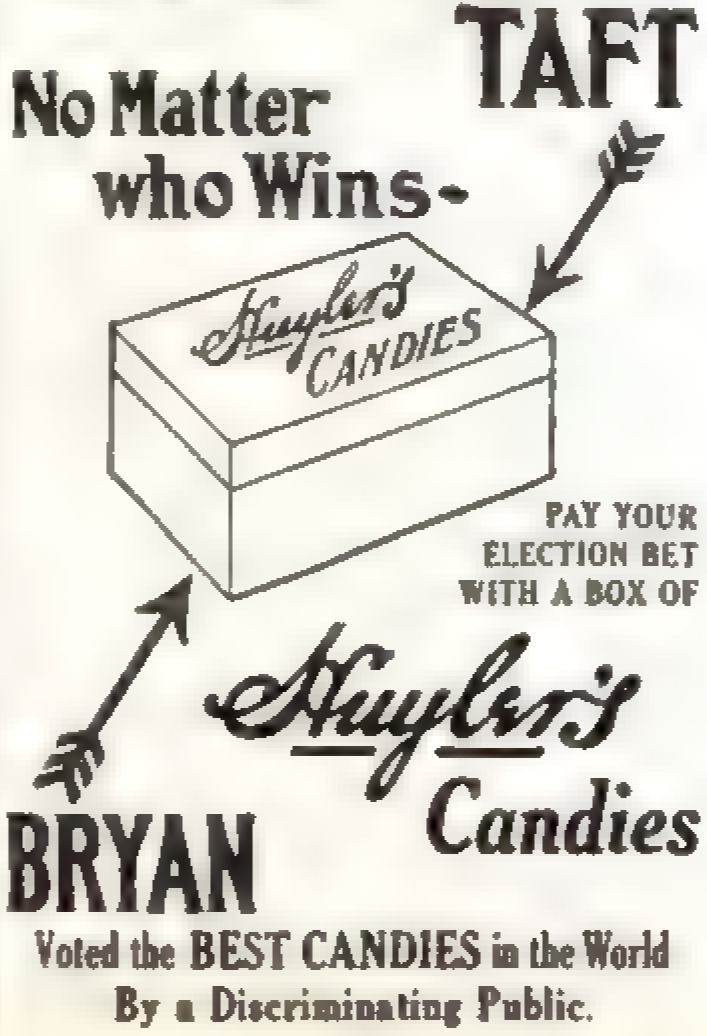
14 So. Green St., Chicago
Branches — New Orleans, Philadelphia, Portland, Ore.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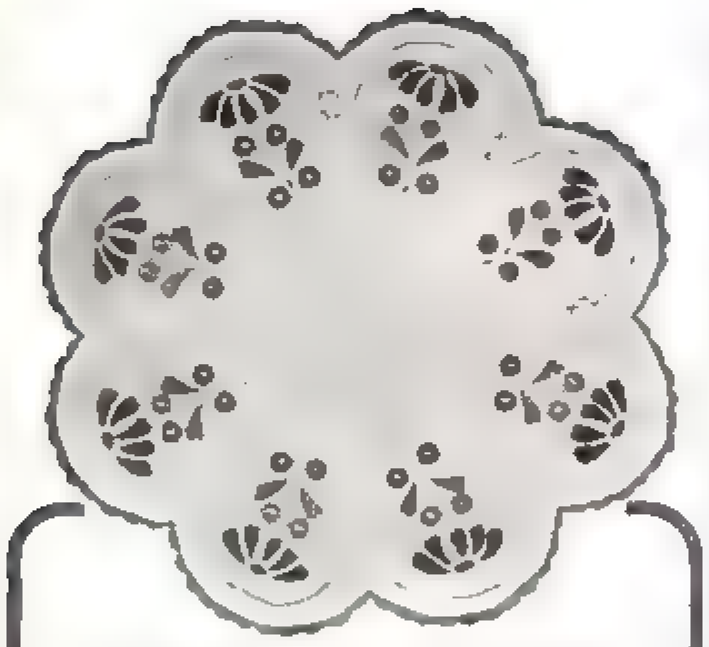

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Men's Eversticks, $1.00. Women's Eversticks, $1.00
Women's Everstick Foothold, black, . . . 75 cents
Women's Everstick Foothold, white or tan, $1.00

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Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

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Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3 50
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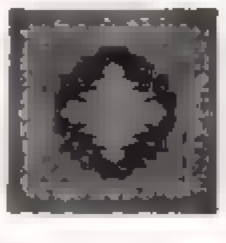
Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made [illegible] Woven in one piece. [illegible] Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free.
ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 917 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia.



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Hunters' and Trappers' Guide A $10,000 Book. 450 pages; leather bound; illustrating all Fur Animals. All about Trap, Trappers' Secrets, Decoys. Price $2.00. We pay [illegible] for Raw Furs, Hides. [illegible] Send for Price List. Andersch Bros., Dept. 34, Minneapolis, Minn.

considerable excavation has been necessary. Incidentally, a seam of coal eight inches thick was disclosed. This was a chance too good to be lost, and the small boys and girls of the neighborhood promptly attacked the deposit of fossil fuel with hatchets, shovels and such other tools as were ready at hand.

The foreign experts had never witnessed anything of the kind before. In Europe such a seam would have been regarded as a very desirable mine, and would have been worked as such. On the Continent especially, coal has become so precious, through exhaustion of the available supply, that an eight-inch seam is a store of treasure. Miners burrow into the depths of the ground for the stuff, after the manner of rats, and fetch it to the surface by the sackful

Yet here was a coal mine turned over to the children—because, forsooth! in the United States it is not thought worth while to work a seam less than twenty inches in width. So the visitors looked on in amazement while the girls and boys dug away, carrying the free fuel in baskets and scuttles to their homes near by, bringing back the emptied receptacles and filling them again and again. Every day the workmen came with their carts and cut away more of the hill, exposing a few more feet of the seam, which the youngsters continued to dispose of in the way which has already been described.

As a result, some hundreds of tons have been taken out, and many a poor Pittsburg family has its bin full of coal for the winter which cost it nothing but the labor of getting it out and storing it. It is soft coal, of course, this being the kind that is found in the neighborhood of Pittsburg

The Shopper

I've got fifty cents in my pocket,
I saved since the Fourth of July.
I thought of a chain with a locket,
But found that the price is too high;
A fine diamond pin would be splendid,
Or maybe a ring with a pearl;
But that's all I've got when I spend it,
So what would you get for a girl?

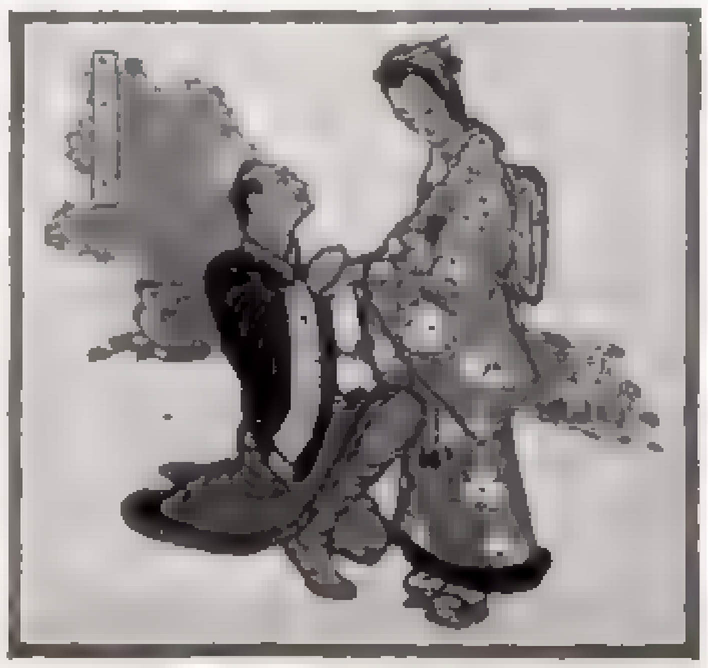
I've counted my dimes to make certain,
And walked past the stores awful slow;
I don't mind my feet when they're hurtin',
Or how far I may have to go;
I don't mind the walkin'—I'd ruther—
I bet that you'd walk twicet as fur
If you was somebody or other
And wanted a present for Her!

I've seen lots of things without trouble
I'd just as soon buy her as not,
But most of 'em cost more'n double
The whole of the money I've got
I thought it was lots—it was pleasant
To earn it and save it, somehow;
But when I look out for a present
It don't seem like anything now.

I bet I could go in a jiffy
And spend it if it was for me;
And Tommy Gibbs said he could if he
Had that much in cash: but, you see,
A boy can get things that are cheaper,
He hardly needs nothin' at all,
But girls are much sweeter and deeper,
And fifty cents seems awful small!

I'm glad she don't know how I figger
And figger and figger expense,
To see if there ain't somethin' bigger
To get for the same fifty cents.
And I don't know yet what I'll get her,
How good it will be and how nice,
But no girl will get nothin' better
Than she will from me—at the price!

—J. W. Foley.



The Japanese Question

Cook's Linoleum

Sanitary Floors

SANITARY means comfortable and beautiful, as well as clean; for comfort and beauty are aids to health. The most sanitary of floors is linoleum. More sanitary even than hardwood, because more comfortable and more beautiful. Much less costly, and quieter; and easier to clean, too.

Cook's Inlaid Linoleum

makes the most satisfactory and longest-lasting floor—A *molded* inlaid, formed in one piece—an improvement over the old inlaid formed of separate color blocks. No joints water can soak into; no places dirt and germs can lodge.

Cook's Printed Linoleum

is more pliable and less harsh of surface, than other kinds. No chipping or cracking when down. Handsomer patterns. Better and longer wearing colors.

Ask your dealer to show you the many beautiful patterns of COOK'S LINOLEUM. Look for the name on the back.

Cook's Decora for Sanitary Walls. The modern wall covering—waterproof and cleanable. Won't fade, can't crack; lasts a lifetime and doesn't show the wear. A rub with a damp cloth makes it like new again. Many beautiful patterns. Artistic effects and individual treatments not obtainable in wall paper. Ask your paper-hanger, or dealer, for COOK'S DECORA.

For complete information on linoleum, and patterns reproduced in colors, *write for* **Cook's Linoleum Book M.** Use the corner coupon; or a postal, asking for Book M.

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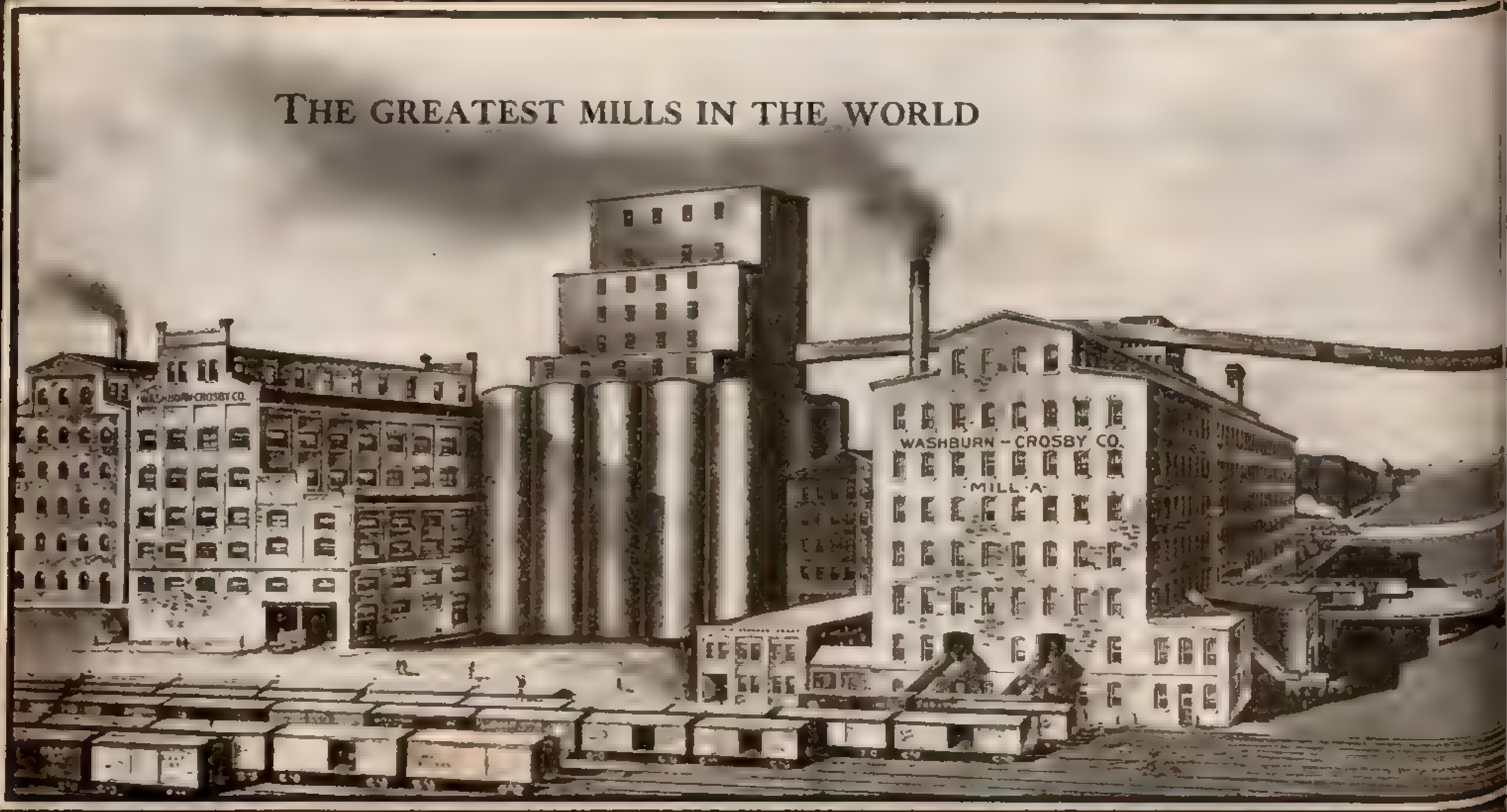
Cut out, sign and mail today

COOK'S LINOLEUM, Trenton, N. J. Please send Free Color Book M, showing linoleum patterns.

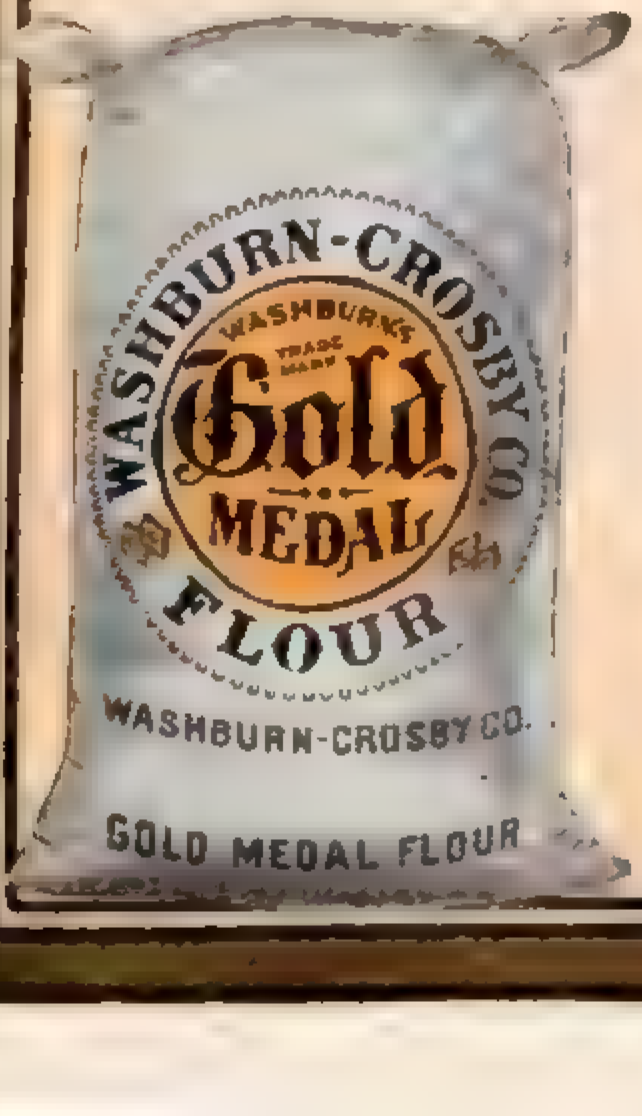

THE GREATEST MILLS IN THE WORLD
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
MILL A

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR MILLS WASHBURN

Since GOLD MEDAL FLOUR occupies to-day a most important part in supplying the world with pure food, we believe American housewives and flour buyers generally will be interested to see a picture of the Washburn-Crosby Mills, where GOLD MEDAL FLOUR is made, and read some facts concerning the capacity and operations of this enormous plant.

The daily capacity of the Washburn-Crosby Mills is 35,000 barrels. Each year the equivalent of all the wheat raised on 20,000 farms of 160 acres each is ground into the best flour on earth. Every working day in the year more than 150 cars of wheat are consumed, and more than 150 cars of flour and feed are shipped out of the Washburn-Crosby Mills. More than 10,500,000 loaves of bread can be made daily from the product of our mills.

The great grain fields of the west are at our threshold and furnish a never ending supply of wheat fresh and free from the dust of long travel. But even so, nothing is left to chance, and our perfect system, including the washing and scouring process to which each grain is subjected, insures the sweetest and cleanest flour possible to obtain.

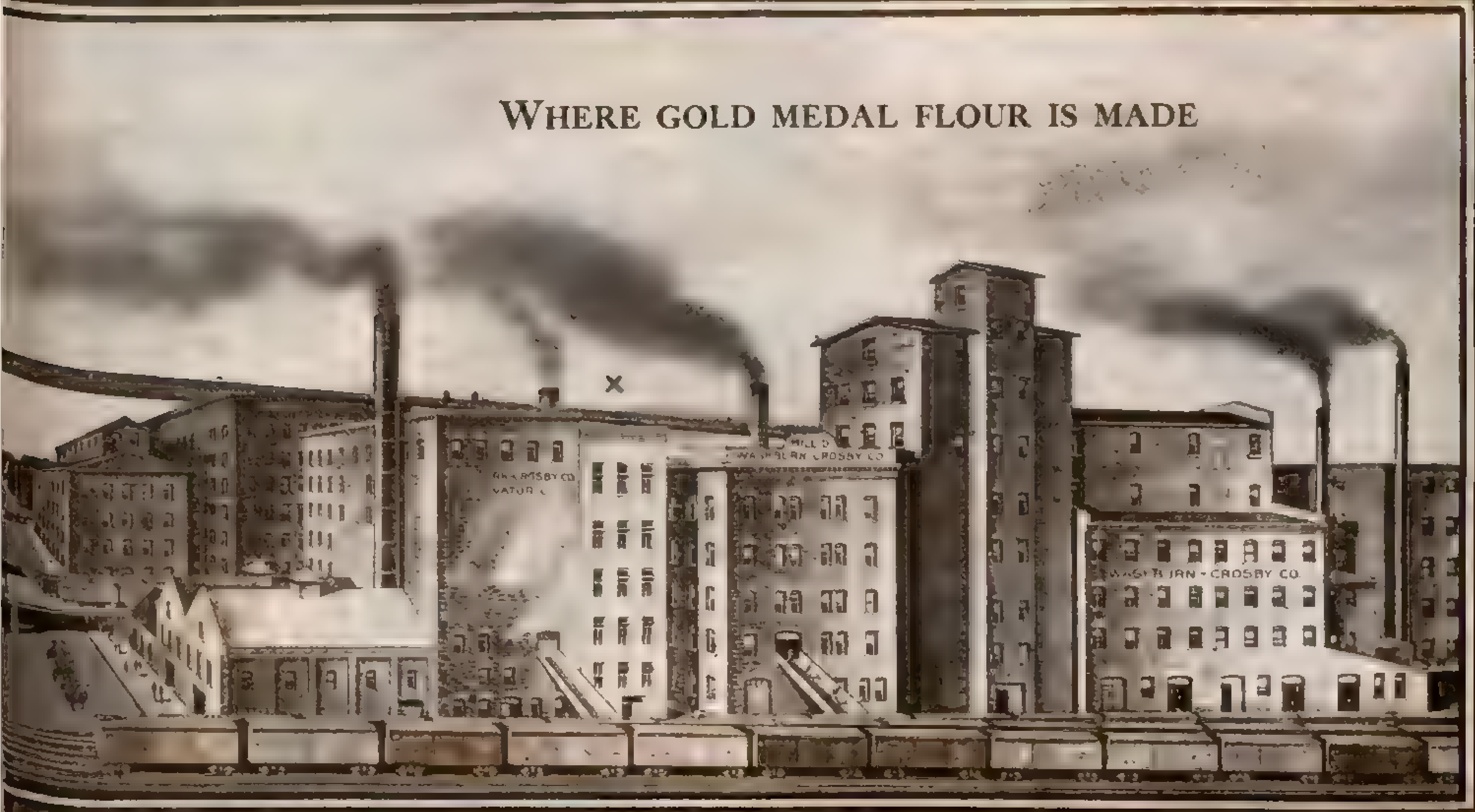


For a number of years we have operated in our laboratory a miniature flour mill with daily capacity of scarcely one barrel. This little mill proved itself a valuable adjunct to our testing facilities, enabling us to grind into flour, samples of wheat offered in this market. Thus we could tell before actually making purchase, whether or not the wheat offered was up to GOLD MEDAL standard.

We have been so well pleased with the results obtained from our miniature testing mill that it was decided to erect a six-story building (see x above) in the midst of our plant to hold a new Experimental Mill of 600 barrels daily capacity.

This new mill is a perfect machine for the manufacture of patent flour. Washburn-Crosby experts have searched the world over for the latest and most improved methods, have studied scientific processes and applied this study and research to the construction of our model mill.

WHERE GOLD MEDAL FLOUR IS MADE



CROSBY CO. DAILY CAPACITY 35,000 BARRELS

If an inventor presents to us a new machine which apparently has good points to assist in the manufacture of GOLD MEDAL FLOUR, we give the machine a trial in the Experimental Mill, testing and trying the proposition from every standpoint before deciding that it is good enough to have a place in the main system of our big mills. Thus our enormous capacity in the main plant is permitted to grind on uninterruptedly, using systems and processes which have been previously proven and thoroughly tried out.

We have the most expert millers in charge of our grinding floor; we have the most up-to-date milling plant in the world to-day, and by the use of the new Experimental Mill, we need not put a machine in our main plant nor grind a pound of wheat until we know just what the new machine and the wheat will do for GOLD MEDAL FLOUR. In addition, our Laboratory and Testing Room, Chemists, Experimental Bakers, Flour Testers and the entire organization are working constantly for the quality of GOLD MEDAL.

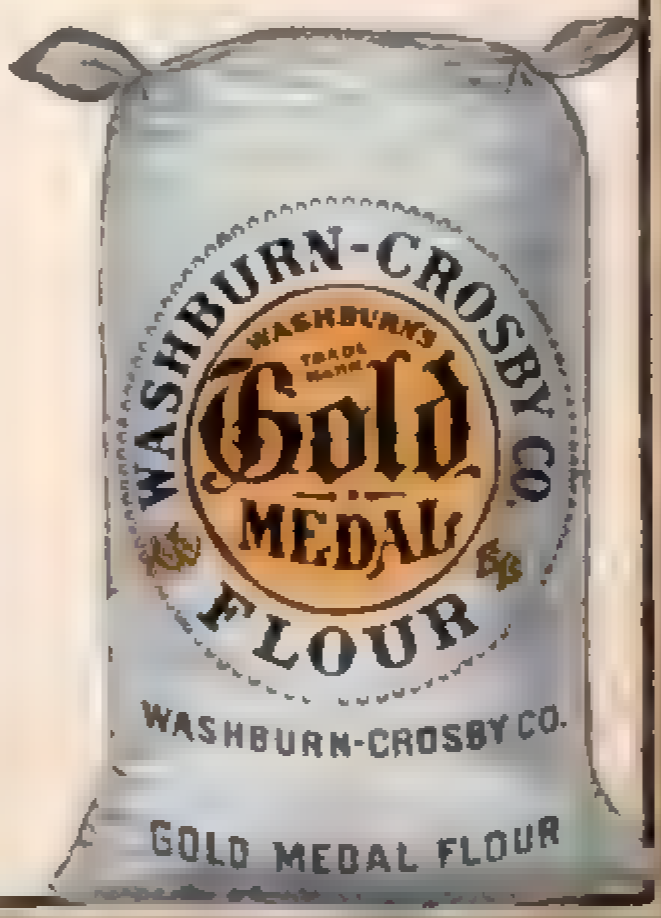
It will indeed pay any buyer of flour to call at the Washburn-Crosby offices in the Chamber of Commerce building when next visiting Minneapolis, receive a pass through the mills, and see what the making of a barrel of flour fit to carry the GOLD MEDAL brand means to us.

Our ambition is to hold a customer's trade permanently after the first order. Merit, quality and economy to the purchaser is the policy which forms the foundation of our business. That it is successful is evidenced by the fact that we have been for years the largest flour manufacturers in the world.

A trial of GOLD MEDAL FLOUR is all we ask of you.

Quality will do the rest.

Your grocer has GOLD MEDAL FLOUR.



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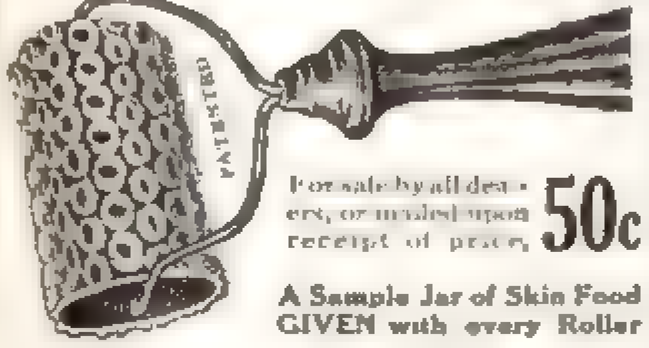

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This tip won't slip on any surface. Made in five [illegible] internal [illegible] No. 17, [illegible] 18, [illegible] No. 21, [illegible] Mailed upon receipt of price, 30 cents per pair.

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Made to prevent pricking and disfiguring the fore finger [illegible] Three sizes—small, medium and large.

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BAILEY'S RUBBER TOOTH BRUSH

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is different from every other shoe made—it's in the sole—the **patented, therapeutic cushion inner sole,** which provides that supreme [illegible] foot comfort you have longed for—no breaking-in required [illegible] foot—endorsed by leading physicians everywhere.

Combines Style and Comfort

Our booklet shows all styles and tells about the unique construction of Dr. Jaeger's Health Shoe, and why its wonderful therapeutic properties preserve and improve health. We will give you the name of your nearest dealer selling this shoe. Write for it today. Address

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We make Flags, Arm Bands, Pillow Covers, Mortar Board Caps, Class Caps, etc., etc.

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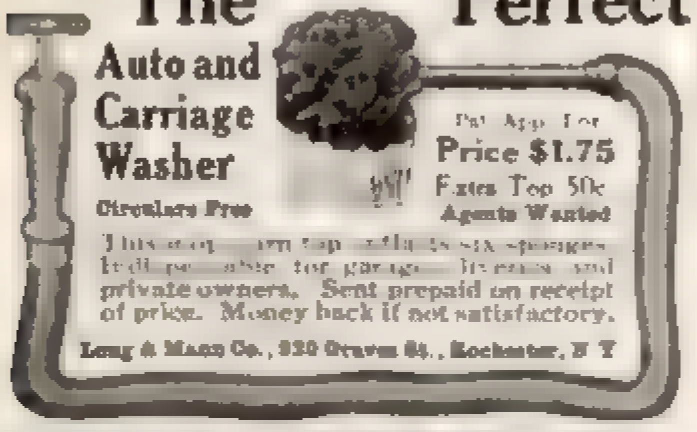

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Price $1.75
Extra Top 50c
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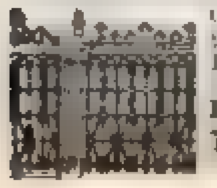

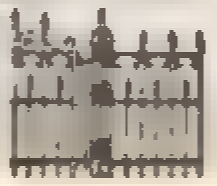

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College-Bred Farmers

They Tell How They Made the Old Farm Pay

Building Up a Herd

THE application of my two years' training as a student in the Illinois College of Agriculture has been altogether in coöperating with my father on three farms of rich timber soil four hundred and eighty-five acres in extent. This soil is highly suitable for the production of farm crops and livestock in combination.

As my father had always been decidedly successful as a farmer along practical lines, I realized the difficulty of putting my scientific training into practice, and knew that this must be done gradually and conservatively.

My first efforts were along the lines of pure-bred farm crop seeds. The increase in yield and quality of our corn crops was so satisfactory that they are now in general use on our farms. For example, last season our yield of thoroughbred Reed's Yellow Dent corn, from a field of fifty acres, averaged eighty-six bushels to the acre by weight. Our best field, however, of thirty-eight acres, averaged ninety-two bushels to the acre. Naturally our neighbors were interested in results of this kind, and as a consequence came to us to buy seed-corn.

In a comparatively short time farmers from distant points of the county were buying their seed-corn from us, and now we have commerce outside the State. We have a call for all the high-grade seed-corn we can select from our fields, and this line of our work on the farm, which is directly a result of my scientific training, is a most decided and important source of profit.

As a portion of the farms are fine rolling ground, well studded with an abundance of springs of clear water, our natural situation is admirable for the growing of cattle. In fact, my father had for many years made a practice of pasturing and finishing steers for the market, thereby affording a profitable outlet for the crops produced by the farm. Before I went to college he had secured a good herd of high-grade Aberdeen-Angus cows headed by a fine registered sire. This herd was kept for the purpose of breeding our own feeding steers, and consequently familiarity with good cattle of this kind gave me a natural desire, on returning from college, to breed only the best cattle. Therefore I persuaded my father to start in with one excellent registered cow.

By careful breeding, augmented by the occasional purchase of an excellent registered animal, our herd of thoroughbreds has increased to about twenty head, and that without any great outlay on our part. At the same time our herd of fine-grade animals has increased greatly.

All this involved the daily application of the principles of scientific farming which I learned in college, and also brought into play another branch of knowledge obtained there, that of laying out and building a thoroughly-modern system of barns and other farm buildings. This my training enabled me to do in a way that has apparently secured to us the maximum of convenience and efficiency; at least, the buildings, their arrangement and equipment, all seem to be very satisfactory. The frames of all our buildings were made from timber grown on the place, and much of the other lumber used was also from native timber. In fact, our total outlay of cash for the building of a curb-roofed barn, seventy-two by forty-eight feet, with a twelve-foot shed and a capacity for feeding fifty head of cattle (divided into five lots), seventy-five hogs, and for storing seventy-five tons of hay, seven hundred bushels of corn, five hundred bushels of oats and ground feed, was only $1000. This barn is sixteen feet from foundation to plates. Any farmer who has lately built a barn of this size, buying the lumber from the local lumber yard and hiring a contractor or master carpenter to draw plans and do the work, will realize the extent of the economy which we effected in the building of this barn by the application of knowledge I had gained at school.

While I cannot illustrate in figures the value of my training in the judging of beef

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The finish of a vehicle is worn and shabby from constant summer use. The rains and mud, snow, ice and frost of winter are the most severe strain on its durability. Now is the time to protect and beautify your vehicles, to prevent rust and decay and prolong their life and usefulness. *As a simple matter of economy* you should repaint. It costs only a trifle and anyone can do it. The result is a handsome carriage-gloss finish in rich colors or black.

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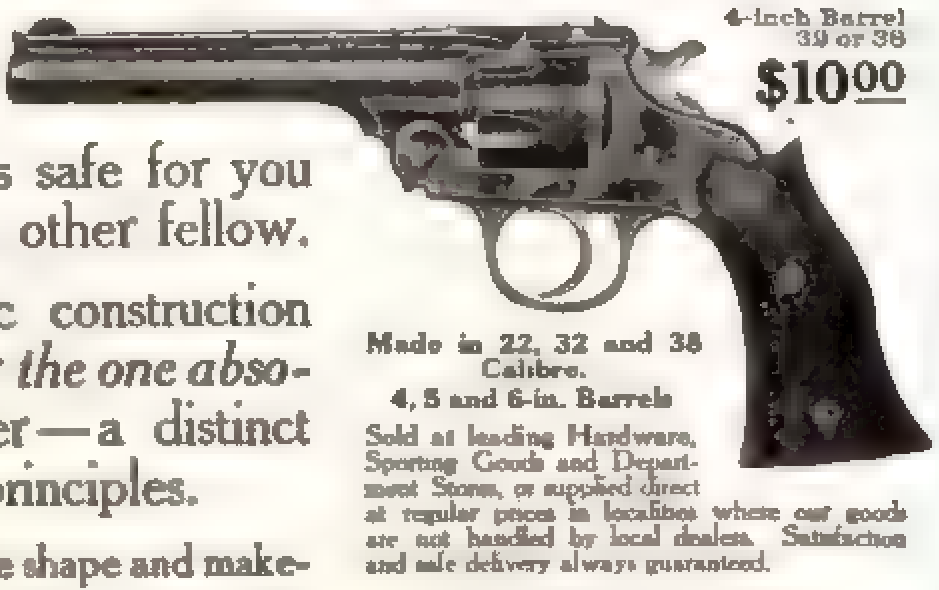
IN DETROIT—Life is Worth Living

Hopkins & Allen Army Safety Police

With Walnut Army Grip

4-inch Barrel 32 or 38 $10.00



The revolver that's safe for you and unsafe for the other fellow.

New and scientific construction renders this revolver *the one absolutely safe* revolver—a distinct advance in safety principles.

Materials are superior; the shape and make-up of handles insures a good, strong grip. Its defensive powers are unapproachable.

Made in 22, 32 and 38 Calibre.
4, 5 and 6-in. Barrels

Sold at leading Hardware, Sporting Goods and Department Stores, or supplied direct at regular prices in localities where our goods are not handled by local dealers. Satisfaction and safe delivery always guaranteed.

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No Other Manufacturer Offers so Great a Variety of Skates as We Do.

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cattle, at the same time I know for a certainty that it has been of great financial benefit to me and will be to the end of my career as a farmer, which I intend shall be to the end of my life. Before going to the agricultural college I used to look upon the work of the busy seasons with dread and now I can say with all sincerity that this is entirely changed and that the work is no longer a drudgery, but is keenly anticipated as the working out of an intensely interesting problem, or rather many of them.

—W. D. Mobley

Melons as a Foundation

MY STUDY of botany, plant-breeding and agricultural chemistry in the Minnesota School of Agriculture naturally directed my interest along the lines of refinement of agriculture. As I was, on leaving school, without funds with which to buy land, machinery and horses for general farming, I decided to rent a small piece of ground and put it under high cultivation. After three years' experience with a small patch I rented a larger tract and branched out a little.

This land had been bringing the previous renter about twenty dollars an acre on an outlay of nearly that amount. Seventeen acres of this land I prepared for muskmelons. These vary in price greatly, according to their seasonableness, those first on the market bringing a far higher price than the main crop. Realizing this, I made my plans to get all the advantage to be had from an early market. I knew that this could be done only by germinating under glass—and just how to get the glass to cover a large number of melon-hills at a small expense was a decidedly perplexing problem; but at last I felt that I was in the way of solving it.

Going to the nearest photograph gallery I asked the proprietor how many old negatives he had in stock which were of no value to him. His answer surprised me, for he had several hundred. These I bought at a merely nominal price, and by drenching them in hot lye I readily removed the chemical film from them. These panes of glass were 5x7 inches, and from strips of rough lumber I made frames to fit them. Over each hill I planted with melon seeds I placed one of these frames, with the glass about three inches above the ground. Thus, to all practical purposes, I had a small hotbed for each hill, protecting the sprouting seeds from early spring frosts and from injurious insects until the vines were large enough to take care of themselves. Then the boxes were removed.

The land was sufficiently rich in potash and in phosphates, but not in nitrogen. Therefore I used three applications of nitrate of soda, thus forcing the vines in their early growth. By the time the ripening season was on, the nitrate of soda had done its work and left the fruit to ripen, where manure would have given the vines a tendency to keep on growing and producing new green fruit.

This crop of melons brought me three thousand dollars. Because I had the advantage of the early market, I was able to get for the most of my crop two and three dollars a bushel, whereas later in the season melons sold in my market for twenty-five cents to fifty cents a bushel. I do not think it would have been possible for me to have handled this crop successfully without the knowledge of fertilizers and of how to combat injurious insects which I obtained by my agricultural college course.

Other crops of the same season brought me equally good results, and for the same reasons, but melons will serve as a specific example.

From the proceeds of my melon crop, three thousand dollars, I bought an eighty-acre farm which was considered very unprofitable, from the fact that it was hilly and overrun with quack-grass and wild oats. The tenant who had worked this farm before I bought it could scarcely get a poor living from it. The true student in any line of science always enjoys the practical solution of a difficult problem, and I was certainly confronted with a large opportunity for this sort of enjoyment.

Realizing that land so depleted as this must be abundantly fertilized, and it must also be cleared of the obnoxious quack-grass and wild oats, I decided that my solution of this double problem lay in turning a large flock of sheep loose on the land. In the fall I bought about six hundred sheep and allowed them to roam over the fields. The result was that all the

SIESTA
BARRINGTON HALL
VIGORO
CHAFF

How to Find Out Coffee

By John E. Kennedy

COFFEE, you know, is a *flavor*.

Many people think of Coffee as a food, a drink, a Stimulant or a berry.

It is all of these and then Some.

But 95 people out of every hundred drink Coffee merely because they *like* it.

And they *like* it because a particular *flavor* of it pleases them.

Now there are as many different flavors of Coffee as there are of Candy.

A person may be very fond of Caramels and detest Chocolate Creams.

A person may be very fond of Java Coffee flavor and detest Brazilian Coffee flavor.

In the South "Black Coffee" is popular, and in the West a lighter, smoother Coffee, for instance.

So that "Coffee" is a word of Many Meanings.

* * *

People who "*don't* like Coffee" have never yet found *the* particular *flavor* of Coffee which *would* have pleased them.

They can find it yet.

When they *do* find it they *won't* quit drinking it, and they *shouldn't* quit.

Because good Coffee, properly roasted, steel cut, purified and packed in dust-tight tins, in short, *Bakerized* Coffee, is the most harmless of all good stimulants.

Music and applause are stimulants, too, you know.

Coffee is quite as harmless as these, *if* it be *good* enough and properly made.

But how to find-out really *good* Coffee

And how to find-out the precise *kind* of Coffee *flavor* which best pleases *your* individual palate, as certain kinds of Candy please certain Children.

There *is* a way!

For the first time in history you may *now* buy a "Find-out Package" of Bakerized Coffee.

This Find-out Package contains the three different *flavors* of highest grade Coffee.

Observe that the three distinct *flavors* in the "Find-out Package" of Bakerized Coffee, are not merely three *kinds* of Coffee, but three fixed and *unvarying* flavors of Coffee.

These *flavors* are built up by Coffee Experts from all the necessary and *varying* kinds of Coffee, each year, to a fixed *standard* of *flavor* and stimulation.

When therefore you buy a "Find-out Package" of Bakerized Coffee and find from it just *which* Coffee flavor best pleases your palate you can *then* feel sure of getting *that same identical flavor* year after year, under its given brand.

You can do *this* no matter *how* the flavor of Coffee grown in Brazil, Java, or elsewhere, may be affected from year to year by rain or drought, by bad harvesting or by indifferent roasting.

(Your Grocer, no matter how able or conscientious he be, *cannot* control these crop-variations in Coffee.)

* * *

So, you can now, once for all, find-out—and decide forever—*which* flavor of Coffee is most delicious to *your* individual taste.

Send 30 cents in stamps to the address below, and you will receive for it a "Find-out Package" of Bakerized Coffee.

This package will contain over three-quarters of a pound of the *best* Coffee you have ever tasted.

That Coffee will be put up in *three* separate boxes.

One of these three boxes will contain "VIGORO" Bakerized Coffee.

This is a robust fuming aromatic *stimulating* Coffee—full of uplift, spicy odor and generous *flavor*.

It is a vigorous, "black" Southern Coffee which "touches the spot" and "puts you up on horseback."

Another box will contain "BARRINGTON HALL" Bakerized Coffee.

This is deliciously smooth and fragrant, mellow, fine and satisfying, with a delightful, lingering after-taste.

It is more nearly the *standard* flavor of right-good Coffee than any other we know of.

A third box contains "SIESTA Bakerized Coffee."

This is of mild and dainty flavor, full of subtle delicacy and bouquet.

Pale in color, with a delicious winy effect, which delights the Palate rather than stimulates the Nervous System.

Ideal for those who want to avoid strong Coffee.

* * *

Buy a "Find-out Package" of Bakerized Coffee *today*.

Settle the Coffee question for all time.

Send 30 cents in stamps for this decisive Find-out Package.

We agree here and now to *refund* the money instantly if you *say* you haven't had a dollar's worth of satisfaction and inside information from that package when you have made the Coffee test accompanying it.

Address—today—Baker Importing Co.—Dept. A, 110 Hudson St., New York; or Dept. A, 246 Second St N., Minneapolis.

VIGORO
Baker-ized
(STEEL CUT)
Coffee
one full pound of coffee
60 cups full-strength, or 70 cups
Barrington Hall
Baker-ized
(STEEL CUT)
Coffee
contains one full pound of coffee
60 cups full-strength, or 70 cups
SIESTA
Baker-ized
(STEEL CUT)
Coffee
one full pound of coffee
60 cups full-strength, or 70 cups

Save ¼ on Coal Bills

Attach a Powers Heat Regulator to your furnace or boiler. Its action is automatic. It needs no attention—has no wires, no batteries.

Silently and surely—night and day—it regulates the draft so you don't waste an ounce of coal.

Keeps Your Rooms at 70 Degrees

No sudden changes—no variation whatever. Simply set the indicator at the temperature you want. The Regulator does all the rest. Prevents the colds that result from varying heat. **Sent on 60 days' trial.**

The Powers Thermostat

No cost if not satisfactory. Write to-day for our book—then judge what this invention means to you. Address Powers Regulator Co., 45 Dearborn Street, Chicago, or 115 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Powers Heat Regulator

shows Only the Reflection

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

Finish your floors with "61" and they won't show the marks of heel or chair leg. "61" is heel proof and water proof. It's the floor varnish that "*Shows Only the Reflection.*" To prove it

Send for Free Sample Panel

finished with "61." Stamp on it with your heel—prove to yourself the [illegible] You may dent the wood but you can't crack the varnish.

Ask your dealer for "61"—[illegible] about floor finishing [illegible]

PRATT & LAMBERT-Inc.

83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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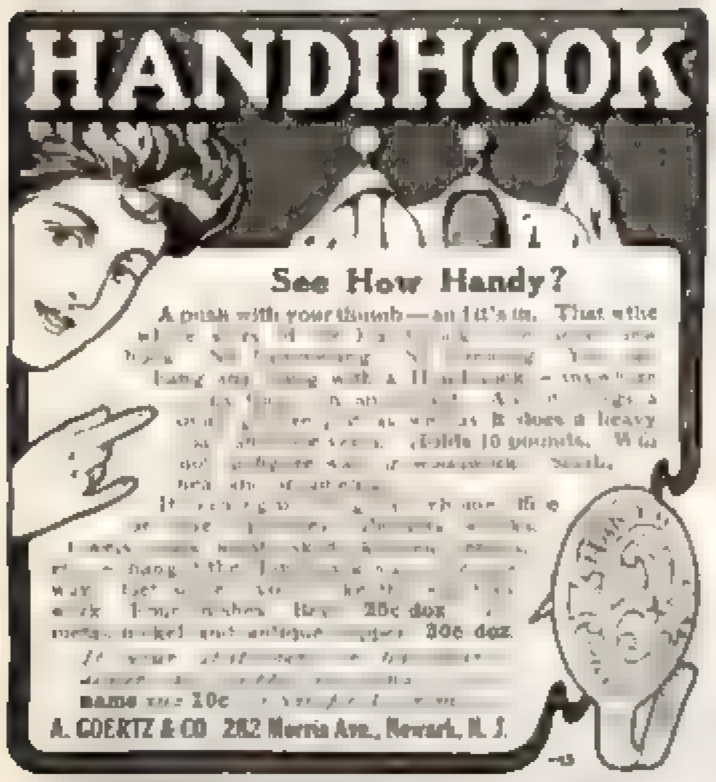

HANDIHOOK

See How Handy?

A push with your thumb—and it's in. That's the [illegible] It does a heavy [illegible] holds 10 pounds. [illegible]

[illegible] 25c doz [illegible] 30c doz

name [illegible] 10c [illegible]

A. GOERTZ & CO 282 Morris Ave., Newark, N. J.

SPENCERIAN
COMMERCIAL

Pen Elasticity

Spencerian Pens are made of carefully tempered, accurately gauged steel. This means an elastic pen—an easy writing pen. There are many styles of

SPENCERIAN

STEEL PENS

choose your own. Yours is there. Sample card of 12 different kinds will be sent for 6 cents postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 347 Broadway, New York

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co. Reduced rates on household goods to all Western points. 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, 1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis; 851 Tremont Bldg., Boston; 101 Columbia Bldg., San Francisco; 330 Central Bldg., Los Angeles.

growth was closely clipped and the land was richly fertilized in the bargain. Then I fed the sheep hay and a little grain until they were fat enough for the market.

My first attempt in this line was so successful that I have twice repeated it, with the result that my average profit for three years has been three thousand dollars net. While this has required much hard work and application, it has been very satisfactory; and I do not hesitate to say that the same results would have been impossible without my education in the agricultural school.

The chief point of value in that training has been in knowing how to apply the right fertilizers, how to select the best crops and seeds, and how to breed the varieties best adapted to their own particular surroundings, how to combat injurious insects and fungus diseases—and, above all else, how to thoroughly enjoy the occupation I have chosen. —JOHN VINCENT BAILEY.

What a Tenant Farmer Did

I CAME home from the agricultural school in 1905, and the next year rented twenty acres of badly-worn ground, putting in a crop of fall wheat, and attending it as near scientifically as I could. The yield averaged thirty-eight bushels to the acre, or six bushels more than any other yield in that neighborhood. On the score of this excess of one hundred and twenty bushels I credited my education with $96, as the wheat brought eighty cents a bushel.

Last year I put in forty acres of corn, which I cultivated, and secured an average yield of seventy bushels to the acre, which was fully twenty bushels more to the acre than corn on the same quality of land in my locality averaged. So this corn, at fifty-three cents a bushel, made another credit of $424 to the score of my training.

The excess of yield under scientific methods is where the agricultural training pays dividends. Besides a knowledge of why things are thus and so, I learned at college the valuable lesson of how to handle my time so that it would be well improved instead of wasted. Also a knowledge of the proper conversion of stock and of corn has been of great value to me, and so, too, is the crop rotation system which I figured out for this locality with the help of my professor.

In reviewing the results of my work it is only fair to bear in mind the fact that I am a renter and therefore could not handle the land to so great an advantage as I would have been able to do had I owned the farm myself. —J. D. NEWELL.

Paid the Homestead Debt

SINCE I left the agricultural school I have succeeded in paying the debt on the old homestead, besides making some valuable improvements, the most valuable of which is the tiling of the land. When the work now in progress is completed in the spring, the whole farm of two hundred and ten acres can be cultivated without any difficulty in the wettest seasons. The system of crop rotation that I have been practicing for several years is: Corn two 40s, oats one 40, wheat one 40, and meadow and pasture one 40.

All the stock kept is thoroughly high grade and some are thoroughbred, consisting of Percherons and Hambletonian horses, shorthorn cattle, Poland-China hogs and Shropshire sheep. Of all the stock I have raised the horses and sheep have given the best satisfaction. I used to be considerable of a dairyman, but lately I have decided to leave the honors, as well as the drudgery, of this line of farming to somebody else. —J. PETERSON.

College and Money

THE first year and a half after leaving school I spent on the farm and in the pinery. Finally I settled down in 1901 and have farmed ever since. The education which I received at the agricultural school has been everything to me. Now I have one hundred and sixty acres of land free from every incumbrance, and fifty shares in the local bank. I have followed diversified farming, as I think that gives better and cleaner crops. My new sheep barn is one of the finest in this locality, and so is my granary. Both of them I have built myself. —MELVIN B. LUND.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles written by men who have made a farm education pay. The fourth will appear soon.

Crawford Shoes

for Men

$3.50 $4.00 $5.00

2515 CRITIC [illegible] livered prepaid for $4.25

CRAWFORD SHOES ARE UNION MADE

WRITE FOR BOOKLET S — IT TELLS THE CRAWFORD STORY

A filler is used between the inner and outersoles of all shoes but the bottoms of Crawfords are filled with a special improved preparation, more expensive than ordinary filler, but used because it prevents the insoles from becoming rough and uneven. The combination of firm, closely fibred insoles, special Crawford filler and "bend" outersoles insures a perfectly smooth, comfortable bed for the feet of Crawford wearers.

Ask your local Crawford dealer why Crawford "stay-up" box toes never flatten down, why Crawfords made on patented "Tredstrate" lasts hold their shape and fit so well. Ask him about the advantages of Crawford reinforced shanks and "bend" sole leather.

Crawfords possess unusual and practical points of merit not found in ordinary shoes. Buy a pair of Crawfords!

Charles A. Eaton Company
Brockton, Massachusetts

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President

THE *Slumber* CHAIR

No. H-1504 No. H-1511

These chairs in Streit Genuine Leather or any other covering. Both tufted with steel clinched buttons guaranteed *never* to come out.

Fifteen minutes spent stretched out in the Slumber Chair will rest every tired muscle, will soothe every nerve, will prove a veritable tonic. More actual work can afterwards be accomplished and with less expenditure of vital force.

The Slumber Chair gives support where no other chair does, at the small of the back where most needed. The back and seat are *one piece.* Lower the back, the seat moves with it. There is always the same comfortable curve, constructed scientifically to compel *complete* relaxation.

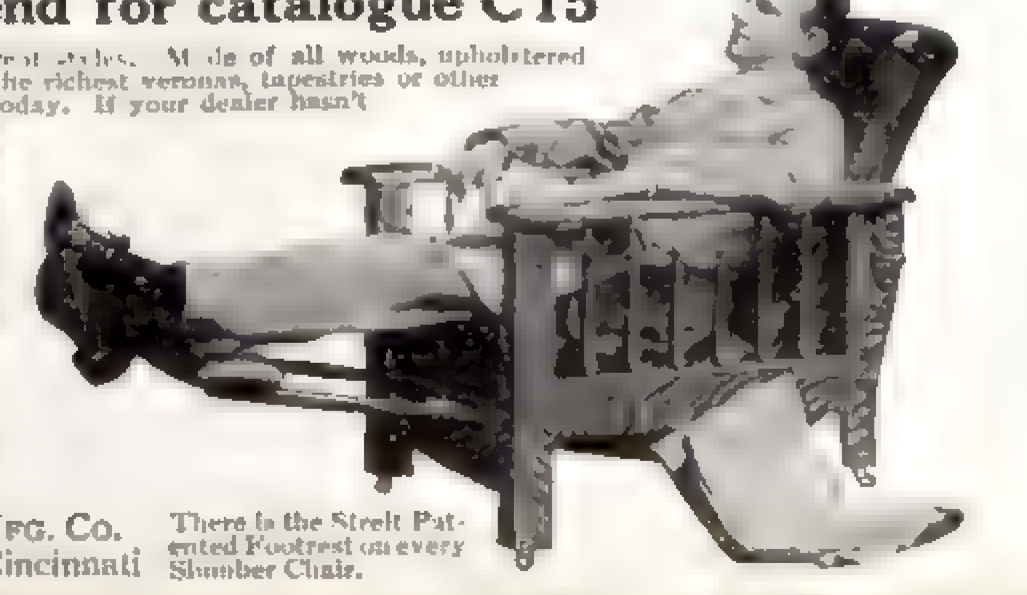
The Slumber Chair, like all Streit Furniture, has tied to it a guarantee ticket which says, "If for *any* reason it doesn't suit you, return it and your money will be refunded. If within two years any breakage *should* occur, we repair it free of charge."

Send for catalogue C15

See all the different styles. Made of all woods, upholstered in genuine leather, the richest veronas, tapestries or other soft goods. Write today. If your dealer hasn't it, we'll give you the name of one who has or supply you direct. You can't enjoy the features peculiar to the Slumber Chair unless you get the Slumber Chair. Therefore look for the

Streit TRADE MARK

THE C. F. STREIT MFG. CO.
1050 Kenner St., Cincinnati



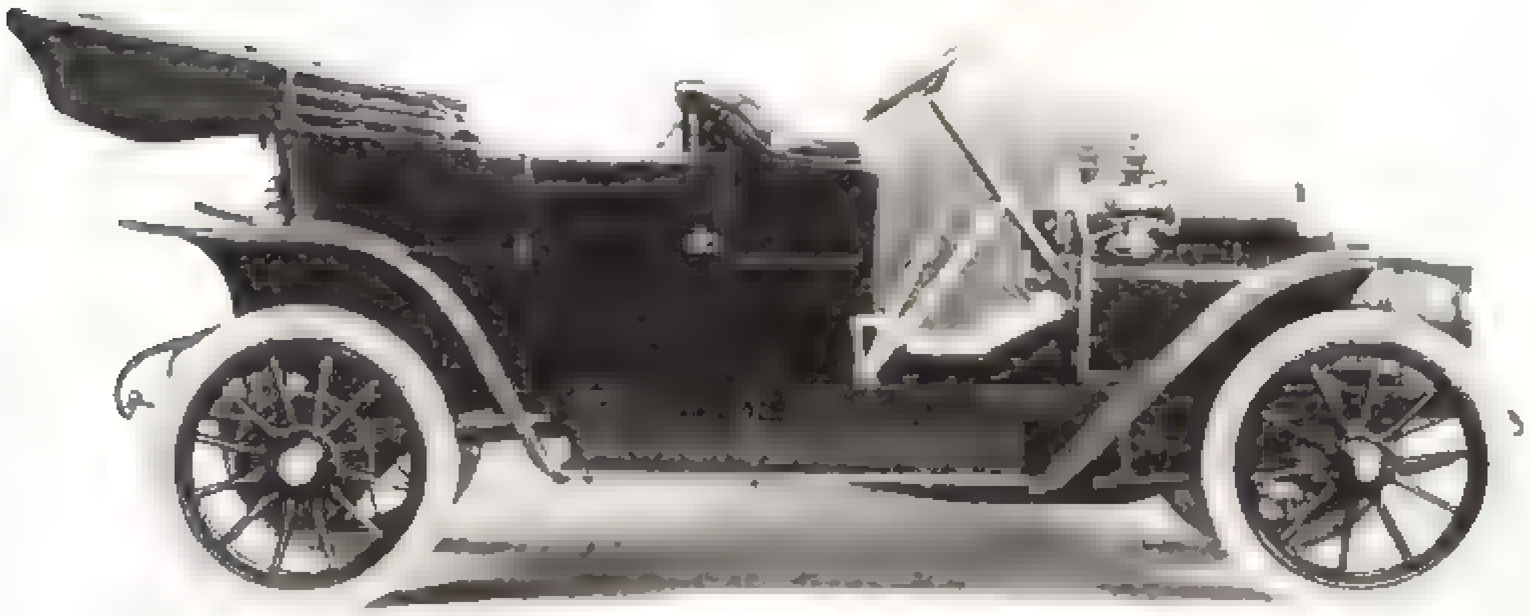
There is the Streit Patented Footrest on every Slumber Chair.

Makers of the Famous Streit Davenport Beds and Morris Chairs

Chalmers-Detroit "30"—$1500

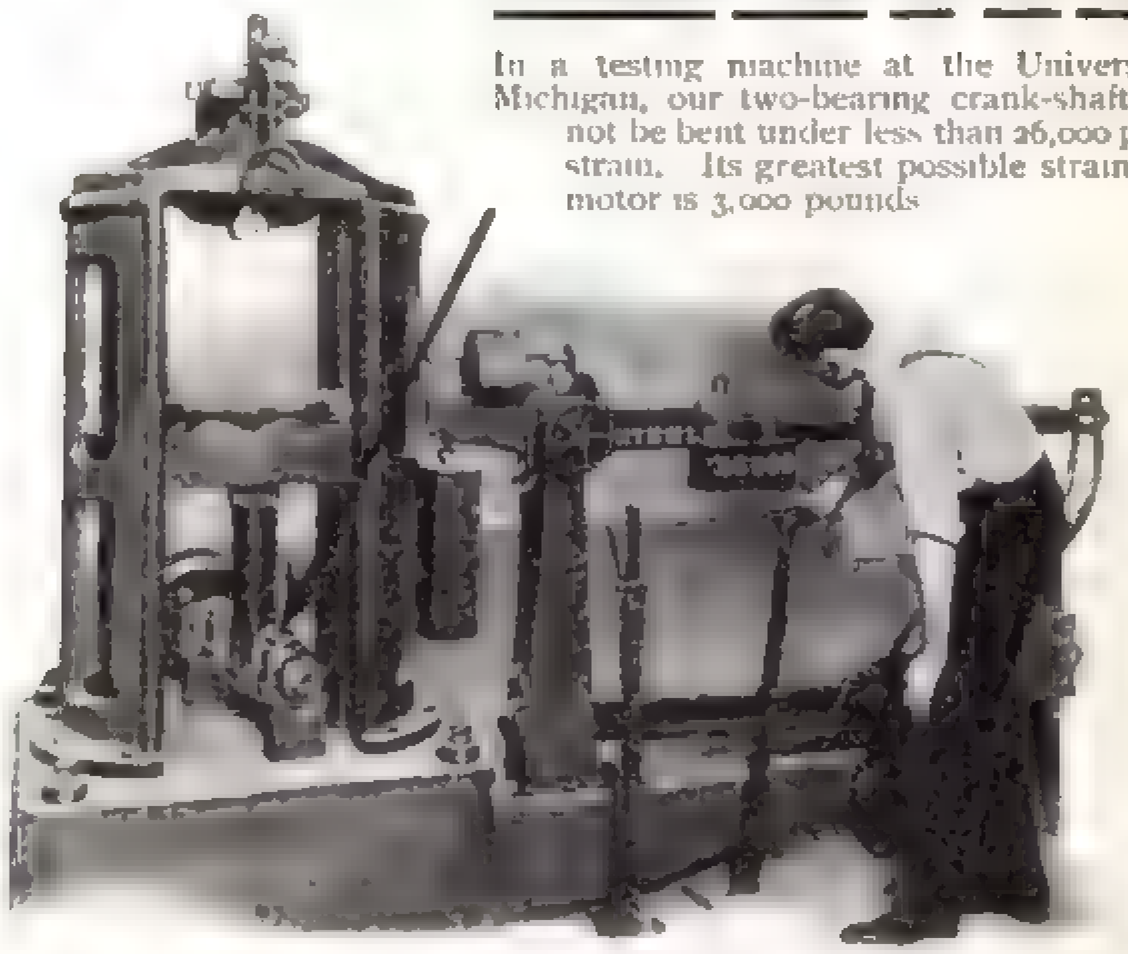
"It's a Good Car"

A high-grade 4-cylinder, 5-passenger, 24-30 horse-power car, made by the makers of the Thomas-Detroit Forty.



Stands Test of 13 Tons

In a testing machine at the University of Michigan, our two-bearing crank-shaft could not be bent under less than 26,000 pounds strain. Its greatest possible strain in the motor is 3,000 pounds



806 Cars Already Delivered

Placing your order now for a Chalmers-Detroit "30" you have a tremendous advantage over the buyer of any other car

You know these cars are right because they have already stood the test of actual use in the hands of owners

Hundreds have been delivered since July 1st. They have been driven thousands of miles

But not a single weakness in any feature has developed That is because every feature of our car was thoroughly tested and tried out before we adopted it. For our reputation is at stake on this car.

Some of our features, of course, differ from those of other cars that have been hurried out to meet this price But that is because we are using the latest and best ideas. Rivals who stay in the field are bound to adopt them in time.

Two important features in which we are in advance of most competitors, are the two-bearing crank-shaft and the cylinders cast in one piece

There is every advantage in the two-bearing crank-shaft. It saves room in the hood, allowing for longer body It lends itself to the use of ball bearings. It affords extraordinary large connecting rod bearings. Insures perfect alignment—two bearings can't get out of line Is simple and rigid

There is no question as to the strength of this feature. The world's best engineers have adopted it for cars of this class It has been used for two years on the 4-cylinder Thomas cabs—not a single case of crank-shaft trouble.

Tests at the University of Michigan prove that our crank-shaft will not bend under less than 26,000 pounds strain We never hope to get more than 3000 pounds strain in the motor

806 of our cars are now in actual use without a single crank-shaft strain or breakage One of our cars has run 15,000 miles without sign of trouble—200 miles per day without the loss of a single day or development of a single weakness Can competitors' arguments weigh against this wealth of fact?

Casting four cylinders together is in line with the most up-to-date practice They are cast together on the Fiat, Hotchkiss, Mors, Delahaye, Unic, and other foreign cars, costing several times our price They will be so in four high-grade American makes for 1909

Four cylinders en bloc mean lightness, compactness, absence of vibration, perfect alignment, rigidity. They mean perfect water circulation, equal temperature in all cylinders. They permit the short bonnet so distinctive of foreign cars. And they leave more room for the body.

Against all of these advantages, rivals argue "cost of replacement." In that rare event we will replace the four cylinders for $35, the usual charge for one

The long hood, the separate cylinders, and the complex crank-shaft must all be discarded on cars of this size. This is the day of simplicity

Don't accept arguments against these features, until you have examined this car. Then judge for yourself who is right.

The Car That's Ready Now

You can get prompt delivery and enjoy your Chalmers-Detroit "30" this Fall Nearly everywhere in the country there is good automobiling weather up to January 1st. With a Limousine body you can use your car all Winter long.

If you get your car this Fall or Winter, you will have it ready for use for the first Spring day. And when you want it, you know you'll want it badly. For your own sake don't wait until the Spring rush is on

Please decide if you want this car. Send for our catalog. For now is the time to order, even for future delivery

Even now the demand is almost overwhelming. Next Spring it will be wholly so. We cannot supply one-tenth the demand if all buyers see this car.

Don't take our word. Here is what a few of our 1909 owners say. We have plenty more letters like these but we haven't room for them.

Mr. H. C. Walker, Vice-Pres., Boston Leather Binding Co., Boston, Mass., writes

I want to compliment you on the quality and appearance of your '30' car. Its ability to climb hills and drive through mud and sand was a revelation

Mr. R. J. Chard, Lakewood, N J., writes

Our '30' touring car is so simple to control that my son drove it home from New York after only five minutes' instruction. It has given perfect satisfaction, running smoothly and noiselessly

Mr. C. A. Davies, Expert Machinist, San Antonio, Texas, writes

The Chalmers-Detroit '30' embodies the best features of a medium-priced car. It is the easiest riding. The arrangement of the machinery is more compact and harmonious than in any car I have seen.'

Mr. J. B. Knight, Tacoma, Wash., writes

"I think I have established a gasoline record with my '30,' having driven from Olympia to Tacoma, 32 miles, averaging 21 miles to one gallon. I have found no hill too steep for this car to climb with five passengers."

Mr. F. J. Gaines, Paris Model Co., New York, writes

The Chalmers-Detroit '30' has given me more pleasure than any car I ever had It's a wonder

Mr. G. B. Wix, 362 Riverside Drive, New York, writes

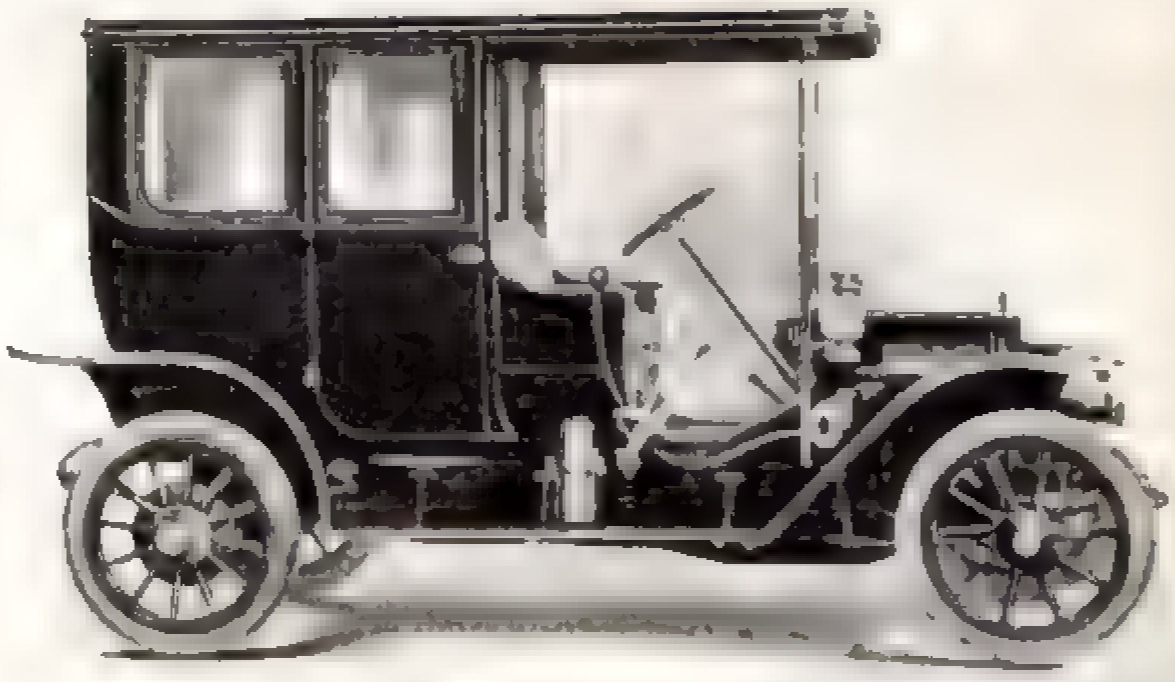
I cannot imagine how anyone could improve on the Chalmers-Detroit '30.' I have had no trouble whatever with my car and every time I use it I like it better

Mr. Thos. J. Fay, Electrical Engineer, Brooklyn, writes.

Having run out of oil on the road I made 10 miles without any oil at all. I can only account for the fact that the motor was not damaged, by taking into account your use of ball bearings on the crank-shaft and the liberal bearing service of the connecting rods

Mr. H. P. Brainerd, Petaluma, Cal., writes

"I had never run a car before the day I purchased my '30.' Next day I ran it most of the way home from San Francisco. Since then I have run it every day without assistance. It is all that you claim for it



Chalmers-Detroit "30" Limousine—$2500

This is the first moderate-priced, high grade limousine on the American market Nothing approaching it has ever been built for less than $3500

Built upon a well-tried chassis, the car has all the style and aristocratic appearance of a high-priced limousine. Finish and upholstery are of the highest standard

This car has adequate power for every purpose without the trouble and expense of a big, over-powered motor. It is, therefore, economical to operate and easy on tires. It turns readily and can be easily handled in narrow and crowded city streets.

To secure prompt delivery of "30" Limousine in time for winter use it will be necessary to order now

CUT THIS OUT

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co.,
Detroit, Mich.

Mail your new catalog to

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Sat. Evg. Post

This change in name involves no change in ownership, personnel or management It is simply made to avoid the confusion of two Thomas concerns operating on separate lines

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Successors to E. R. Thomas-Detroit Co.

(Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers)

SINCERITY TALKS
by Wilbur D. Nesbit

WHAT THE DRUMMER SAID.

IT was along late in August—and *hot!* The drummer was working over his trunks when we innocently asked him if it wasn't early to be taking out his line of heavy overcoats and suits.

"*Early?*" he asked derisively. "I'm bringing them home. I've lost ten pounds—but I've sold the goods."

That was what we were driving at, so we asked him if it had been hard to sell them.

"No. Prosperity is coming down the pike and the people are going to meet it halfway. But Sincerity clothes don't sell themselves. Nothing sells itself—but Sincerity clothing comes mighty near it. The business never will get onto a penny-in-the-slot basis, thank goodness. We've got to know the goodness of the goods and the sureness of the making and the fit, and be able to tell why these things are. The merchant is from *Missouri;* if he isn't, his *customers* are. Now, you take this overcoat ——"

Take it! With the mercury gasping for breath and doing high jumps!

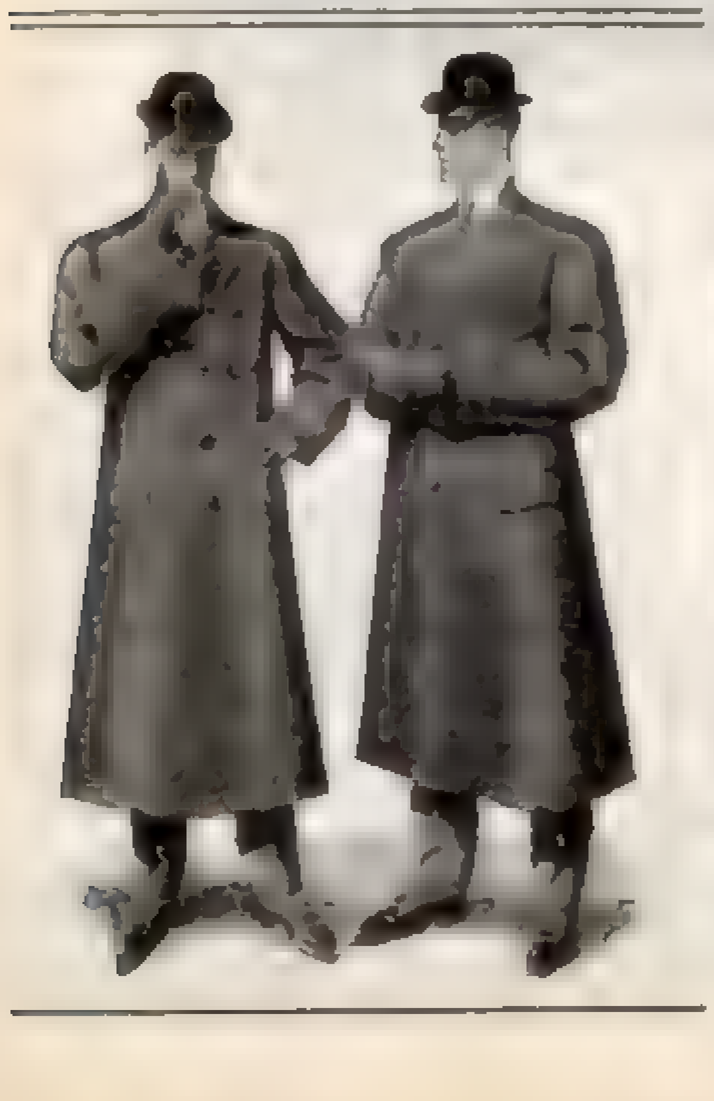
"It's the Grenadier," he explained, smiling. "See the military collar and general soldierly effect. We have just realized that the average soldier is good looking when he is dressed up—so here's the Grenadier overcoat. Dandy for a young fellow. Big winner. And here are the Prep and the Milo. They're semi-military in design; and mighty attractive on a young man who wants the world to know *his* watch doesn't run down. Here's the Gibson, for an older man—but not for an *old* man. People have decided it's a waste of time to grow old. Here's the Athletic—bully to wear with the Athletic suit. This is the St. Denis—comes single or double-breasted; great for skating, sleighing, tobogganing—anything! This is the Carlton, for folks that want a plain, simple, *good* overcoat; and this is the long, roomy Columbia—a corker for outdoor wear in the winter. Say, try this fur lined overcoat. No? Well, it's *it*, all right. And here's the paletot—keeps right on being wanted. And I've sold any quantity of rainproof overcoats.

"What sells them is, first the style. It's *there*, and you know it's cut and sewed and *put* right in the garment, and *stays put*. You don't see our folks jamming a hot flat iron on the goods to *twist* the shape in. Why, those people out there in the factory work as hard as *I* do, just watching every little *insignificant* thing so that nobody—dealer or customer—can kick. Oh, yes, that makes it easier to sell the Sincerity goods, but *I've* got to know it before I sell them."

There you can put *your* finger on a big point about Sincerity clothing. Everybody connected with its making or sale is so contagiously confident, that one is convinced there is something *unusually* excellent in it.

Get the style book; a postal card asking for it brings it back to you instantly.

KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO.
Chicago.



EVER AFTER

(Continued from Page 13)

Messenger. It appears that I am slightly in error." And, very thoughtfully, he continued to twist his mustache skyward as he rode on.

When he ventured to glance around again the Special Messenger had disappeared.

"Fancy!" he muttered; "just fancy old Stanley knowing the mystery of the three armies! And, by gad! gentlemen," addressing, sotto voce, the entire regiment, as he turned around in his stirrups and looked back at the darkening column behind him—"by gad! gentlemen of the Fourth Dragoons, no prettier woman ever sat a saddle than is riding this moment with the Captain of Troop F!"

What Captain Stanley saw riding up to him through the dull afterglow was a slightly-built youth in the uniform of the regular cavalry, yellow trimming on collar, yellow welts about the seams of the jacket, yellow stripes on the breeches; and, as the youth drew bridle, saluted, and turned to ride forward beside him, he caught sight of a lieutenant's shoulder-straps on the sergeant's shell jacket.

"Well, youngster," he said, smiling, "don't they clothe you in the regulars? You're as eccentric as our butternut friends yonder."

"I couldn't buy a full uniform," she said truthfully. She did not add that she had left at a minute's notice for the most dangerous undertaking ever asked of her, borrowing discarded makeshifts anywhere, at hazard.

"Are you a West Pointer?"

"No."

"Oh! You've their seat—and their hollow-backed leanness. Are you going with us?"

"Where are you going?"

Stanley laughed. "I'm sure I don't know. Looks to me as though we were riding straight into rebeldom."

"Don't you know why?" she asked, looking up at him from under her vizor.

"No. Do you?"

"Yes."

After a pause: "Well," he said, laughing, "are you going to tell me?"

"Yes—later."

Neck and neck, knee and knee they rode forward at the head of the Black Horse troop, along a road which became dusky beyond the first patch of woods.

After the inner camp lines had been passed the regiment halted while a troop was detailed as flankers and an advanced guard galloped off ahead. Along the road behind, the guns of the Rhode Island Battery came thudding and bumping up, halting with a dull clash of chains.

Stanley said: "This is one of Baring's pet raids; we've done it dozens of times. Once our entire division rode around Beauregard; but I didn't see the old, blue-star division-flag this time, so I guess we're going it alone. Hello! There's infantry! We must be close to the extreme outposts."

In the dusk they were passing a pasture where, guarded by sentinels, lay piled, in endless, straight rows, knapsacks, blankets, shelter tents and long lines of stacked Springfield rifles. Soldiers with the white strings of canteens crossing their breasts were journeying to and from a stream that ran, darkling, out of the tangled woodland on their right.

On the opposite side of the road were the lines of the 70th Indiana, their colors, furled in oilcloth, lying horizontally across the forks of two stacks of rifles. Under them lay the color-guard; the scabbarded swords of the Colonel and his staff were stuck upright in the ground, and the blanket-swathed figures of the officers in poncho and havelock reposed close by.

The other regiment was the 11th Maine. Their Colonel, strapped with his silver eagles, was watching the disposal of the colors by a sergeant wearing the broad stripe, blue diamond and triple underscoring on each sleeve. With the sergeant marched eight corporals, long-limbed, rugged giants of the color company, decorated with the narrow stripe and double chevron.

A few minutes later the cavalry moved out past the pickets, then swung due south.

Night had now fallen—a clear, starlit, blossom-scented dimness freshening the air.

The Special Messenger, head bent, was still riding with Captain Stanley, evidently preferring his company so openly, so persistently, that the other officers, a little amused, looked sideways at the youngster from time to time.

After a while Stanley said pleasantly: "We haven't exchanged names yet, and you haven't told me why a regular is riding with us to-night."

"On special service," she said in a low voice.

"And your name and regiment?"

She did not appear to hear him; he glanced at her askance.

"You seem to be very young," he said.

"The Colonel of the 90th Rhode Island fell at twenty-two."

He nodded gravely. "It is a war of young men. I think Baring himself is only twenty-five. He's breveted brigadier, too."

"And you?" she asked timidly.

He laughed: "Thirty; and a thousand in experience."

"I, too," she said softly.

"You? Thirty?"

"No, only twenty-four; but your peer in experience."

"Your voice sounds Southern," he said in his pleasant voice, inviting confidence.

"Yes; my home was at Sandy River."

Out of the corners of her eyes she saw him start and look around at her—felt his stern, serious gaze questioning her; and rode straight on before her without response or apparent consciousness.

"Sandy River?" he repeated in a strained voice. "Did you say you lived there?"

"Yes," indifferently.

The Captain rode for a while in silence, then, carelessly: "There was, I believe, a family living there before the war—the Westcotes."

"Yes." She could scarcely utter a word for the suffocating throb of her heart.

"You knew them?"

"Yes."

"Do—do they still live at Sandy River?"

"The house still stands. Major Westcote is dead."

"Her—I mean their grandfather?"

She nodded, incapable of speech.

"And"—he hesitated—"and the boy? He used to ride a pony—the most fascinating little fellow ——"

"He is at school in the North."

There was a silence, then the Captain turned in his saddle and looked straight at her.

"Does Miss Westcote live there still?"

"Do you mean Celia Westcote?" asked the Messenger calmly.

"Yes—Celia ——" His voice fell softly, making of her name a caressing cadence. The Special Messenger bent her head lower over her bridle.

"Why do you ask? Did you know her?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

The Captain lifted his grave eyes, but the Messenger was not looking at him.

"I knew her—in a way—better than I ever knew any woman, and I saw her only three times in all my life. That is your answer—and my excuse for asking. Does she still live at Sandy River?"

"No."

"Do you know where she has gone?"

"She is somewhere in the South."

"Is she—married?" he asked under his breath.

The Special Messenger looked up at him, smiling in the darkness.

"No," she said. "I heard that she lost her heart to a bandmaster of some cavalry regiment who was killed in action at Sandy River three years ago."

The Captain straightened in his saddle as though he had been shot; in the dim light his lean face turned darkly scarlet.

"I see her, occasionally," continued the Messenger faintly; "have you any message—perhaps ——"

The Captain turned slowly toward her. "Do you know where she is?"

"I expect that she will be within riding distance of me—very soon."

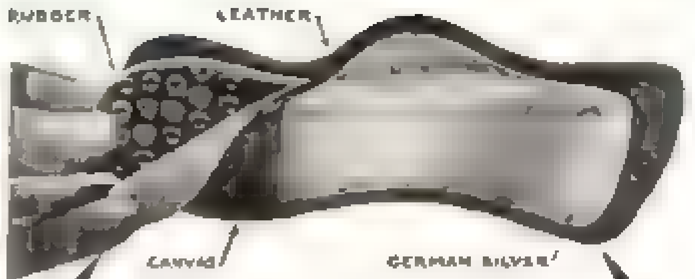
"Is your mission a secret one?"

"Yes."

"And you may see her—before very long?"

"Yes."

"Then tell her," said the Captain, "that the bandmaster of the Fourth Missouri ——" He strove to continue; his voice died in his throat.



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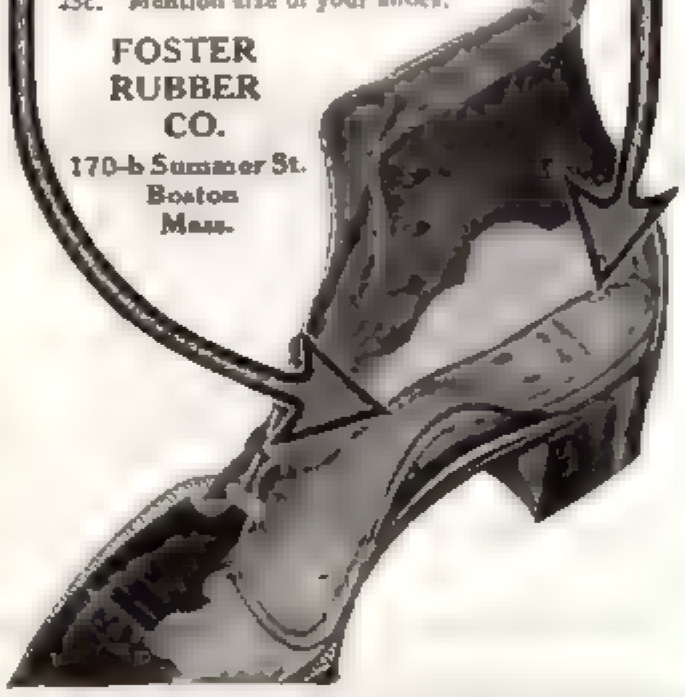

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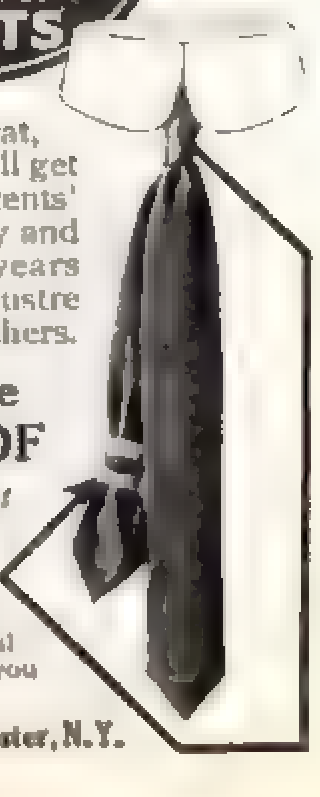

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"Yes—yes—say it," whispered the Special Messenger. "I will tell her; she will understand—truly she will—whatever you say."

"Tell her—that the bandmaster has—has never forgotten——"

"Yes—yes——"

"Never forgotten her!"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"That he—he——"

The Captain's voice was not under perfect control.

"Say that he—thinks of her. . . . Say that—that he—he thought of her when he was falling—there, in the charge at Sandy River——"

"But he once told her that himself!" she cried. "Has he no more to tell her?"

And Captain Stanley, aghast, fairly leaped in his stirrups.

"Who are you?" he gasped. "What do you know of——"

His voice was smothered in the sudden outcrash of rifles, through which startled trumpets sounded, followed by the running explosions of cavalry carbines.

"We are going to charge," he said. "Quick, tell me who you are!"

"Steady—steady—charge!" came the clear shout from the front.

"Charge! Charge! Charge!" echoed the ringing orders from troop to troop.

In the darkness of the thickets of sabres she rode knee to knee with her Captain. The grand stride of her horse thundering along beside his through obscurity filled her with wild exultation; she loosened curb and snaffle and spurred forward amid hundreds of plunging horses, now goaded frantic by the battle clangor of the trumpets.

Everywhere, right and left, the red flash of Confederate rifles ran along their flanks; here and there a stricken horse reared or stumbled, rolling over and over; or some bullet-struck rider swayed wide from the saddle and went down to annihilation.

Fringed with darting flames the cavalry drove on headlong into the unseen; behind clanked the flying battery, mounted gunners sabring the dark forms that leaped out of the underbrush, on—on—rushed horses and guns, riders and cannoneers—a furious, irresistible, chaotic torrent, thundering through the night.

Far behind them now danced and flickered the rifle flames; fainter, fainter grew the shots, and, at last, galloping steadily and, by degrees, reforming as they rode, the column swung out toward the bushy hills in the west, slowed to a canter, to a trot, to a walk.

"We are through!" said the Special Messenger brokenly, breathing fast as she pulled in her mount and turned in the starlight toward the man she rode beside.

At the same moment the column halted; he drew bridle and looked steadily at her.

All around them was the confusion and turmoil of stamping, panting horses, the clank of metal, the heavy breathing of men.

"Look at me!" she whispered, baring her head in the starlight. "Quick! Look at me! Do you know me now? Look at me—if you—love me!"

A low cry broke from him; she held out both arms to him in the dim light, forcing her horse up against his stirrup.

"If you love me," she breathed, "say so now!"

Leaning free from his saddle he caught her in his arms, looked into her eyes.

"You?"

"Yes," she gasped, "the Special Messenger—non-combatant!"

"The Special Messenger? *You!*"

A dull tattoo of hoofs along the halted column, nearer, nearer, clattering toward them from the front, and:

"Good-by!" she sobbed, "they're coming for me! Oh—do you love me? Do you? Life was so dark and dreadful without you! I—I never forgot—never, never! I——"

An orderly drew bridle, calling out the Colonel's orders.

Her gloved hands crept higher around the neck of the man who held her crushed in his arms.

"If I return," she sighed, "will you love me? Don't—don't look at me that way. I will return—I promise. I love you so! I love you!"

Their lips clung for a second in the darkness, then she swung her horse, tearing herself free of his arms; and, bared head lifted to the skies, she turned south, riding all alone out into the starlit waste.

Editor's Note—This is the last of Mr. Chambers' Special Messenger stories.

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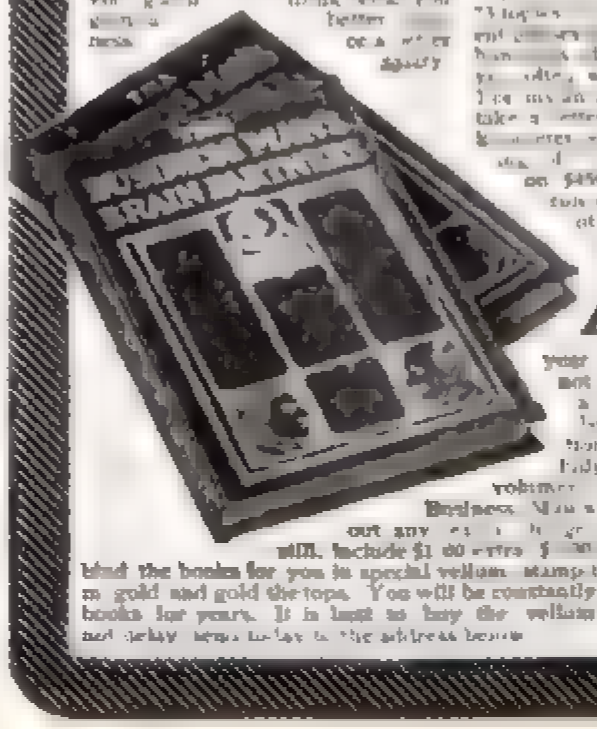

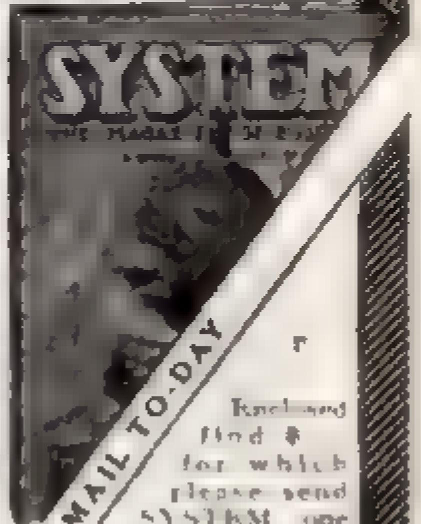

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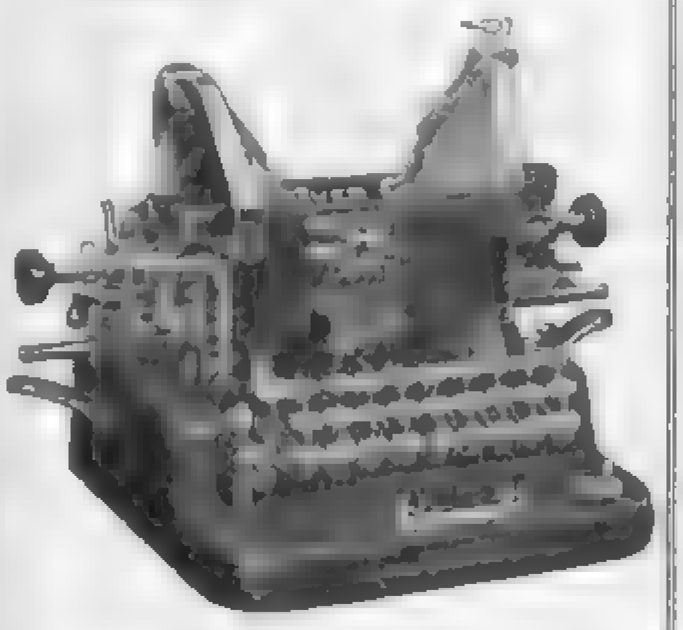

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Oddities and Novelties

OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

THE absorption of the world's natural resources by the few at the expense of the many seems to have gone further with regard to the scarcer metals than in any other direction. At the present time the supply of practically all of these is absolutely controlled by a single concern in London.

Take bismuth, for example. It is an industrial necessary. But if you want to buy any you must go, directly or indirectly, to this English firm, which owns all of the important deposits. Of such deposits the principal are in Bolivia. The London concern is also proprietor of rich bismuth mines in Peru, but it does not allow them to be worked, lest an oversupply tend to reduce the price.

For many years the price of bismuth in the market has been $1.75 a pound, wholesale. In Bolivia, which yields the bulk of the supply, it occurs in the form of sulphides and carbonates. A few tons a year are produced in the United States, but they go to the London firm. Great quantities of the metal are used, in the form of subnitrate and other salts, for making the more expensive kinds of toilet and baby powders; but it becomes a necessary in the manufacture of type, being introduced as an ingredient to cause the type-metal to expand in the moulds and to fill them perfectly. Thus the finished letters have sharp outlines.

Within the last few years certain interesting metals, all of them rare and costly, which in nature are associated with platinum, have found important industrial uses. The supply of these is controlled by the same London firm. One of them is rhodium, of which crucibles are now being made for use in chemical laboratories. For such purposes the material is admirably adapted, inasmuch as it resists the action of many chemicals against which platinum is not proof. Even aqua regia, which will dissolve both gold and platinum, has no effect upon rhodium.

One can boil lead in a vessel of this steel-gray metal. But the same thing cannot be done in a vessel of platinum, for the latter will mix with lead as readily as sugar does with water, notwithstanding the fact that lead melts at 850 degrees Fahrenheit, while the melting point of platinum is 3325 degrees. An incidental advantage of the rhodium crucible is that it will not blister, as one of platinum is liable to, if exposed to a Bunsen burner.

Another metal of this same group is palladium, which possesses one very extraordinary property. It eagerly absorbs hydrogen, taking up six hundred and fifty times its own bulk of the latter. In a finely-divided state it will absorb one thousand times its own volume of hydrogen. Though the metal itself is silvery-white, the powder is black.

Palladium—which, by the way, approaches steel in hardness—is employed in the making of exactly-divided scales for delicate scientific instruments and also in the manufacture of watches and chronometers. The price of it, as with the others of the same group, is variable and indeterminate.

If you want a few ounces of any of these metals you can get them only by applying to the London firm, directly or indirectly, and you will have to pay whatever they choose to ask.

Yet another of these metals is osmium, which is equally remarkable in its way. In the first place it is the heaviest of all known metals—more than one-sixth heavier than gold. Secondly, it will resist a higher temperature than any other metal, its melting point being 4532 degrees Fahrenheit. The only industrial use thus far found for it is as a material for filaments of incandescent lamps. The osmium filament has more efficiency than the carbon filament, yielding more light for a given current. But it has the disadvantage of being expensive and brittle.

There remain of the same group ruthenium and iridium. It has been suggested that the former might be used advantageously for crucibles, inasmuch as it is very resistant to chemicals. As yet, however, it is hardly more than a curiosity of the laboratory. This was said of most of its sister metals only a few years ago.

As for iridium, every gold pen is tipped with an alloy of it to lend durability, else the writing instrument would soon wear out. It is one of the hardest of metals, lustrous white in color, and the heaviest of all the metals, excepting only osmium. In this last respect the difference between the two is trifling. Knife edges for delicate balances are made of an alloy of iridium.

When one wishes to express the idea of great weight one says that a thing is "heavy as lead." In the popular mind lead is a sort of standard of extreme heaviness. Yet, as a matter of fact, osmium and iridium are about twice as heavy as lead. Even gold, which is considerably lighter than either of these, is more than nineteen times as heavy as water, while lead is only a little over eleven times as heavy as water. Palladium, rhodium and ruthenium are comparatively light, being only a little heavier than lead.

Now, all of these rare metals of the so-called platinum group are obtained merely as by-products in the refining of platinum. Thus it comes about that the London concern which controls the world's supply of platinum also holds in its exclusive hands the entire available supply of rhodium, osmium, palladium, iridium and ruthenium.

THE OLD-TIME RALLY

(Concluded from Page 5)

respect him and we want him to know that he is welcome." Thirty years ago they would have stood at the front gate and hooted at him as he went by.

Did the farmers come to our rally in wagons, with thumping bass drums and painted banners and allegorical "floats" and a Goddess of Liberty? They did not. They came in stylish side-bar buggies drawn by high-steppers, also rubber-tired carriages and surreys. About one hundred and fifty automobiles were tucked away in the orchard.

Our visitors rode many miles over stone and gravel roads, past farms worth one hundred and twenty-five dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars an acre, and decorated with big white houses and bigger red barns. The men wore tailor-made clothes and the women came out in this year's style of gown and Merry Widow hats. You could not find any red, white and blue uniforms. It is no longer necessary to put on fancy dress in order to prove devotion to a principle. The Indiana voter will wear a campaign button, if it is a good button and means anything, but you would have to chloroform him this year to get him into any kind of a fool regalia.

That great, orderly, well-dressed, well-behaved swarm of people was a better campaign argument than could be generated by twenty sheepskin bands and five thousand men carrying torches. There was something about the make-up and the conduct of that crowd to indicate that if there has been serious misgovernment at Washington it has not discouraged our fellow-citizens in the corn belt. With corn seventy cents a bushel, oats forty-five cents a bushel, horses at top-notch prices, cattle seven dollars a hundred in the Chicago market, and hogs hovering around six dollars and fifty cents, it will require a lot of silver-tongued oratory to convince the practical farmers that the country is going to the dogs.

On the day of the rally we couldn't tell the Democrats from the Republicans. They were mighty affable in their treatment of Judge Taft. If they dreaded his election they didn't show it.

When the Bryanite had heard the speeches and listened to the bands, and then went back to hook up his three-hundred-dollar team to the upholstered "rig" and take his well-nourished flock back over the stone roads, past the one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar land, to the white farmhouse, with a piano in the front room and a cream separator in the kitchen, he must have been cheered by the reflection that conditions aren't so bad, even if we can't bring on a general upset and overturning of things in general.

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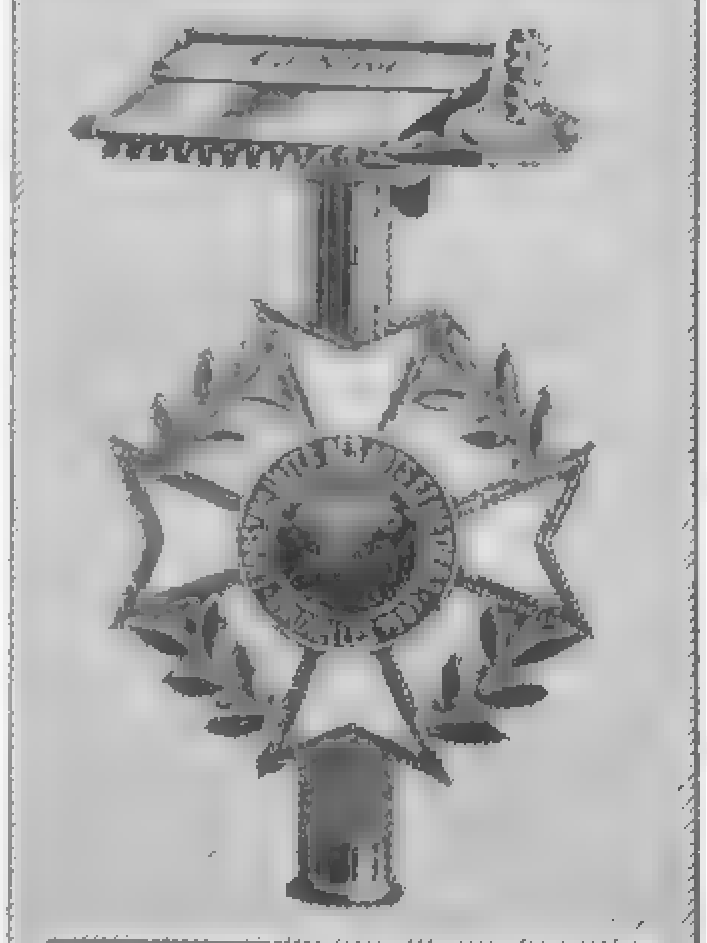

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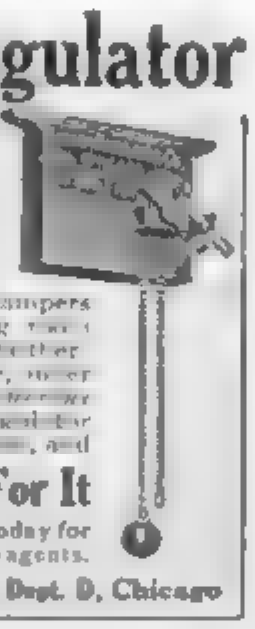

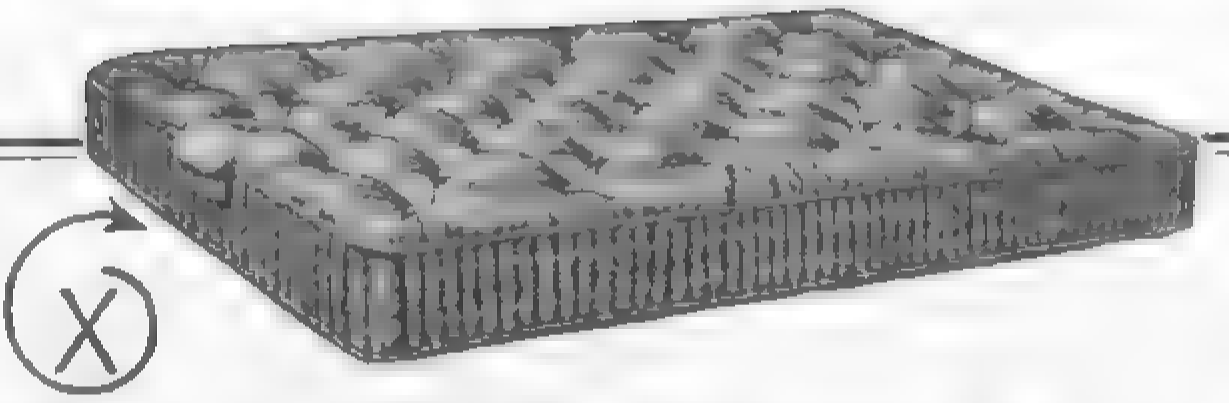

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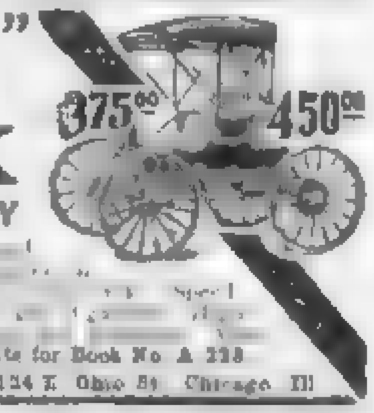

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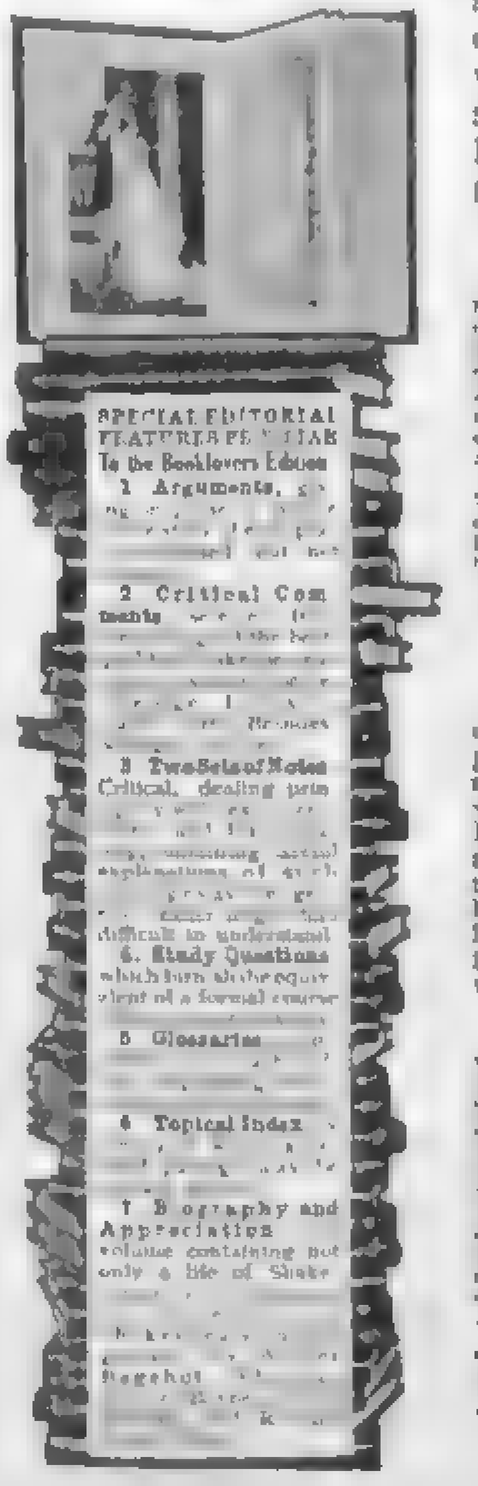

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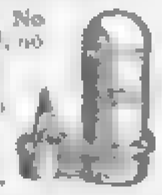

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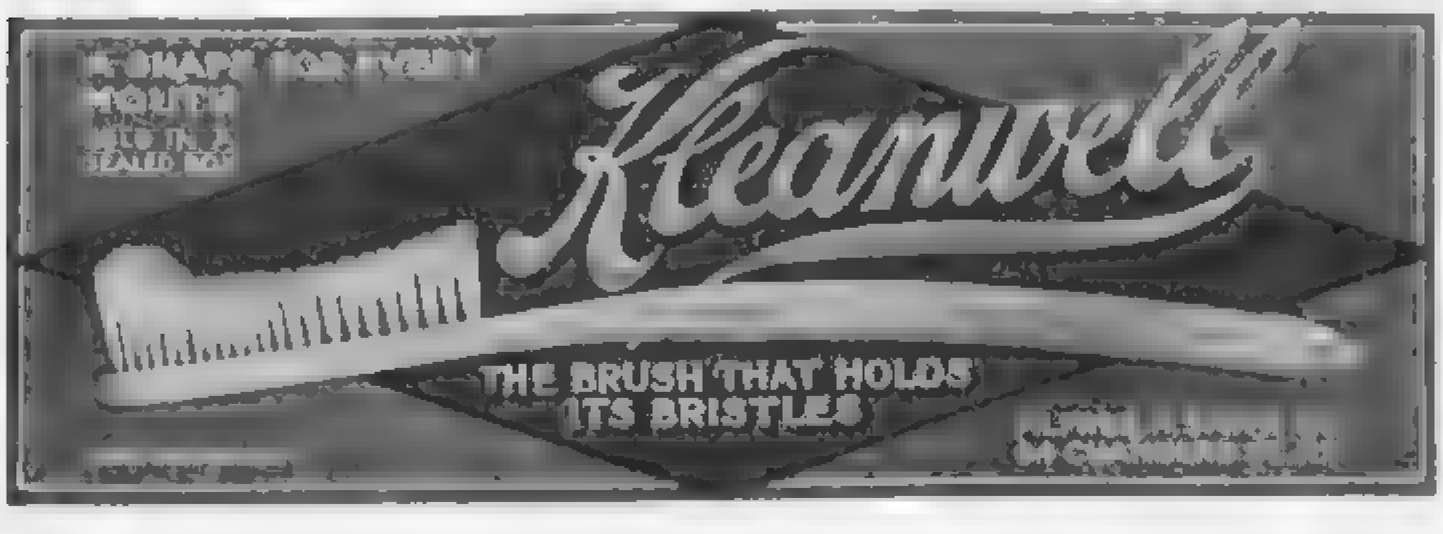

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THE OUTLAW

Continued from Page 9)

quietly, falling into the semblance of a trail-herd as their ranks were swelled by others which the punchers raised up; but there were some who did not. Occasionally a heifer would make a break to one side, only to be headed off; and once a cow, driven too impetuously, jerked her head sideways and bowed her tail. The horse quit in the pursuit right there. He knew when a cow was "on the prod," and he hadn't been at the game for nine years for nothing. So they let her go. Time after time, when the red-and-white would turn about to gaze, the rider would come at him, slapping his boot with his quirt and whistling. It made the calf peevish, this constant surveillance.

Their ranks were swelling so fast, too, that his identity, and hence his sense of security, were deserting him. Another influx of cattle caused him to carrom off his mother's side, and with puerile anger he butted at those nearest, until he observed he was making no impression, when, discouraged, he gave it up and plodded along, "grouching" to himself. His tiny troubles were lost in that great army. For three thousand cattle were converging, from twenty-two points in an area seven miles wide, upon a plain where waited the chuck-wagon. Give a likely youth from a small country town a hundred dollars and set him down in the centre of Broadway and you'll get an idea of the red-and-white's feelings. He was almost too interested to be scared, and he had just enough of the sport in him to foresee possibilities in this huge gathering.

Events showed there were certainly possibilities, more than he reckoned on; which he might have guessed had he caught his mother's anxious glances or could he have interpreted the meaning of her gloomy soliloquies.

Clouds of thick, suffocating dust; a babel of sound; mighty roarings and bellowings of irate bulls, petty monarchs now on a common footing they resented; the complaining lowing of cows and the frightened bawling of the calves; and always a bewildering churning and shifting of the huge mass, like a maëlstrom. Every few minutes a stream of dirt would go shooting up like a geyser, where a bull was spoiling for a fight and sent his thundering challenge over the ranks, whilst he pawed the ground. Occasionally there was a clash and some desperate attempts at goring, but what might have been fights to the death under favorable circumstances were nipped in the bud by the separation of the combatants.

Well over three thousand head were there, a good day's drive; and of these, perhaps six hundred were calves. And holding this host on the round-up ground were eight punchers, sitting apathetically on their horses on the outskirts. They had little to do while their companions worked the herd, cutting out the strays to one side and the cows and calves to another. Sometimes an animal would wander to the edge, stand staring uncertainly, then saunter forth to attain the open; but most were driven back without trouble. Occasionally one persisted, and gave a herder a furious dash to head him off; but that was all part of the day's work.

When the cutters penetrated the dust and came threading their way through the noisy, restless, sensitive horde, the calf became doubly uneasy. One man on a blazed-face bay was particularly insistent. The red-and-white watched him work deviously through the entire herd after a cow and her young and drive them forth to the open, so he tried to keep out of sight. But it was no use. Soon the horse was close to them, and mother and son felt, rather than saw, that they were the objects of the quiet manœuvring that followed. Wherever they dodged and doubled the blazed-face was sure to be there, close behind, patient, untiring, like their own shadows. A wave of resentment against this steady pressure broke them into a run, and, before they knew it, the outer rim of cattle split wide open, and they were beyond the herd. In a panic they endeavored to dart back, but the big bay interposed. Seeing this, the cow sped toward a draw, where the scrub cedar appeared to offer chances of escape. With the speed of light the puncher was after them, twisting, wheeling, heading her off toward the "cut." And the calf found the

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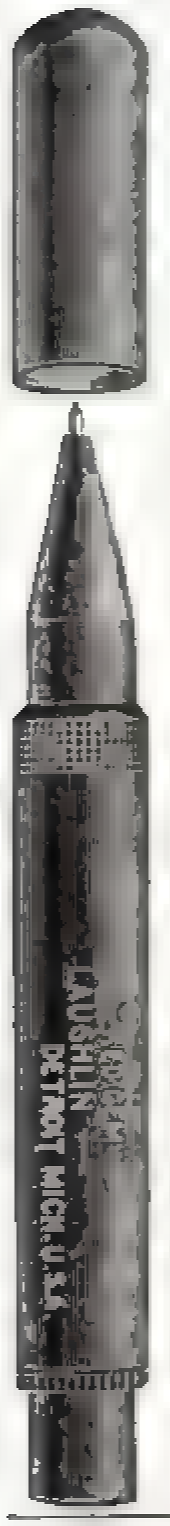

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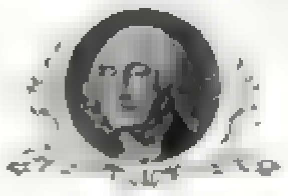

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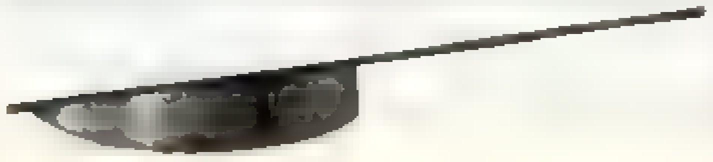

same indefatigable foe between him and freedom when he emulated his mother

"Get in, you low-lived whelp," howled the cutter, and he spurred furiously.

They finally gave up the contest as hopeless and trotted meekly to join the bunch of cows and calves they perceived ahead of them.

There were cows which shot from the herd at a gallop and then would break to a hesitating trot, moving with their heads hanging loosely, close to the ground. Their gait had an odd, uncanny uncertainty about it. Sometimes the animals would shrink from a weed and draw back. One stopped at perceiving a shadow and went around it fearfully.

"Locoed," commented a puncher pityingly. For these had eaten of the strange loco weed and were afflicted.

By eleven o'clock, the herd was worked and there followed the wild rush for the chuck-wagon. Half a dozen men remained to herd the cows and calves. They gave no trouble, and, for an hour, the red-and-white was left unworried—that is to say, he was free from physical persecution, but his fears troubled him greatly. Why were they kept in a crowd this way? What was going to happen?

The jolting of the hoodlum-wagon now focused the herd's attention. From it was dropped a forge. Busily Al went to work to heat the branding-irons.

By now the roper and flankers were on the ground, three sets of them, and every minute calves were emitting protesting wails as the hot irons seared their sides.

He worked like an automaton, that roper. He seemed removed from human passions, remote from the ordinary human impulses. His rope flew unerringly, and without waiting to see how it fell, but accepting a catch as a certainty, back the horse would go at a trot or a lope, with a panicstricken, crying calf plunging, bumping along in the rear, sometimes turning somersaults—for life is too short to carry calves to the flankers on feather cushions, though possibly the flankers would prefer them that way. They yank them there. The red-and-white edged away from the field of this gentleman's labors and ran straight in front of a sorrel horse.

"Baw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw!" he cried, as, suddenly, something settled about his neck, tightened, and a mighty force commenced to drag him into the open.

Another roper had got him. He bumped his back and began to buck, his forelegs rigid. At every leap into the air he blatted and protested. His mother shrank back at the first outcry in confusion, and lost sight of him in the dust raised by his unwilling progress. For fully thirty yards he was dragged in a series of hurtling leaps, with the rope cutting into his neck so that he could scarcely breathe, and then, before he had time to recover his faculties, a man seized the rope, ran along it until he reached the red-and-white, and, reaching over his body, flopped him in the air. But the calf wasn't flanked so easily—not the red-and-white. Twice he rebounded like a rubber ball, finding his feet before his body could touch the sod.

"Stay-ay-ay with him, Steve! Go to him, boy!" shrieked the delighted flankers.

"Durn his hide! He's as strong as a weaner," snorted Steve, breathing hard, and he gave a tremendous heave. At the same time he made a short spring forward with knees crooked, which carried him under the calf as that strenuous combatant essayed to make his hoofs hit the ground first. The red-and-white came down with a bump that sounded like the unloading of a trunk marked, "Handle with care." It would have broken the ribs of anything aged three months except a calf. And worse was to come

"Holy cats, it's Split-Ear!" cried Steve. He sat back of his head, with one knee on his neck, and twisted one foreleg in a jiu-jitsu grip that paralyzed all effort, while another puncher at his other extremity got a viselike hold of the left leg, and put the other out of commission by thrusting it far forward with his foot and holding it there.

"Oh-oh-oh-uh-uh-uh-ah!"

The cry was almost human, and the eyes bulged and rolled with terror until the whites showed. The iron had touched him, biting through his coat into the flesh, while the smoke curled up, carrying the smell of burning hair. His fright needed just that pang of pain to get proper vocal expression, and he used all his available wind in a

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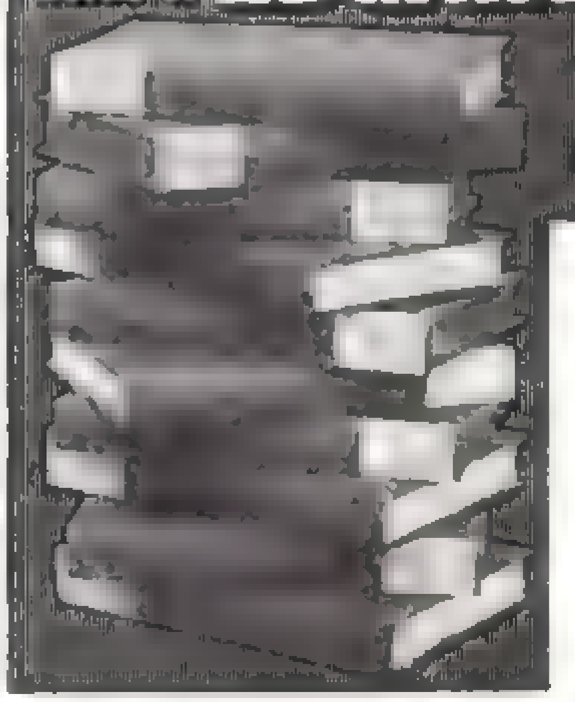

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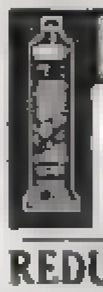

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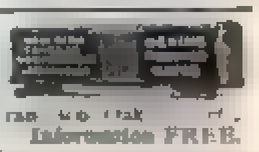

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IT had come to be the fifth day of April, 1897. John Stephens, revolutionist, aged twenty-four, sat upon the balcony of a hotel in Valparaiso—flat broke, and in hiding from the Chilian authorities. When the Peruvian, Don Emilio de Costello, came to him with a desperate plan involving the cutting out of the Government yacht *Esmeralda*, Stephens being an American, and a sea-captain, said, "You may fill out the contract, senor. I'll try a throw of the dice." How the adventure developed into a search for a derelict treasure-galleon adrift for many years in Antarctic waters is told by Randall Parrish in his newest romance, "The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel." ALL the reviewers say that it is his best story.' The notices printed below contain no more praise than those received from several hundred other papers.

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"It is of a mad trip, of how the frozen seas pursued the vessel like the very fiend, of how the wicked crew were affected by a ghost, of the death of Eli Tuttle, the courage of Lady Darlington, the pluck and determination of Stephens, of the crushing of the yacht by icebergs, of these and many other strange and thrilling things, that Mr. Randall Parrish has written in this splendid sea-story. As a book full of ship-wrecks and rescues on a boundless deep it is unparalleled and unapproachable, while as a romance of adventure and love it furnishes inexhaustible material for reflection and enjoyment."

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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frantic appeal to the mother that bore him. It was not in vain.

"Look out! Here she comes!" yelled a flanker.

The three working over the calf looked up to see the cow charging down on them like a late night trolley making up on her schedule. There was no time to dodge. When she was within twenty feet of the group an idle flanker kicked a jet of sand into her face and she swerved irresolutely, coming to a trot. The roper drove her back and work was resumed on her son.

"I mind once, when I was with the X. I. T.'s, a cow jumped clean over us that-a-way," remarked Bill Kennedy, rising up from the ground. As a parting salute he rolled the red-and-white over his hip, as a wrestler throws a man to the mat.

The calf was scared and sore all over. A swallow-fork in the right ear and a crop in the left, below that freak incision, worried him. He stood humped up, glowering in all directions, in an effort to get his bearings; then he executed some shuddering, half-hearted jumps, as though trying to shed the two burning letters on his left flank, and sought his mother. He was all in, sick, too, and all the fight gone from him.

The herd was driven off at five o'clock and released, and the red-and-white "mooched" about the valley, enduring great pain. He had a fever and was low down in spirits. Half of his enormous appetite was gone, but only half. Alas, he had lost the source of supply for even the remnant that remained. In some unaccountable way he had become separated from his mother in the general confusion attendant upon the driving back and scattering of the herd, and as it was meal-time the loss was doubly distressing.

He lifted up his voice in a song of sorrow, but naught availed. Perceiving this he started to find his mother. The cow was hunting for him, too, hunting frantically. And she was not alone in her grief, for at least fifty cows had lost their calves in the turmoil of sorting and branding, and they wandered up and down and across without cessation, lowing pathetically, a world of distress in their tones and in their eyes. From time to time one would sight a stray calf and make a beeline for it, to nose the little fellow, for a cow trusts more to her sense of smell with her young than to her sight; but only to give a moan of disappointment and resume her hunt.

The red-and-white tried to identify every cow he met as his mother. As a result he got some rebuffs that would have discouraged a more sensitive or less hungry youngster. For hours he hunted around; for hours cows wandered about crying for their young. Twice the red-and-white essayed to feed where he had no blood-rights, and nearly had his ribs stove in for his pains. Finally, made crafty by hunger, he softly shouldered another calf away from her place at her mother's side, and tried to substitute himself. The old cow strove furiously to reach him for that dirty trick.

But his hunger was short-lived; for a familiar voice smote upon his ear, his answering cry came with a glad quiver in it, and mother and son were united. How she smelled of him and nosed him and licked his dusty sides and neck! And the way he went for his meal! She gave a long, low rumble of content. Even when the rascal butted cruelly with his head, in his consuming hunger, and hurt her, she lowed in proud satisfaction.

Even pain and trouble cannot last forever. In a week his wounds had healed, he was sound and strong again, and the awful ordeal became only a dim memory. Once more began the long, idle days of good feeding and play with his young companions. His life was a full one. Compared with that of the barnyard variety of the genus calf, it was as checkered as a drummer's appears to a hot-blooded resident of a backwoods community. Frequently he heard his elders talk of wonderful happenings in cow world. He drank in with eager ears the terrible story of the loss of seven hundred steers at one time from a trail-herd in the quicksands of the Pease, and was an auditor to plain, unadorned tales of heroic struggles in which the fathers of his friends had participated.

That winter his mother grew gaunt and savage. The cold was intense at times, and the snowfall was greater than the oldest bull could recall. Often men came riding to inspect, and on one visit drove some of the weaker cattle to the home pasture, there to be fed daily. But for the

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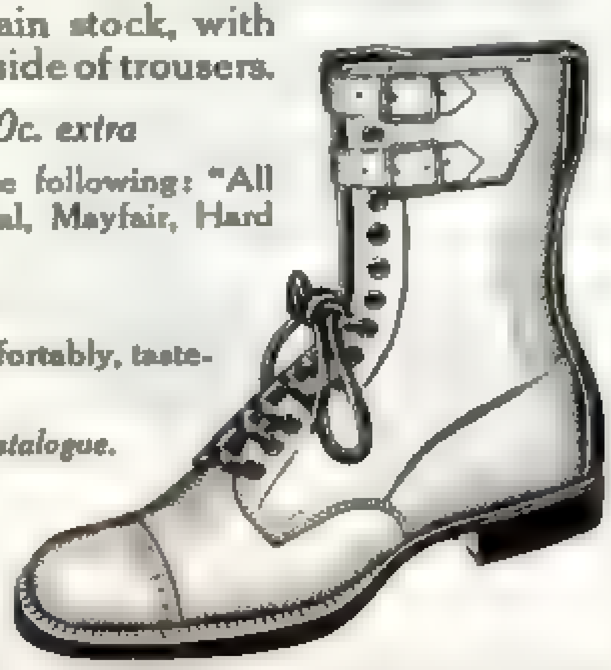

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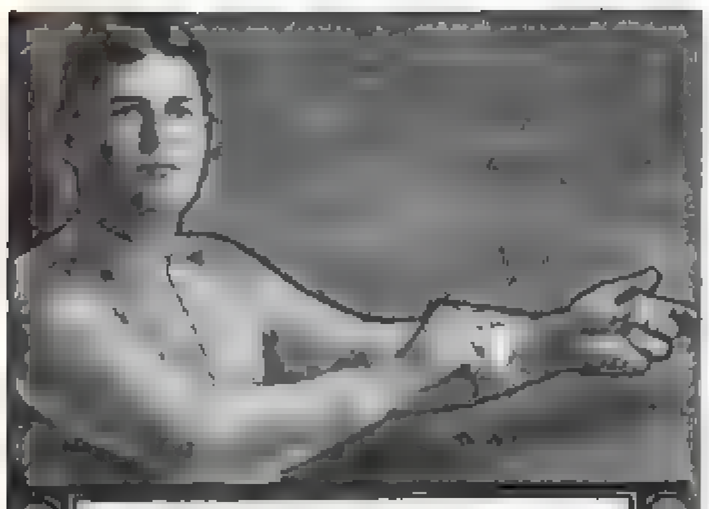

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others little could be done, and the red-and-white was one of them. There were many good windbreaks on the range, and the calf was tough, so he won through somehow. But when the snow drifted deep for a week and the cow could not find grass in her wanderings, grim death stared them in the face. The calf himself went five days without a meal, yet lived. A cow won't paw down through the snow like a horse, and mother and son saw some of their friends perish of hunger.

But spring came at last, suddenly, like a mountain sunrise, and the earth was exceeding glad. Worn and dilapidated, they greeted the season of hope with a sudden access of energy. During the months that followed the red-and-white was weaned. He learned to eat grass, of which accomplishment he was at first inordinately proud, and he throve on it; and he had but one worry in the world, heel flies.

The red-and-white had become an amazingly big fellow for his age. When round-up time arrived again and he was herded with about twenty-eight hundred cattle, he grew chesty over the fact that he sized up well with most of the two-year-olds. His strength and restless energy were proportionate.

He was a sport, all right, a regular rounder. While the other cattle would be sleeping peacefully on the bed-ground, and the men on guard would be droning weird ballads of mother and home and the sad story of Casey Jones, the brave engineer, the young red-and-white would go "bumming" up and down through the herd, trying to start some excitement. He always chose to saunter straight through the centre of the recumbent host, and where he passed all got to their feet uneasily. To such as he dared he addressed himself sneeringly, inviting the youthful to come out and join him in whatever of merrymaking might offer. The tired old cows would grumble at him and tell him to go to bed, but he was proof against all reproaches, and conscience he had none. He would stroll around with a dissipated swagger, jeering at his companions of domestic tastes who stayed in nights, and oftentimes this procedure almost started the trouble he craved, for his talk was tinctured with levity and of a freedom no self-respecting steer could brook

"Hang him!" grumbled a puncher on guard, as he watched his wanderings for the twentieth time, and for the twentieth time turned and drove back some who tried to walk out at his prompting. "He's playing for a stampede."

"I swan ef it ain't Split-Ear!" remarked Steve, when the red-and-white passed very near him. "Git to bed, Split-Ear. I reckon you're a rake."

When finally tired of this solitary roaming the red-and-white would select some young steer weaker than himself, perhaps a "dogy," butt him off the bed he had warmed, and compose himself to slumber. Whereat a great sigh of satisfaction would be heard mingled with the blowing of the cattle. He had a beautiful disposition.

Another year passed. When the punchers came whooping up the cattle in the following August, the red-and-white heard the loud shoutings, and saw, with contemptuous resentment, his fellow-creatures being shoved toward the round-up ground. Their meekness awoke hot rebellion in him. Of a truth, this was not seemly. Big he was now and of the strength of two. He decided he wouldn't go.

The puncher came upon him unawares and the surprise of his first rush started the steer in the right direction, but it didn't keep him there; for as soon as the rider departed to rustle up another bunch the red-and-white went off at a tangent. Far had he wandered in his day, and he knew some brakes, miles, miles away, where the foot of man or of horse seldom trod, where the hiding was excellent. Toward these he headed. Two hundred, three hundred yards, and behind him he heard the familiar scramble of the pursuer. The red-and-white flagged his tail and let out another notch.

"Quit it, you Split-Ear!" bawled Steve. "Blast you, git in thar!"

The two-year-old only ran the harder, but the pony gained. Then he lost his temper and made up his mind that whether or not the puncher caught him he would reach those brakes; if necessary he would turn about and attack. His head swayed from side to side, his gait became uncertain, and he seemed worried—symptoms which were not lost on the horse. When the steer

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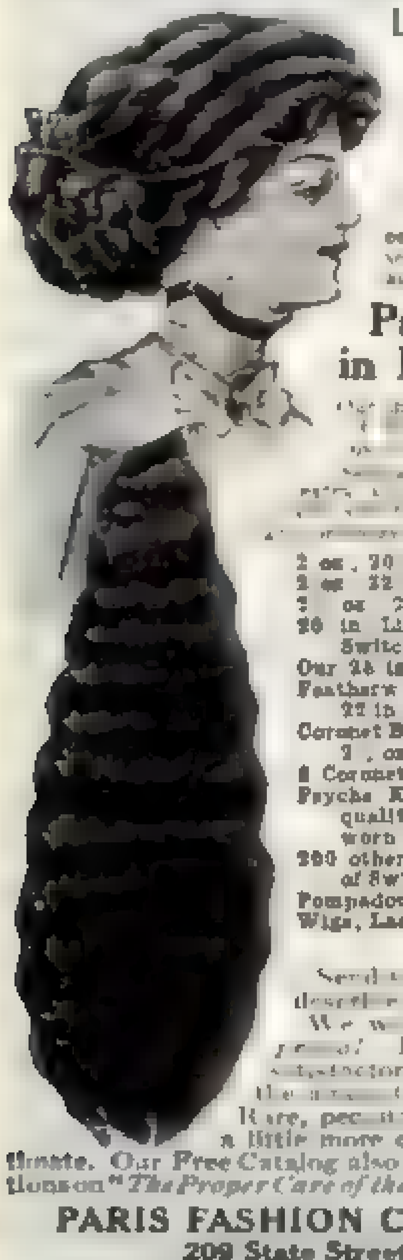

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stopped and faced about the horse turned like a flash, and as he did so a loud, querulous voice, raised in helpless anger, broke up Steve's program. That voice changed the red-and-white's destiny. Indirectly it saved him from the stockyards; but, then, he would probably have saved himself.

"Let him go, Steve! You'll lose that other bunch," cried the wagon boss.

Steve waved his hat at the steer with a good-natured grin and shook up his horse, departing like a rocket to his work, while the red-and-white continued on toward the brakes. That is how he became an outlaw.

In the vast Croton brakes were scores such as he. Some of them were grown old and hoary, and they bore many brands. A few had no brands at all; outlaws from birth, these. All had run wild for years, and round-ups were things of the long ago to them. So shy were they that it was as difficult for a man to approach them as to stalk a herd of antelope, and the passion for solitary grazing that had drawn them from the haunts of men, and had made them outlaws, still remained. They indulged it to an increasing degree with the years. Occasionally, half a dozen would bunch loosely in their feeding and to sleep, but as a general thing the outlaws were as wary and suspicious of one another as of strange cattle and of man. Did anything come near which one did not understand, he would crouch behind a cedar like a scared rabbit, muscles taut, ready to make a run.

The red-and-white took to the life as his birthright. Somewhere in him ran a strain that drove him resistlessly to solitude and the freedom of the wilds; and he was happy. More than once he had to fight, but he possessed an unbeatable temper and had a world of craft to direct his agility and colossal strength, so that he came from his battles with blood-dripping horns held high and proudly.

Rough and torn and wild were the brakes—miles on miles of rock, of cañons, gullies and hills, of scrub cedar and bear-grass—but the feeding was good for so few when one knew the best places, and the outlaw waxed exceeding strong. His horns spread, too. How elated his mother would have been could she have viewed the grand sweep of them. Three years sped by and the outlaw fought his way to kingship.

On an October day he was startled by the sound of firing. Such sounds he had not heard for years. It was not the snappy, sharp report of a six-shooter, but was louder and of heavier metal. Suddenly there came to his mind the stories a tough old outlaw had told him shortly before he laid his aching bones down to die beside a pool in a rocky draw. Yes, that was it. There was a hunt on, a hunt of outlaws. The great horns of the free steers would bring high prices, and, at rare intervals, a party of punchers came thus with rifles to gather them. The red-and-white let out a bellow of warning and tore away down a draw to where his followers were gathering.

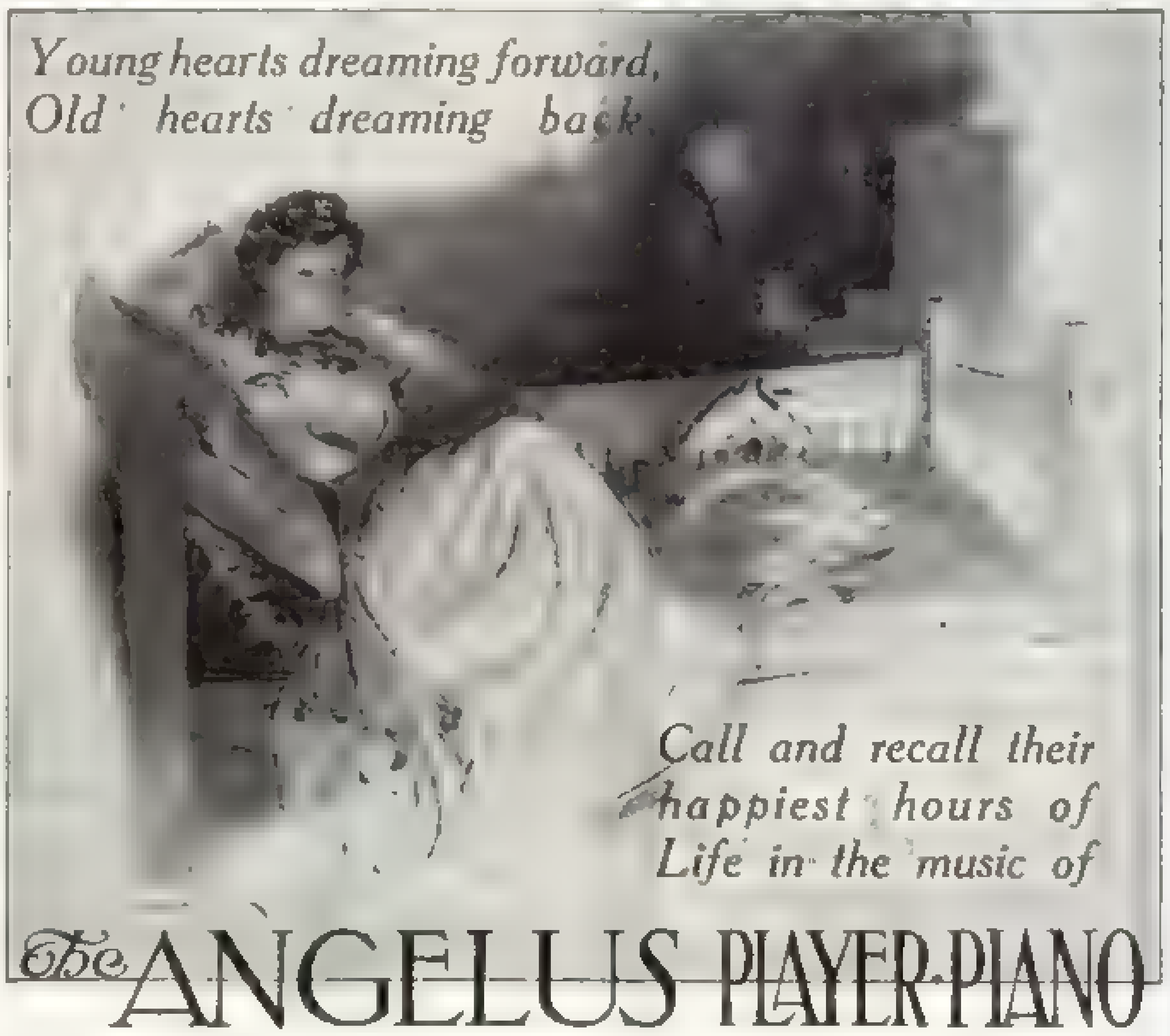
It was a terrible day for the outlaws of the Croton brakes. Fully a score of noble animals plunged forward to death as the rifles rang out, and when the bunch which trailed behind the red-and-white split and scattered the chase developed into mad, individual contests of speed. The outlaw could run; the way he traveled would have made a range steer look like a muley cow. Up and down hills, over buttes that seemed too steep to climb, he ran like a deer, and sheer cliffs appeared to be highways to him. But, behind, a rider spurred tenaciously, steadily diminishing the distance that separated them, holding his fire until he could be sure of this glorious prize. Up came the rifle—but it never sent forth its leaden messenger.

"Gee whiz, ef it ain't old Split-Ear! How, Split-Ear?" cried Steve.

"Git a-goin', boy, an' keep her up! Whoopee!"

With a final spurt and shout the veteran puncher wheeled and came to a standstill, regarding the hurtling, smashing run of the big steer with a smile of admiration. The red-and-white was already disappearing in the distance, far, far away from all further danger of pursuit, his tail held high, his head swaying. Steve watched him until he topped a rise and disappeared. He had lost a hundred dollars if a cent; but he had spared and had saved an old friend. And he chuckled as he recalled the steer's past misdeeds on the bed-ground.

The outlaw went back to his remotest fastnesses. He may be there yet, boss of the Croton brakes.



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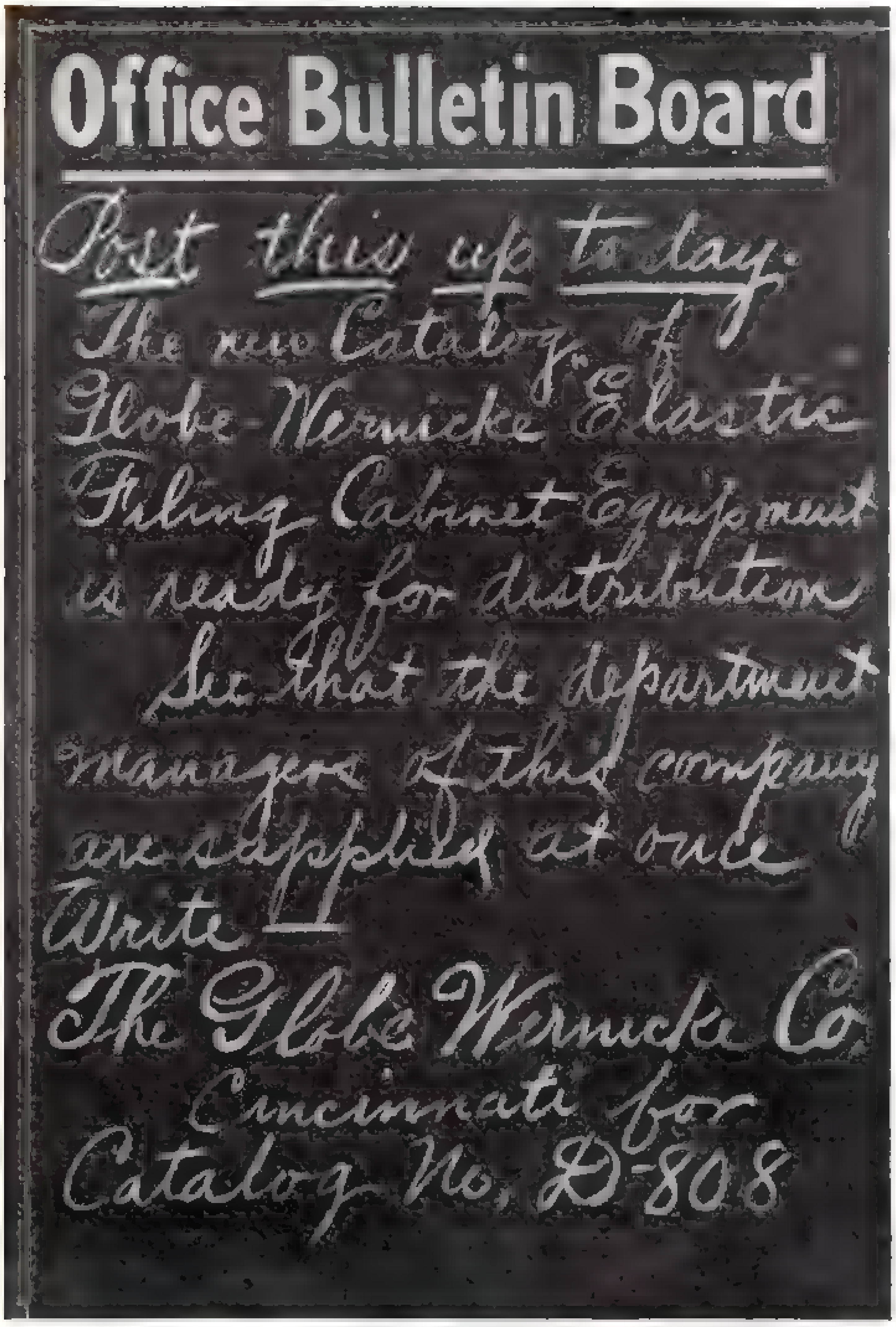

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The Post has made arrangements with practically all of the best commercial colleges in the country, covering every section, in any of which a business education may be secured by any of The Post readers absolutely without cost. All that is necessary is a little work for the magazine in leisure hours. A full commercial course, or a special course in stenography and typewriting, can be obtained in this way, while for those living in small towns, remote from places where the selected colleges are located, a special course by mail in the latter branches has been arranged.

There is nothing competitive in the plan — a complete commercial course, or, for that matter, a musical education or a university course in any one of eight hundred colleges and schools throughout the United States, may be secured in return for pleasant work easily performed.

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and upwards, in **easy fascinating work.** Our courses of **Personal Home Instruction** by correspondence are **complete, practical.** Eleven years successful teaching. Expert instructors. **Positions guaranteed** competent workers. Write for **Handsome Art Book, Free.**

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400 of its class-room courses by correspondence. One may take up High School or College studies at almost any point and do half the work for a Bachelor degree. Courses for Teachers, Writers, Ministers, Bankers, Farmers and Home Economists and many others.

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The "Cado" Fountain Pencil-10 Cents

Requires no sharpening, has no metal parts and nothing to get out of order. The lead is adjustable in a neat fountain-pen like holder. Ask your stationer for it or send us 10c for the pencil with box of refills. **CUSHMAN & DENISON MFG. CO., 240 W. 23rd St., New York**

Qu' est ce qui donne le meilleur appetit?

Kellogg's
TOASTED CORN FLAKES
W.K.Kellogg
TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

W.K.Kellogg

If you don't understand this—see page 45

The "IRWIN"

Auger-Bit is the ONLY SOLID CENTER STEM Auger-Bit Made in Every Style and Size. So the "IRWIN" is the ONLY Auger-Bit that Can and Will Give You Absolutely SATISFACTORY SERVICE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

THE special steel to be used for making "IRWIN" Bits is first tested for temper taking quality and then tested by specially designed heavy machinery for tensile strength—stretching or straining—and for torsion—turning or twisting.

"IRWIN" Bits are all **drop-forged** which solidifies and **strengthens** the steel and thus "IRWIN" Bits give the best and longest service for this reason as well as because of their peculiar pattern.

"IRWIN" Bits are all carefully turned on a lathe to make them absolutely true and accurate and are highly finished—full polished from tip to tip.

Each bit passes through fifty hands and the heads and cutters are all sharpened and finished by hand filing.

Every "IRWIN" Bit is tempered by a secret process, in molten tin, oil and brine. This process is so arranged that it is absolutely accurate, insuring perfect temper in every "IRWIN" Bit.

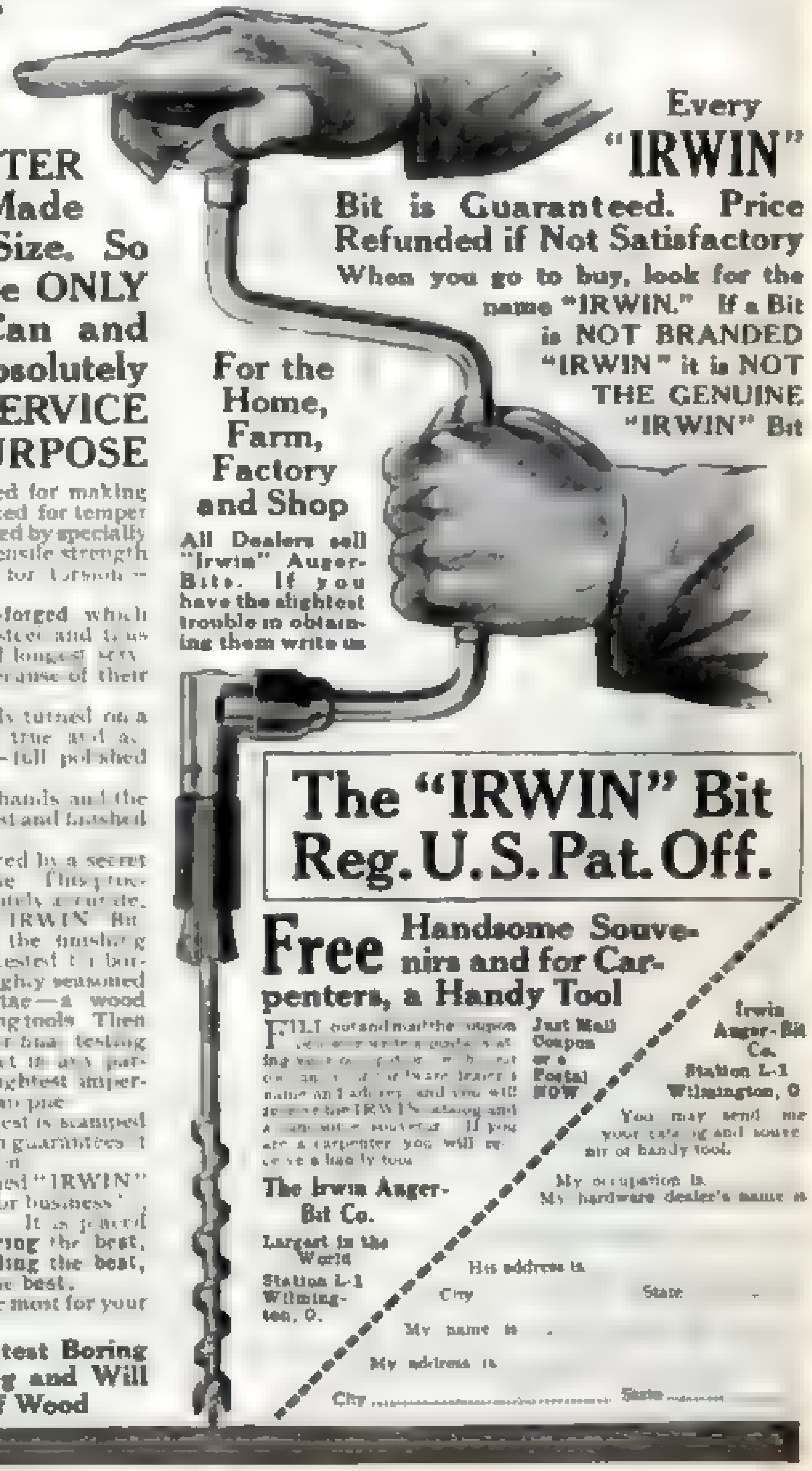
When each bit has received the finishing touches from the polishers it is tested for boring capacity in the hardest of highly seasoned hard woods such as lignum-vitae—a wood which will ruin most wood working tools. Then each bit passes to other hands for final testing which detects the slightest defect in any particular. The detection of the slightest imperfection condemns a bit to the scrap pile.

Every bit that passes this final test is stamped with the name "IRWIN" which guarantees it to you to give absolute satisfaction.

Look at the picture of the finished "IRWIN" Bit (shown in the brace "ready for business"), and **note the stamp** on the stem. It is placed there for **your protection** in **buying** the **best**, for the **dealer's** protection in **selling** the **best**, for our protection in **producing** the **best**.

Find that stamp if you want the most for your money and the

Strongest, Easiest and Fastest Boring Bits Made. Will Not Clog and Will Bore in End or Side of Wood



Every "IRWIN" Bit is Guaranteed. Price Refunded if Not Satisfactory

When you go to buy, look for the name "IRWIN." If a Bit is NOT BRANDED "IRWIN" it is NOT THE GENUINE "IRWIN" Bit

For the Home, Farm, Factory and Shop

All Dealers sell "Irwin" Auger-Bits. If you have the slightest trouble in obtaining them write us

The "IRWIN" Bit Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Free Handsome Souvenirs and for Carpenters, a Handy Tool

FILL out and mail the coupon (or a postal) giving your occupation, your hardware dealer's name and address, and you will receive the IRWIN catalog and a handsome souvenir. If you are a carpenter you will receive a handy tool.

Just Mail Coupon or a Postal NOW

The Irwin Auger-Bit Co.
Largest in the World
Station L-1
Wilmington, O.

Irwin Auger-Bit Co.
Station L-1
Wilmington, O

You may send me your catalog and souvenir or handy tool.

My occupation is
My hardware dealer's name is
His address is
City State
My name is
My address is
City State

A Saving in Shaving

It's nothing more or less than extravagance to pay a big price for a safety-razor.

The only part that counts for anything is the blade. But good blades—even the best of blades—don't warrant the price usually demanded for the razor.

The biggest part of what you pay for the regular safety razor is for the frame and the box—details that don't figure at all in the razor's value.

Prove this for yourself.

Get a SHRP-SHAVR Safety Razor For 25 cents—and Use It

For practical purposes you can't get a better razor at any price—because SHRP-SHAVR blades are the *best blades made.*

When you buy a SHRP-SHAVR your money is invested in the real working part — *in the blade* — not in mere details like the frame and box.

We're Willing to Show You

Get a SHRP-SHAVR Safety Razor from your dealer. If he will not supply you, send us a quarter, coin or stamps, and we'll supply you direct. Use the razor and compare the shave you get with any other razor you ever used. If you don't say the SHRP-SHAVR is as good as any other, whatever its price — if you're not absolutely satisfied with the SHRP-SHAVR any way you take it — send it back to us and we'll return your quarter without a word. We're willing to back our blades with our money. Make your trial today. Extra blades, 5 for 25c. Stropper, 10c.

SHRP-SHAVR RAZOR CO.
68 Duane Street, New York

SHRP SHAVR It's all in our blades

STYLE NEATNESS COMFORT
THE IMPROVED
BOSTON GARTER

The Name is stamped on every loop — Be sure it's there.

The Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG — NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

Worn All Over the World

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

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INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

Beaver Boards

The Modern Wall and Ceiling Material

Takes Place of Both Lath and Plaster

Nails direct to studding. Susceptible to finest decoration — Practical — Economical — Durable — Sample free. Our handsome booklet tells all about the 6 kinds. Write for it today—lest you forget.

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"Protect Your Idea" Book "Fortunes in Patents — What and How to Invent"

Free [illegible] Book. Free report as to Patentability

E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer, 1186 F, Washington, D. C.

THE GREAT SCOURGE

(Continued from Page 15)

healthy mouth, which can become injurious to the body, or *pathogenic*, only under certain depressed or disturbed conditions of the latter. In defense of this last it may be pointed out that dental bacteriologists have now already isolated and described some thirty different forms of organisms which inhabit the mouth and teeth; and the Pneumococcus may well be one of these. Further, that a number of our most dangerous disease germs, like the typhoid bacillus, the bacillus of tuberculosis, and the bacillus of diphtheria, have almost perfect "doubles," law-abiding relatives, so to speak, among the germs that normally inhabit our throats, our intestines or our immediate surroundings. The ultimate foundation question of the science of bacteriology is: How did the disease germs become disease germs? But the question is still unanswered.

However, fortunately, here, as in other human affairs, imperfect as our knowledge is, it is sufficient to serve as a guide for practical conduct. Widely present as the Pneumococcus is, we know well that it is powerless for harm except in unhealthful surroundings. There is another interesting feature of its life history which is of practical importance, and that is, like many other bacilli it is increased in virulence and infectiousness by passing through the body of a patient. Flushed with victory over a weakened subject, it acquires courage to attack a stronger. This is the reason why, in those comparatively infrequent instances in which pneumonia runs through a family, it is the strongest and most vigorous members of the family who are the last to be attacked. It also explains one of the paradoxes of this disease, that, while emphatically a disease of overcrowding and foul air, and attacking chiefly weakened individuals, it is a veritable scourge of camps, whether mining or military. When once three or four cases of pneumonia have occurred in a mining camp, even though this consist almost exclusively of vigorous men, most of them in the prime of life, it acquires a virulence like that of a pestilence, so that, while ordinarily not more than fifteen to twenty per cent. of those attacked die, death-rates of forty, fifty and even seventy per cent. are by no means uncommon in mining camps. The fury and swiftness of this "miners' pneumonia" is equally incredible. Strong, vigorous men are taken with a chill while working in their sluicing ditches, are delirious before night, and die within forty-eight hours. So widely known are these facts, and so dreaded is the disease throughout the Far West and in mountain regions generally, that there is a widespread belief that pneumonia at high altitudes is particularly deadly.

I had occasion to interest myself in this question some years ago, and by writing to colleagues practicing at high elevations and collecting reports from the literature, especially of the surgeons of army posts in mountain regions, was somewhat surprised to find that the mortality of all cases occurring above five thousand feet elevation was almost identical with that of a similar class of the population at sea-level. It is only when a sufficient number of cases occur in succession to raise the virulence of the Pneumococcus in this curious manner that an epidemic with high fatality develops.

That this increase in virulence in the organism does occur was clearly demonstrated by a bacteriologist friend of mine, who succeeded in securing some of the sputum from a fatal case in the famous Tonopah epidemic of some years ago, an epidemic so fatal that it was locally known as the "Black Death." Upon injecting cultures from this sputum into guinea-pigs, the latter died in one-quarter of the time that it usually took them to succumb to a similar dose of an ordinary culture of the Pneumococcus.

It is therefore evident that just as "no chain is stronger than its weakest link," so in the broad sense no community is stronger than its weakest group of individuals, and pneumonia, like other epidemics, may be well described as the vengeance which the "submerged tenth" may wreak from time to time upon their more fortunate brethren.

Now that we know that under decent and civilized conditions of light and ventilation the Pneumococcus will live but an

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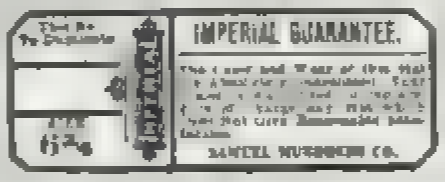
are made in fifty shapes just as smart as "The Colby." You can see them at our IMPERIAL AGENCY in your town, or in the beautiful Style-Book that we will send you for the asking:

THIS GUARANTEE LABEL is in every genuine IMPERIAL $3 HAT. It's your buying protection



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SAMUEL MUNDHEIM CO.

If you don't know the dealer who sells Imperial $3 Hats in your town write direct to the maker.

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American Gentleman SHOE

$3.50 $4.00 $5.00

For dress or semi-dress occasions, the patent leather shoe has always been and always will be the correct thing in footwear. From the wide variety of styles in which the

American Gentleman Shoe

is made you will be able to select a dress shoe that will not only conform to your every requirement of personal taste but will please your sense of economy by its unusual wearing qualities.

The perfect [illegible] of this American Gentleman Special No. 1199 [illegible] unseen [illegible] every American Gentleman Shoe [illegible] Made on the new "Astor" last, with patent leather vamp, dull calf top, single sole and welt, small extended edge and [illegible] heel — a handsome shoe.

Over 21,000 DEALERS in all parts of the World sell the American Gentleman Shoe.

Hamilton, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U.S.A.

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30-Day Offer

4-25c Mantles

Famous Anglo Export mantle made from formula [illegible] to us. Soft—pliable—strong. [illegible]

A $1 Inverted Burner

Twentieth Century Inverted Burner—[illegible] shadows—no smoke—does work of 5 ordinary burners at cost of 1. Uses natural or artificial gas.

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A mantle that you can't break—that you can tie in a knot without damage.

The Anglo Export mantle, made [illegible] Sent prepaid anywhere for 25c.

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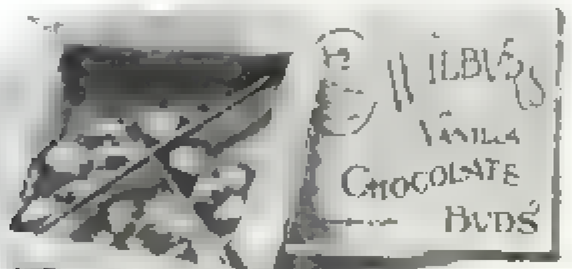
[illegible] any [illegible] prepaid for $1.00

SEND US A DOLLAR BILL

[illegible] every statement in this ad., and [illegible] refund your money if you are not satisfied. Reference—Any bank in the U. S. or Canada.

Send to-day for Illustrated Catalogue of Lighting Bargains.

Anglo-American Inc. Light Co.
Largest Exclusive Lighting House in the World
PITTSBURGH, PA.



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CHOCOLATE
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The only genuine.

Note the taste so different from others—that smooth melting quality and the surpassingly delicious aroma. Buy of your druggist or confectioner, or send us *one dollar* for a pound box prepaid.

One sample box for 30c in stamps and your dealer's name

H. O. WILBUR & SONS
222 Bread Street Cocoa Manufacturers Philadelphia, Pa

Strop Your Double-Edged Blades with The Rundel Automatic Stropper

Makes old double-edged razor blades better than new. Improves new blades and insures a perfect shave.

Absolutely automatic and cannot cut strop. Nickel-[illegible] days if not [illegible]

The Rundel Sales Co.
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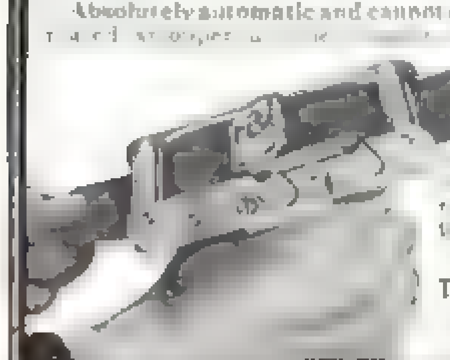

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EVANS, WILKENS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

hour to an hour and a half, this reduces the risk of direct infection under these conditions to a minimum. It is obvious that the principal factors in the control of the disease are those which tend to build up the vigor and resisting power of all possible victims. The more broadly we study the disease the more clearly do the data point in this direction.

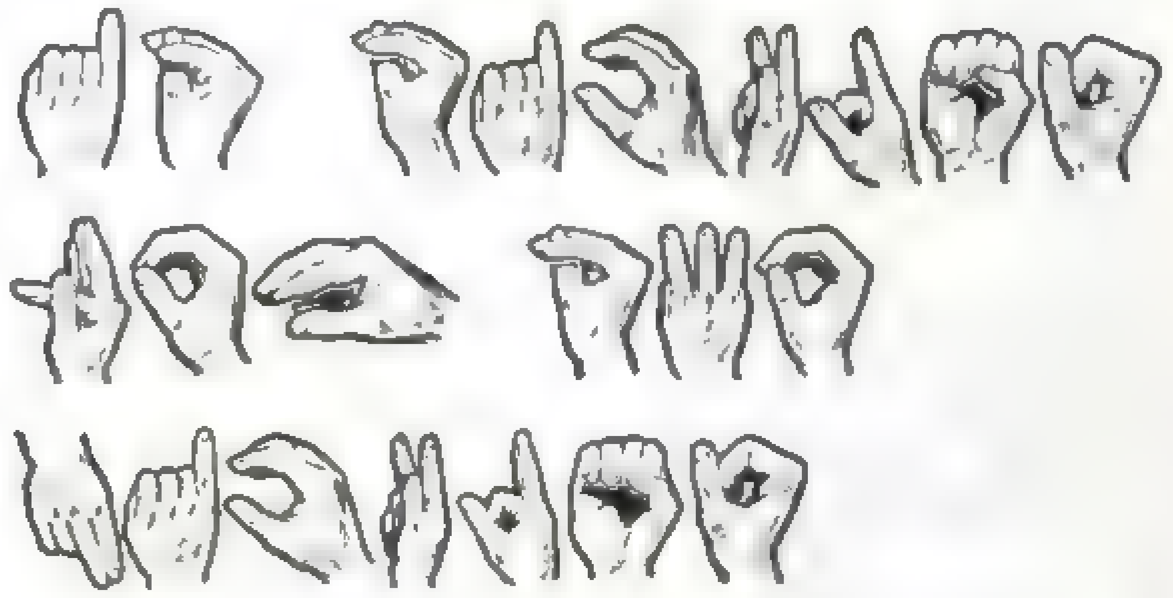
Although pneumonia is common at all ages, its heaviest death-rate falls at the two extremes, under six years of age and over sixty, with a strong preponderance in the latter. Under five years of age, the mortality may reach twenty to thirty per cent.; from five to twenty-five, not more than four to five per cent.; from twenty-five to thirty-five, from fifteen to twenty per cent., and so on, increasing gradually with every decade until by sixty years of age the mortality has reached fifty per cent. and from sixty to seventy-five may be expressed in terms of the age of the patient. One consoling feature, however, about it is that its mortality is lowest in the ages at which it is most frequent, namely, from ten to thirty-five years of age.

To the medical profession to "die of old age" is practically equivalent to dying of pneumonia. The disease is so mild in its symptoms and so rapid in its course that it often utterly escapes recognition as such.

The old man complains of a little pain in his chest, a failure of appetite, a sense of weakness and dizziness. He takes to his bed, within forty-eight hours he becomes unconscious, and within twenty-four more he is peacefully breathing his last. After death, two-thirds of the lung will be found consolidated. So mild and rapid and painless is the process that one physician-philosopher actually described pneumonia as "the friend of old age."

When once the disease has obtained a foothold in the body its course, like one of Napoleon's campaigns, is short, sharp and decisive. Beginning typically with a vigorous chill, sometimes so suddenly as to wake the patient out of a sound sleep, followed by a stabbing pain in the side, cough, high fever, rapid respiration, the sputum rusty or orange-colored from leakage of blood from the congested lung, within forty-eight hours the attacked area of the lung has become congested; in forty-eight more, almost solidified by the thick, sticky exudate poured out from the blood-vessels, which coagulates and clots in the air cells. So complete is this solidification that sections of the attacked lung, instead of floating in water as normal lung-tissue, will sink promptly. The severe pain usually subsides, but the fever, rapid respiration, flushed face, with or without delirium, will continue for from three to seven or eight days. Then, as suddenly as the initial attack, comes a plunge down of the temperature to normal. Pain and restlessness disappear, the respiration drops from thirty-five or forty to fifteen or twenty per minute, and the disease has practically ended by "*crisis*." Naturally, after such a furious onslaught, the patient is apt to be greatly weakened. He may have lost twenty or thirty pounds in the week of the fever, and from one to three weeks more in bed may be necessary for him to regain his strength. But the chief risk and danger are usually over within a week or ten days at the outside.

Violent and serious as are the changes in the lung, it is very seldom that death comes by interference with the breathing space. In fact, while regarded as a lung disease, we are now coming to recognize that the actual cause of death in fatal cases is the overwhelming of the heart by the toxins or poisons poured into the circulation from the affected lung. The mode of treatment is, therefore, to support the strength of the patient in every way, and measures directed to the affected lung are assuming less and less importance in our arsenal of remedies. Our attitude is now very similar to that in typhoid, to support the strength of the patient by judicious and liberal feeding, to reduce the fever and tone up his blood-vessels by cool sponging, packing and even bathing; to relieve his pain by the mildest possible doses of sedatives, knowing that the disease is self-limited, and that in patients in comfortable surroundings and fair nutrition from eighty-five to ninety-five per cent. will throw off the attack within a week. So completely have we abandoned all idea of medicating or protecting the lung as such, that in place of overheated rooms, loaded with vapor by means of a steam kettle, for



Kellogg's
TOASTED
CORN
FLAKES
W. K. Kellogg
TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

W. K. Kellogg

If you don't understand this—see page 47

TRADE MARK
GOOD CLOTHES ARE ALWAYS MADE TO ORDER

Good Clothes as a Tonic

The consciousness of being dressed in the height of fashion—clothes neither behind nor ahead of the times—has a wonderfully stimulating effect on the mind. Clothes possessing the power to instill self-confidence are always made to order, and the problem of producing them at moderate cost has been solved by

Strauss Brothers'
National Tailoring Service
(5000 local representatives and branch houses throughout the United States

Just think of being able to have the highest quality of clothes made to your individual order at

$20 to $40 for
Guaranteed Suits or Overcoats

How is this possible? We have a great establishment in Chicago, we employ hundreds of the nation's master designers and tailors. We do an immense volume of business with the entire country; we save money on every operation without sacrificing quality.

The Denver. One of our most popular fall models.

We have placed our line of 500 new Fall woolens with a representative merchant in nearly every town. He takes your measure scientifically and in a week's time you receive the finished clothes, satisfactory to you in every particular.

On request we will send you our new Fall Fashion Magazine, No. 16, entitled, "A Sure W[illegible]" [illegible]

Strauss Brothers
MASTER TAILORS
SW cor Monroe & Franklin Sts. Entire Building
Established 1877
CHICAGO

SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES are considered the height of perfection in modern dress for Young Men and Men who stay Young. Characteristic lines giving a dignified, gentlemanly appearance.

Made in Chicago by
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Sold through the better clothiers

Society Brand

ROAST MEATS

hot or cold, are given just that "finishing touch" if seasoned with

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It perfects the flavor of Soups, Fish, Steaks, Chops, Veal and Salads. It gives relish to an otherwise insipid dish.

Beware of Imitations.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N. Y.

100 ENGRAVED WEDDING INVITATIONS $7.00

[illegible] Highest quality, latest styles. 100 Engraved Visiting Cards $1.00—Shaded Old English $2.00. Samples on request.

GEO. W. SEXTON, Stationer, [illegible] State St., Chicago, Ill.

its supposed soothing effect upon the inflamed lung, we now throw the windows widely open. And some of our more enthusiastic clinicians of wide experience are actually introducing the open-air cure, which has worked such wonders in tuberculosis, in the treatment of pneumonia. In more than one of our New York hospitals now, particularly those devoted to the care of children, following the brilliant example of Dr. William Northrup, wards are established for pneumonia cases out on the roof of the hospital, even when the snow is banked up on either side, and the covering is a canvas tent. Nurses, physicians and ward attendants are clothed in fur coats and gloves, the patients are kept muffled up to the ears, with only the face exposed; but instead of perishing from exposure, little, gasping, struggling tots, whose cases were regarded as practically hopeless in the wards below, often fall into the sleep that is the turning point toward recovery within a few hours after being placed in this winter roof-garden.

In short, our motto may be said to be "Take care of the patient, and the disease will take care of itself."

Though pneumonia is one of our most serious and most fatal of diseases, yet it is one over whose cause, spread and cure we are obtaining greater and greater control every day, and which certainly should, within the next decade, yield to our attack, as tuberculosis and typhoid are already beginning to do.

SIDE LINES

By George Frederic Stratton

Increasing the Small Salary or the Living Wage

ALTHOUGH the term "Side Line" originated with commercial travelers and refers, with them, to ingenious and convenient methods of increasing their cigar money, it is very certain that the exploitation of side lines existed long before the carrying of sample cases, and was practiced by very eminent people. Seven hundred years ago King John, of England, practiced a side line of dentistry among the Jews, as a means of eking out his living wage.

In recent days we have the example of Leopold, King of the Belgians, who has eked to the figure of many millions in a Congo side line; and of Mr. W. J. Bryan, who has added the proceeds of a highly-successful and remunerative course of lectures to his editorial salary.

Even the scions of European nobility—scornful of trade—have not disdained the side line. Traveling for "pleasure only," they have done a highly-profitable matrimonial business with their line of titles, coronets, hatchments and halidoms—compact samples, easily carried in the grip, will not interfere with the regular line. For commissions, apply—— Pshaw! I was thinking of some novelty in men's underwear.

In its legitimate field—the eking out of a sorely-restricted income—the side line has cheered many a sinking heart. A clerk who had worked for years for an industrial corporation, at ten dollars a week and the occasional assurance that, if his deportment and work continued well up to their excellent standard his salary would—not be reduced, bethought himself of a side line. He collected a half-column of notes about the works and the men—there were six thousand employed—and sent it to the local paper. A return note from the editor stated that he would take a little batch of those items each week, paying ten cents an inch for the personals and five cents for the "technical stuff," and the clerk concluded to devote himself to the "personals." He was soon sending in from a column to a column and a half, weekly, and scanning the advertising pages for second-hand motor cars. Then it occurred to him that, even if his editor did not care for the "technical stuff," some other editor might. He made up a bright little article and, sending it to a trade paper, received fifteen dollars for it. Then he began to show an interest in *new* motor cars. He had a nose for news, a crisp, snappy style, and indomitable perseverance, and to-day he is a successful feature-writer, and has gained his car—*not* a second-hand one!

Extra Money for Wage-Earners

In industrial towns, where shops close at noon on Saturday, many of the brightest young factory workers—men and girls—find a side line of employment in helping the retailers through the afternoon and evening rush. For this they are paid from one to two dollars or, probably, in the case of clothing, hats or shoes, a commission on their sales. Scores of girls dart from the shops every day, when the noon whistle blows, to near-by restaurants, where they serve as waitresses for forty or forty-five minutes and then, after a rush lunch for themselves get back to their factories on time. The pay for this is, usually, the rush lunch.

Many shop or office girls take positions as evening clerks in small variety stores or ice-cream parlors, working from seven o'clock to ten-thirty every night in the week. Working so many hours as this cannot be interfered with, even in those States where labor hours for women are restricted by law, because the girls are working for two different employers, and the law only restrains the employer from working females above a certain number of hours weekly. The employee is not restricted as to the number of places in which she may work.

Many clerks working on small salaries make a few extra dollars by posting and balancing books for some small business man. In cities where evening schools are operated the instructors in drawing, stenography and other specialties are nearly always men in regular, daily employment. In many theatres and concert halls the ushers are high-school boys, earning their clothes and pocket-money.

All these are very ordinary side lines and very commonly practiced. But there are a number of cases which show extraordinary energy or initiative effort in securing or building up a good side line.

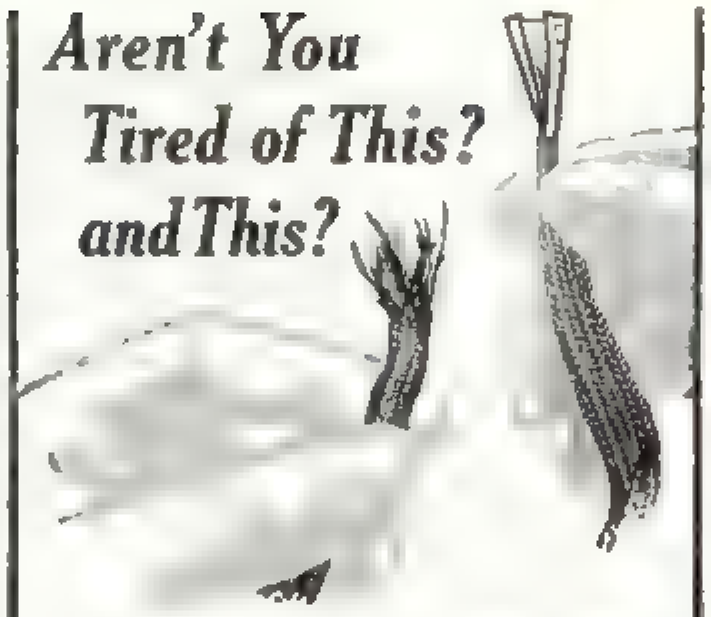
A Fortune in Toys

A carpenter who had sunk the savings of years in a speculative venture, found himself, at the verge of winter, without a dollar and without work. He took a job as laborer in a packing-house in Detroit, at a dollar and a quarter a day. In order to help out this wretched support for his family he occupied his evenings in making toy sleds in a shed adjoining his cottage. His wife assisted by painting these sleds and they were disposed of to a downtown dealer. In the spring he changed off to toy wagons; and during this period his working hours were never less than sixteen or seventeen hours a day. A few months later, assisted by the dealer—who was also a jobber—he bought a very small, second-hand engine and connected it to a circular saw. Then he gave up his packing-house job and his side line became his main line. Five years afterward he was operating a five-story brick factory with four hundred hands.

A young man working for a New York advertising agency had access to a large number of newspapers after the advertisements had been checked off. As a side line he originated the idea of press clippings; his first efforts being confined to death notices, which he collected and duplicated in writing and furnished to monument cutters and to the makers of lithographed and framed funeral certificates, which, at that time, were considered by some people as suitable and touching parlor decorations. From that side line has developed the great, systematic business of press clipping.

A timekeeper in a great factory, with an overwhelming ambition to buy a house-lot, conceived an idea which brought the reward its ingenuity deserved.

He made lists of names of the men employed, giving their addresses, and particulars as to whether they were married or single, and, as far as possible, information as to where they might readily be found in the evenings. These lists he sold to an insurance agent who found them invaluable for the means they afforded him of finding and approaching men, with some knowledge of their circumstances and characters. Before the entire personnel of the factories had been exhausted the young



Aren't You Tired of This? and This?

If you are there's a remedy—FLETCHER'S Congdon Patent Cloth Covered Tip Shoe Laces wear better and look better than others, and their tips *never grow shiny or smash off.*

Ask the shoe-man or notion counter clerk for

Fletcher CONGDON PATENT CLOTH-COVERED TIP **Shoe Laces**

The Best and Neatest

Men's, women's and children's sizes—36, 40, 45 and 54 inches—tan and black. [illegible] 5c [illegible] 10c [illegible] 15c.

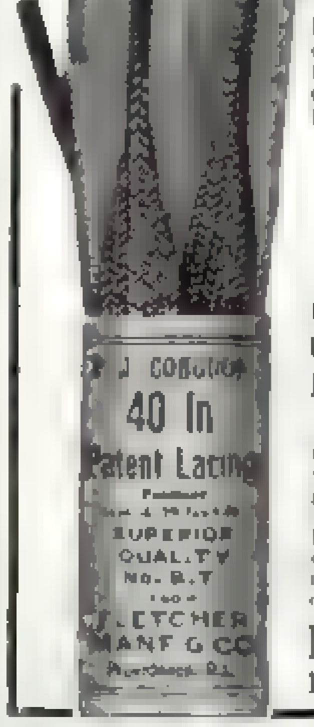
FLETCHER'S are the largest shoe and corset lace concern in the world, and the Congdon Patent Cloth Covered Tip is one of their best products.

Ask your shoe-man or the notion clerk to get the Congdon for you.

Send 5c For Sample Pair [illegible]

5c [illegible] 10c [illegible] 15c [illegible] 1 in. wide Oxfords, [illegible] silk imitation (looks like real silk, wears better). Give dealer's name. Address

Fletcher Manufacturing Co.
Providence, Rhode Island



COMES OUT A RIBBON
LIES FLAT
ON THE BRUSH

COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM

ANTISEPTIC

Delicious in flavor. Get acquainted through the convenience of the ribbon—make friends through the superiority of the cream.

Send 2 cents for a sample tube.

COLGATE & CO.,
Dept. P. 55 John Street, New York.

CLARK'S CRUISE OF THE "ARABIC"
16,000 tons, fine, large, unusually steady.

TO THE ORIENT

February 4 to April 15, 1909

[illegible] costing only $400.00 and up, including shore excursions. SPECIAL FEATURES: Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, Algiers, Malta, 19 Days in Egypt and the Holy Land, Constantinople, Athens, Rome, the Riviera, etc.

Cruise Round the World Oct. 16, '09

F. C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

Agents, Steady Income, Permanent

[illegible] superior special features sells Kushion Komfort [illegible]

KUSHION KOMFORT SHOE CO Dept RRE 10 Boston Mass

fellow had been paid enough to buy his lot. And these same lists, carefully culled, produced a list of names and particulars of young workmen for which one of the large correspondence schools paid handsomely.

A young married man, working for a corporation in a small village in New England, at twelve dollars a week, drove a cab for a stable keeper every evening for five years, in order to pay for a home. During the past year two factory workers have earned two hundred dollars each, scoop-netting herring by torchlight in one of the numerous harbors of Massachusetts Bay.

Side lines such as these mean long hours of work, but not necessarily tedious hours. The change of work often saves them from being tiresome. The man who drove the cab states that the separation from his family was his greatest hardship; the evening on the box, after the day in a close workshop, was as much recreation as work. And, having a personal acquaintance with the two young men, I can confidently assert that, had they not been fishing by torchlight, they would, probably, have been dancing by arclight or holding the mainsheet of some little sailing craft.

Farmers frequently have side lines which bring in welcome cash. This is specially the case in New England; in fact, in the States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont the farmers have been rescued from a dire scarcity of cash by the side lines of keeping summer boarders and guiding sportsmen. The long lists of abandoned farms in those States, compiled a dozen years ago by the State authorities, have shrunk one-half, and are still shrinking. The purchase of these farms by city men for summer homes, and the great influx of visitors induced by the increase of game and the development of camping sites, have been taken advantage of by the farmers and their wives. In almost every corner of those States they have a market at their doors for garden truck and dairy supplies; for almost every spare room they can find a boarder, and, while the wives are running these side lines, the farmers are earning two or three dollars a day as fishing or hunting guides. The season is long, extending from the duck-shooting and trout-fishing of early spring to the red deer and moose hunting of October.

Big Dividends From Little Saws

A New Hampshire boy left his farm home and obtained a job in a woodworking factory in Boston. Two years afterward his father was crippled by an accident, and the boy, an only son, loyal to his old parents and, perhaps, with some little longing for his native hills, decided to return and carry on the work. But, remembering the stones and sterility of that worn-out, old farm, and being resourceful and progressive, he decided upon a side line. With his small savings he bought a six-horse-power gasoline engine second-hand—and a small circular saw. These he took back to the farm and, more valuable still, he carried in his pocket an order from a Boston manufacturer for fifty thousand small oak disks. These were to be sawed, diagonally, from oak saplings and shipped with the bark on; the manufacturer would finish them up as photograph frames and display stands for shoe stores.

This contract paid the young man three hundred and fifty dollars net for his winter's work upon it. Then he purchased a turning-lathe and some other tools, and last year his output was billed out at nearly four thousand dollars. With the exception of wages to four or five boys and girls this sum was clear gain, for every particle of material was obtained from the mass of second-growth pine, oak and birch on that almost worthless farm. Of that total, about two thousand dollars was for birch-bark picture-frames, sold to a Boston wholesaler.

The advent of the gasoline engine has opened up a good side line for the farmers of New England and of Northern Michigan and Wisconsin, where the big lumber operators have got through. An eight-horse engine will run a portable sawmill for second-growth logs very efficiently. Such an outfit is inexpensive and can be loaded on a farm wagon. With it the farmer saws his own logs and contracts to saw those of his neighbors. He takes up a side line of lumbering which brings in many good dollars from logs, otherwise valueless, and from days of winter work, otherwise unproductive.

The great inventions are almost invariably the results of working on side lines. While small inventions are frequently made by men in their regular course of work, and identified with the lines of production upon which they are constantly engaged, the inventions which have revolutionized the methods of the world's work, or produced entirely new conditions and opened up previously unknown fields of enterprise and exploitation, have nearly always been the brain-work of men normally engaged in very different activities. The steam engine was developed by a blacksmith, a civil engineer and a mathematical instrument maker. The inventor of the spinning jenny was a barber. Fulton, of steamboat fame, was a portrait painter. Morse, the father of the telegraph system, was also an artist. Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, was a school-teacher. Hoe, the printing-press inventor, was a joiner. Elihu Thomson, one of the pioneer inventors of dynamos and motors, was a Professor of Chemistry in a High School for boys.

The list might be tremendously extended. It might run from the earliest of the great inventions down to the present moment. The Wright brothers, who are astonishing the world with flying machines, were really dealers in, and repairers of, bicycles. Whatever the flying machine may be to them now, it was taken up as a side line.

Fads That Brought Fame

While it is undoubtedly true that many of these side lines were at first taken up for recreation only, or in a spirit of curious investigation, their ultimate value is not thereby lessened. It is by no means certain that the play hours of men have not had as large an influence in the development of the world's civilization as the work hours. A man's fads are apt to possess an infinitely greater value than they are usually credited with. The marvelous development of the automobile, and the recent great increase in scientific and practical knowledge of balloons and flying machines, are almost entirely due to the large sums expended by men of wealth upon new playthings—to their side lines of recreation.

Harking back to the traveling agent, we find that the side line, with its compact sample and welcome commission, is by no means so generally carried as it was a dozen or fifteen years ago. This hurts the small manufacturer, who cannot afford to put a man on the road and foot the entire expense, with salary and bills. Great combinations of manufacturing and distributing interests have thinned the ranks of traveling men; those who continue with the great corporations are now strictly forbidden to think of any outside commissions.

Among the men who travel for smaller manufacturers, and who have clung to the comforting side line, it has of late years become apparent—to their great disgust—that whenever any adjustment of salary occurs the probable income from the side line is not lost sight of by the employer. Consequently, the gilt is off the gingerbread.

Side lines are now carried, largely, by men who carry nothing else; that is, they do not work under salary for any one firm, but, selecting their own routes, they secure a number of side lines which they handle on commission.

Men who, under these circumstances, work as energetically and forcefully as they would under management, frequently earn large incomes. Such men are often globe-trotters, laying out an extended European or South American route and representing a dozen different American manufacturers.

There are cases where selling in this manner is conducted on an amazingly extensive and expensive scale. A certain commercial agent starts twice a year on a trip from New York to the Pacific Coast. He travels with two special cars, arranged to display his samples. Ahead of him goes his advance agent, whose duty it is to work the small towns, inviting the retailers to visit—at the sellers' expense—the large cities where the cars are side-tracked and thus inspect the samples. Two assistants also travel with this agent—sleeping berths for the three being fitted up in one of the cars. A similar system has been adopted by an agent traveling through Mexico and Brazil. Both of these are side-line men, carrying samples of several manufacturers and importers, and selling on commission.

Pruébelo mañana
sobre sus naranjas

W.K.Kellogg

Kellogg's
TOASTED
CORN
FLAKES
W.K.Kellogg
TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

If you don't understand this—see page 49

Menz "Ease" 7-inch Postman's Shoe

So named because popular with postmen, who always insist on a comfortable shoe, protection in all sorts of stormy winter weather and long service. For all outdoor workers a more sensible shoe is not to be found. The indoor business man will find this seven-inch shoe the only practical shoe to wear on stormy days, when going to and from work, or for an occasional outdoor business trip. The college boy, the high school chap, will find this seven-inch shoe very popular this winter with many of his fellow students because of its style and character.

Menz "Ease" Shoes fit like a glove, snugly and neatly around ankle, instep and heel seat, with plenty of room across ball and fore part of foot. Not heavy and cumbersome; that's due to the upper leather—Menz "Ease" Elk Tannage—used only in Menz "Ease" and "American Boy" Shoes. It has two qualities not found together in other upper stock; a softness equal to that of glove leather, a toughness equal to that of rawhide. Giving Menz "Ease" Shoes one, two and even three years' service, getting them wet repeatedly and drying out by the fire all night doesn't destroy the softness of this wonderful leather.

C. A. Moore, West Unity, Ohio, told us the other day that a pair of Menz "Ease" had given him three years' service. C. E. Lee, Owendale, Mich., was a few months ago wearing a pair of Menz "Ease" that had been half-soled six times. [illegible], Trenton, Mich., is wearing a pair of Menz "Ease" that has been tapped six times and the uppers are still good. P. H. [illegible], a shoe dealer of Celina, Ohio, recently published his third list of 135 men wearing Menz "Ease," some testifying to ten, some to eighteen and some to twenty-four months' wear.

Three comfortable winter heights: seven, nine and twelve inches. The seven-inch shoe is illustrated from a photograph—cap toe, blucher, good heavy sole, Goodyear hand sewed, one buckle and strap, large eyelets, widths C, D and E, colors tan and dark brown, sizes 6 to 12—$5.50.

If your dealer doesn't sell Menz "Ease," or refuses to get a pair for you, don't accept a substitute; there's no everyday shoe "just as good." Delivery charges paid to any part of the U. S. and Alaska, also Canada and Mexico, but duty is extra. *Carefully specify height, color, size and width wanted.* Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Ask for catalog illustrating in colors Menz "Ease" Shoes, Hunters' and Prospectors' Boots, and the famous "American Boy" Shoes.

MENZIES SHOE CO., Makers
431 Gratiot Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

SIMONDS SAWS

Are the Best and They ARE the Best

LOOK for this TRADE-MARK

A Saw that Saws Like a Simonds Saw is a Simonds

That clean, neat, straight cut always made by a Simonds Saw is due to the strong, regular sized edge-holding teeth you always find, and only find, in Simonds Saws. These perfectly shaped teeth hold their edge the longest, because all Simonds Saws are made from Simonds steel.

Simonds Steel

is made in a factory built expressly for that purpose. It is the toughest and most even-tempered steel made. So strong is it that Simonds Saws will not twist or warp. The difference is greater than most men suppose. Whether it's a circular saw or a band saw, if it **does saw** like a Simonds Saw, **it is a Simonds.**

On every Simonds Saw is the above trade mark, and it will pay you and save you to see that it is on every saw you buy.

Your home dealer will supply you. If he cannot, send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

Write for "**Simonds Guide**"—free. It gives you information that will be valuable.

Simonds Mfg. Co., Fitchburg, Mass.

Chicago New York New Orleans
San Francisco Portland Seattle

Bargains in Beds

Do not buy a metal bed until you have investigated the low prices of

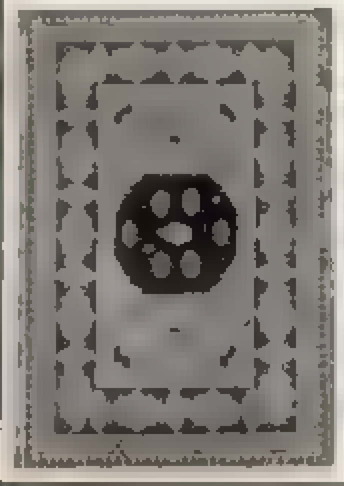
Sanitaire Beds

Send to us for our new catalogue and see the very latest designs and finishes. Pick out the bed you want, sleep in it thirty nights—then if you do not like it, our agent or ourselves will refund you the purchase price.

Our ten year guarantee absolutely protects you from any risk of not getting your full money's worth.

Marion Iron & Brass Bed Company
3112 Sanitaire Ave., Marion, Ind.

Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Blankets
From the Mill. We Pay Freight



Buy your rugs, carpets, blankets [illegible] actual colors. [illegible] REGAL RUGS [illegible] $3.75 [illegible]

BRUSSELLO ART RUG
at $2.00 is the greatest rug value known. [illegible] Lace Curtains per pair [illegible] Write today [illegible]

UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.
2450-2463 Jasper St., Phila.

Seeing the Campaign

YOU GIVE YOUR MONEY AND YOU TAKE YOUR CHOICE

WHEREAS, Candidate William H. Taft has announced with calm certainty that he is to be elected; and,

Whereas, Candidate William Jennings Bryan has given ten reasons for his unalterable opinion that he is to be elected therefore be it

Resolved, there is nothing left for the voters to do but rush to the polls, presently, and elect either or both.

Thus the campaign closes. Each side is confident to the point of boasting, publicly, and each side is wondering what really will happen on election day.

Many bad cases of nerves were developed during October on both sides. Hearst and Debs kept up a skirmish fire that rattled everybody in the two main bodies. The ballyhoo became a riot of noise. The mud-throwing was as promiscuous as it was in the Blaine and Garfield campaigns. Every politician in the country had a hair-trigger "You're another!" to fire at the scoundrelly opposition. We were forcibly informed that the only way to escape domination by corporations was to elect Bryan, and the only way not to have such domination was to elect Taft. Any man who had ever done any work for a corporation who showed his head above the high grass was beaten to a pulp. It was a lovely, hysterical wind-up for a campaign that started with the people in satisfied ignorance as to who the candidates were; and what is going to happen will be known definitely on the night of November third, any person who pretends to know before that time notwithstanding.

The most interesting development of the last weeks of the campaign was the great "dough scare" engineered by old Doctor Murray Crane in behalf of the Republicans. After Doctor Crane was called in for consultation, not in any way taking over any of the functions of Chairman Hitchcock, but merely taking his job, he found that Treasurer Sheldon and Assistant-Treasurer Upham had a cute little collection of money scarcely visible to the naked eye, the corporations having refused to do anything more for the party than to give it a pleasant smile and wish it well.

Now, old Doctor Crane knew, what everybody else knows who has had any experience or connection with Republican campaigns, that the only way that party knows how to work is with money. The idea of carrying on a campaign without a large checking account is as foreign to them as the lack of a suit of clothes is to the King of England. They had been educated to work with money, to spend money, by the greatest money-spender politics has ever known, Mark Hanna, and there always was money to spend. When they came down to a lean and hungry time, with not enough cash to buy postage stamps, they fell into a fit of melancholy that made it appear, to hear them tell it, that Bryan would carry Pennsylvania.

Old Doctor Crane tried persuasion on the recalcitrant gentlemen of large means who had been accustomed to send in their checks. They smiled amiably and told him to call around in about four years. The old Doctor knew it wasn't lethargy that ailed the Republican campaign. It was poverty. Being a resourceful and skillful practitioner he did not sit down and mourn about it, as the others had done. He spent no time weeping salty tears over the dismal outlook. Instead, he created a dismal outlook for others.

The word was passed to everybody, from T. Roosevelt down to the precinct captains, to get out and be doleful, to let it be known that the Republicans were in bad case, that Bryan was coming like a whirlwind, and that if the Republicans, who were absolutely without a cent, did not get some money, and get it quickly, there would be nothing doing, that Bryan would be elected, that all the Republican office-holders would lose their jobs, and that the only salvation was for everybody who had more than a dollar and a half to come across with a share of it, to give at once or it would be everlastingly too late.

It worked. The stock market went tumbling on the stories of Bryan strength.

I am willing to lose money to "get acquainted"

Havana Smokers
Pure Long Leaf CIGAR Cuttings
Put Up By Edwin Cigar Co.

HOW TO GET These 3 Articles FREE

I MAKE every Cigar I sell and sell them direct to you—the smoker—at factory prices. Once I demonstrate that I save you at least 50% on your cigar money, I know I'll be your cigarman "for good." For that reason I gladly lose on your first order and send you with my compliments **DURING THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER** a box of Old Fashioned Havana Smokers, a patented cigar cutter and a new kind of smoking tobacco.

Most of you find it is mighty hard to secure a fine, full-flavored Havana cigar except at a high price. I sell you good Havana Cigars at $2.00 per hundred. None shorter than 4½ inches—some even longer. I call them

Key West Havana Seconds Cigars

as they are made of the shorter pieces of Key West Havana Shorts—strips of tobacco too short to roll into fine shapes. I am really selling you $2.00 worth of Havana Tobacco with nothing added for rolling it into cigars.

They are by no means handsome cigars. I haven't pasted pretty pictures on the box, nor have I placed bands around each cigar. I don't believe in scenery. Do you? And are you willing to pay for it? They are rough looking — but smooth tasting. They are the three for a quarter kind in every respect but don't look it.

I won't sell to dealers nor will I sell more than 100 of these Seconds to any one Smoker because I can produce only a limited number and want to interest as many SATURDAY EVENING POST readers as possible.

SEND ME $2.00 FOR 100

Key West Havana Seconds and the three free articles. You needn't hesitate, if after trying them, you like your money better than the cigars—it's yours. You can't go wrong.

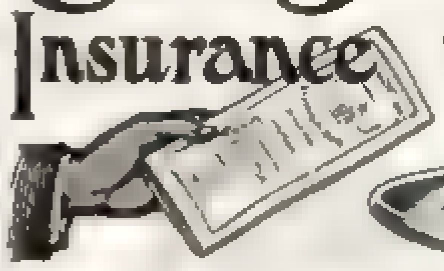
Pay Cash for your cigars. If I would sell you cigars on credit I would have to charge you more—to make good the losses on bad accounts.

Morton R. Edwin

Dept. A, 64-66 and 67-69 W. 125th Street, New York

Make Remittance payable to Edwin Cigar Co.
References: The State Bank of New York, Dun and Bradstreet's.

Collar Button Insurance



Means that if a

Krementz Collar Button

is broken or damaged from any cause, you can take it to the nearest dealer, who is authorized to exchange it for a new one

Free of Cost

We insure all Krementz Buttons because they are so well made that not one in ten thousand ever breaks. Solid gold and rolled plate, at all dealers. Send for Booklet "Story of Collar Button."

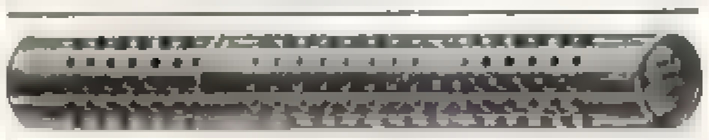
Krementz & Co., 40 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

BANK DEPOSITS Guaranteed

by **State of Oklahoma** Guaranty Fund. Your money amply safe. We pay 4% on deposits. Draw your money any time. Largest State Bank in Okla. Capital $200,000. Write for booklet L.

We sell 6% School, County and City Bonds

OKLAHOMA TRUST CO., Muskogee, Okla.



What Is It? THE VEST POCKET EDITION OF HUMIDORS

For smokers only. The only practical humidor for cigars and tobacco. Just the size of a cigar. [illegible] Does not touch the cigars. A humidor [illegible] Costs you **50 cents**, postpaid. Get the "real." [illegible] A whirlwind proposition to the dealer. Write to

Little Peerless Moistener Co., South Bend, Indiana

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

All the Standard Machines SOLD OR RENTED ANYWHERE at Half [illegible] prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Catalogue D.

Typewriter Emporium, 92-94 Lake St., Chicago

Beautiful Abalone

We are making [illegible] gems from the rainbow tinted [illegible] They are mounted in sterling silver [illegible]

Hat Pins 50c each
OAK CITY NOVELTY CO
1388 Brush St., Oakland Cal
Beauty Pins 35c per set

FREE STOVE AND RANGE BOOK 64 PAGES FREE Write For It Today!

This book will save you from $12 to $30 when you purchase a stove or range. It explains how the best and finest stoves and ranges in the world are made, and how to know the best."

HOOSIER STOVES and RANGES from FACTORY to USER

Are made of the highest grade selected material, beautifully finished, with all new improvements and features. "**Guaranteed for Years,**" backed by a million dollars. "Hoosiers" are FUEL SAVERS AND EASY BAKERS. A child can operate them. **Sold on 30 days free trial. No freight to pay.**

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HOOSIER STOVE FACTORY, 217 State St., Marion, Indiana

NEW-SKIN
Instead of
Court Plaster

There is nothing better for a cut or scratch than *New-Skin.*

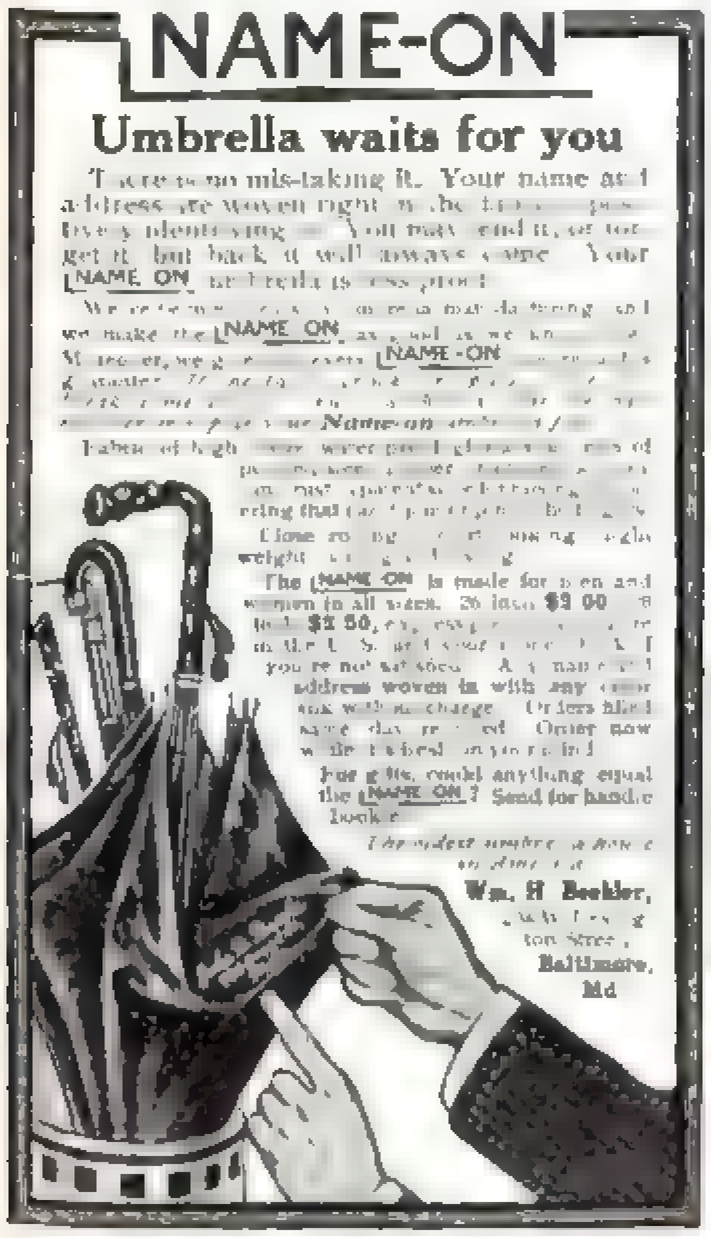
It forms an air-tight, antiseptic, water-proof covering, which is healing and keeps the cut from being exposed and irritated. It will not wash off.

New-Skin is also good for chapped hands and lips, burns, scratches, hang-nails, etc.

Always insist on getting New-Skin.
10c., 25c. and 50c.
At all druggists or by mail.

New-Skin Company
Dept. A
Brooklyn, New York

Paint it with New-Skin and forget it


NAME-ON
Umbrella waits for you

There is no mis-taking it. Your name and address are woven right in the [illegible] Vou may lend it, or forget it, but back it will always come. Your NAME ON umbrella is loss proof.

[illegible] NAME ON [illegible] NAME-ON [illegible] *Name-on* [illegible]

Fabric of high [illegible] [illegible] ering that can't [illegible] Close rolling [illegible] weight [illegible]

The NAME ON is made for men and women in all sizes. 26 inch $2 00 [illegible] inch $2 50, express [illegible] in the U. S. [illegible] if you're not satisfied. Any name and address woven in with any color silk without charge. Orders filled same day received. Order now while it's fresh in your mind.

For gifts, could anything equal the NAME ON? Send for handle booklet.

The oldest umbrella house in America.

Wm. H. Beehler,
[illegible] Lexington Street,
Baltimore,
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Ithaca Guns
Bob a picture FREE
Colored Hanger 10c

NEW THREE BOLT MODEL
Safety strength durability superior shooting qualities [illegible] free [illegible] 18 grades [illegible]
ITHACA GUN CO Dept "A" Ithaca, N.Y

6%
Certificates of Deposit
An ideal investment for savings or trust funds. Safe convenient, negotiable. Let us send you the book telling about them. Write today.
Calvert Mortgage and Deposit Company
1047 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

The bankers were scared with the assurance that the bank guarantee idea was sure to prevail. The capitalists were frightened with the most approved Bryan bogy. There was gloom around Republican headquarters so thick you couldn't find your way about. Chairman Hitchcock was told to call in the reporters and put out a statement like this: "Of course, I know that many things that should have been done have not been done, and the reason for it is not because of any lack of knowledge of what to do on our part, but simply because we haven't the money. We are broke. We are strapped. There isn't a cent in the till. We are all trying hard, but, when the patriots will not walk up to the captain's office and hand in their contributions, what can a poor National Committee do?"

Then things began to pick up. Money came in, first in driblets, then in a good-sized stream. Of course, no such amounts were received as Hanna had, but there was a fairly liberal contribution, and, along early in October, old Doctor Crane took a look at Treasurer Sheldon's books, cast an eye Uphamward and said: "Now, drat you, get busy!" Immediately, the Republican campaign was galvanized, and the stories that Bryan was to win easily were changed to the confident tales that Taft was all right, that he would get in, not, perhaps, by a monumental majority of the electoral votes, but that he would get in.

On the other side, while the need for money was as pressing, the lack of experience of how to make a showing without it was not so apparent. The Democrats know how to campaign with small resources. They can nurse their funds and get a lot out of them. In addition to that, they possess in Bryan the greatest personal campaigner of his generation and they are putting up a stiff fight all along the line. They hold some of their advantage. It remains to be seen whether they can hold enough.

When the President had returned to Washington and had relieved himself of the several Bryan epistles he fired off, he heard many stories, especially from the older politicians, of the frightful mismanagement of the campaign. It seems that Chairman Hitchcock, being a young man himself, put a lot of important places in the campaign in the hands of young men. This miffed the old chaps who were used to being consulted. They had harrowing tales of going to headquarters and finding nobody there who knew them. They saw utter defeat and destruction in the offing, and not so far off, at that.

It came up for discussion at a Cabinet meeting. They talked Hitchcock up and down—principally down—and, finally, one secretary said: "Well, never mind; school's open now and these young chaps will have to go back to their studies." The President sent a sleuth over. The newspapers had it he sent Secretary Root, who is most admirable as a sleuth, working mostly in the dark, and having congenital gum shoes. It was stated that Mr. Root went to New York, looked things over and came back and reported to his chief. Root did go to New York and he may have reported, but the real sleuth the President sent to inquire into affairs, wishing probably to know the worst, was Signor Scotty, Senator from West Virginia. Now the President has often been accused of not having a sense of humor, but his selection of Scotty shows he knows a joke when he sees it. Making a sleuth of Scotty is about as reasonable as making a house pet of an elephant.

Signor Scotty went to New York, sore, of course, because Hitchcock had left him off the executive committee, and with a good, all-around grouch on the whole game. He came back and made his report. You could hear him thirteen blocks. The only thing good about Hitchcock, he discovered, was that he shaves regularly, and Scotty was in some doubt about that, even. Then came the backing and filling about Hitchcock being called to Washington to get his spanking, and the upshot of it all was that the President sent across a few instructions, Hitchcock came down off his high horse and listened to advice, and the Taft campaign really began to move, with Hitchcock much chastened, and vividly impressed that, in the operation of trying to elect a President, it might be well, from time to time, to talk with a few people besides your confidential secretary and the conductor on the Pullmans of the Twentieth Century Limited.

While all this was going on, and since, Hearst was scooting about the country

美味ミシテ喜ミク
日本貴人ニ適賞ス

W. K. Kellogg

Kellogg's
TOASTED CORN FLAKES
W. K. Kellogg
TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO
BATTLE CREEK MICH.

If you don't understand this—see page 51

Let Me Send a Fox Typewriter to Your Office for Free Trial

W. R. Fox, President, Fox Typewriter Company

YOU see I take the burden of proof on myself. You pay **nothing**—promise to pay nothing.

At my own expense, even to expressage, I place the Fox in your office alongside your present typewriter. And you can then prove to yourself that in **every** point of efficiency the Fox is **better** than the **best** of other typewriters. And that its best features are unique—**its own.**

When I began to plan the invention of the Fox Typewriter, I studied every weak point, every flaw in the other machines. Dodging these, I struck the **right idea**—a **practical, visible** typewriter that would really keep its strength, action and alignment through long years of hardest wear.

All the writing on the Fox is always in sight, and directly in the line of vision—the writing line is indicated—the printing point pointed out.

You know the type bar and hanger are the very heart of the typewriter. On the Fox the type-bar bearing is extra wide—the type bar extra strong and heavy. One Fox will do about every kind of work that comes up—letter writing, invoicing, billing, tabulating figures, stencil cutting and heavy manifolding. You can have two or more different styles of type and use them interchangeably. The Fox writes in two colors, and you don't have to touch the ribbon all the time it's on the machine.

Remember, please, the Fox isn't made in the trust way. It's not a trust machine. My company is independent. Not a [illegible] what price the Fox Typewriter shall be sold or what allowance I can make for your second-hand machine—that's a question for you and me. The large business my company has been built up by these methods. My machine **has to be** better than others (not simply as good) [illegible] competition. It is better, and it's sold [illegible] in a **different, a square-deal,** way.

My free trial and examination plan should interest you as a fair play-loving business man.

Simply let me send you—or have my nearest representative deliver—a Fox Typewriter for an ample trial. Then if you decide to buy I'll make you favorable terms—take your old machine as part payment. But, anyhow, give me a chance to prove my claims. All I want you to do is fill out and mail me today the attached coupon. Send it to me personally.

W. R. FOX, President, Fox Typewriter Company
460-480 Front Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.
All the facts in my catalogue free.

Please arrange for a free trial of a Fox Typewriter without any obligations on my part.
Name
Business
Street
Town

Trade in your Old Typewriter to me

Built On Smart Lines

These illustrations show two styles of "Nufangl" Dress trousers — the "Peg Top" and the "Conservative" — cut to conform to the exacting lines of the new fall fashions. The "Nufangl" principle of waist adjustment is applied to both — no straps, no buckles.

Present "Nufangl" Trousers

have vents at the side seams, each fastened by two snap fasteners that permit of six variations in waist measurement totaling nearly five inches.

"Nufangl" trousers are what are known as "hip pants" — neither suspenders nor belt are necessary, the hips sustaining the weight of the garment so that it fits easily and comfortably without a pucker or wrinkle anywhere.

Leading clothiers have "Nufangl" trousers in all the new fall weights and fabrics.

Prices $4 to $9

If not at yours, we will refer you to our agent in your town, or supply direct by EXPRESS PREPAID. Only waist and length measurements necessary. Write for samples of "Nufangl" fabrics, specifying style of trousers preferred. Enclose two cents to cover postage, addressing

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Deposit your savings here, pending permanent investment.

The advantages offered are —

Unquestioned safety and four percent interest, compounded semi-annually.

Write today for Booklet C explaining our convenient banking-by-mail system.

Capital and Profits, $2,900,000.00

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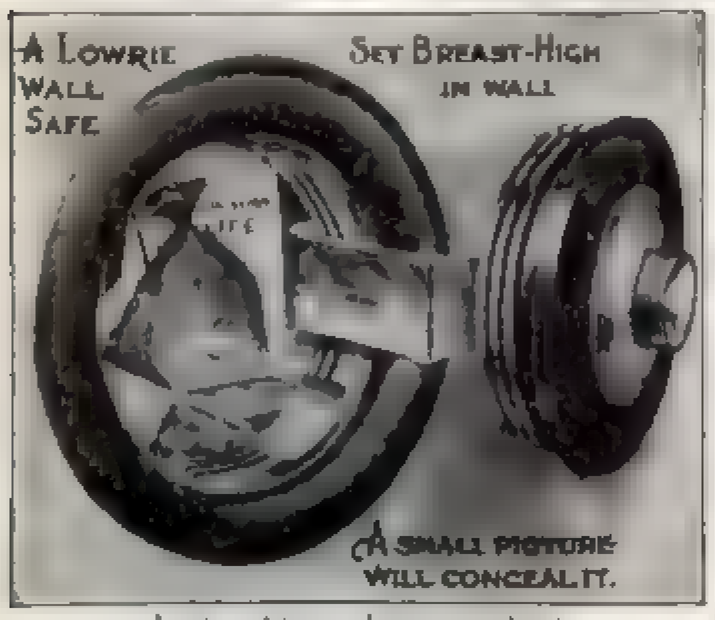

Various Sizes — [illegible] Steel.
Catalog and Testimonials Free.
Wall Safes, $15.00 up. Trunk and Dresser Jewel Cases, $5.00 up.

The Lowrie Safe & Lock Co. 1101 Flatiron Bldg. NEW YORK

reading, now and again, letters from the files of John D. Archbold, of the Standard Oil Company; and Debs was proceeding, here and there, in the Red Special and getting enormous crowds to hear him talk Socialism. Hours were spent in trying to figure out whether Hearst would hurt Bryan or Taft most, and more hours in endeavoring to gauge the strength of the Socialist movement.

Then everybody gave it up. Campaign predictions this year are all based on hopes, not on knowledge.

There were a few jokes, by way of diversion. One was the one Nicholas Longworth, the son-in-law of the President, made in a speech. Nicholas is a merry jester. He likes his little joke. So, when he was real good and facetious one night, he said in his opinion what the country would have would be eight years of Taft, eight more years of Roosevelt after that, and then eight years or so of Trusty Jim Sherman. Longworth has been in politics for some time, but it is quite evident the great truth has not trickled into him yet that, while one may joke at politics, one may not joke in politics. The great, serious body politic demands that its representatives shall be as sober as a sack of meal. No joking or jibing or japing for theirs.

Wherefore, the Democratic newspaper editors grabbed the little joke of Nick's and said:

"Ha! Discovered at last! Here is the plot! A Roosevelt dynasty! A member of the family has given it away! Eight years of Taft, who is Roosevelt's man, and then a return, for eight years, of Roosevelt! Establishing an empire! Imperialism run mad! Foundations of our Government shaken! Republic all gone to smash! Total loss and no insurance!" and more of the same kind. Alas, poor Nick! I knew him, Clarice; a fellow of infinite jest. And he will never do so any more, he'll never do so any more.

Then there was the card-index joke. Hitchcock is a card-index man by birth, training, disposition and previous condition of servitude. He was raised on card-indexes. He ran them in his jobs in Washington. So he selected William Haywood, of Nebraska, for secretary of a committee to poll the States with a card-index, Haywood having the reputation of being an expert with the card-index, also.

That was the plot. Then some ribald political writer elaborated on it a trifle. He printed a story that the card-index Mr. Hitchcock and Mr. Haywood intended to install would cost six hundred thousand dollars, and that they hoped to have it completed by 1912. Following this were the stories of the lack of Republican cash, and the patriots who needed a few hundreds let out a yell that sounded like all the siren whistles in creation going off at midnight on December 31.

"No money for us!" they screamed. "No money to help get votes for Taft, and you spending six hundred thousand dollars — s-i-x h-u-n-DRED t-h-o-u-SAND D-O-L-L-A-R-S! for a fool card-index! Oh, Y-e-h-h! Y-e-e-h-h! Somebody get the net and throw it over this young squirt, and give us a chance at that six hundred thousand dollars."

Hitchcock couldn't stop them. So he hastily took his card-indexes, threw them out of the window, and called in the reporters — along toward the last he really began to be quite chummy with the reporters — let them talk to him almost every day — and said, in a casual manner, when prompted by his staff, who stood around in a semicircle to see that no bold, bad reporter asked Mr. Hitchcock any question that was not in consonance with the ethics of the campaign: "What? *Card-index?* Why, the very idea! Never thought of one! Absurd! Oh, I assure you, very absurd. Nothing in it. Of course, we have our own little card-index — Mr. Elliott, please show the gentlemen our own little card-index — for our own purposes, but not a six-hundred-thousand-dollar one. Oh, no, indeed, I assure you. Nothing in it at all!"

That was the toughest thing Hitchcock had to do, abandon that card-index, and abandon it publicly, but old Doctor Crane was obdurate. It had to go.

The last weeks were full of excitement — among the politicians. The people remained calm until this was written, and will be calm until the last. Next week somebody will be elected President. That, dear brethren, is about all that is doing in the prophecy line.

Between Office and Home

the degree of enjoyment you get out of your "short smoke" depends entirely on the quality of the tobacco and the perfection of the blend. Both these essential features are so conspicuously good in

BETWEEN THE ACTS
Little Cigars

that they have been for many years the best-known and largest-selling little cigars in the world. "Between the Acts" are the original "little cigars," established by Thos. H. Hall, New York City, over 30 years ago. They are made of the finest selected leaf, perfectly blended.

You can buy "Between the Acts" Little Cigars wherever good cigars are sold in boxes of 10 for 10 cents, that fit the pocket — also boxes of 50 for 50 cents, convenient for home or office use, or when traveling. Packed in handy metal boxes, which preserve condition and prevent breaking.

Let Us Send You a Box

so that you may get acquainted with this famous short smoke. For 50c a box of 50 will be delivered, prepaid, to any address in the United States, or 100 for $1.00. Send for some today and mention the name of your regular dealer that we may arrange to have him supply you. Address

The American Tobacco Company
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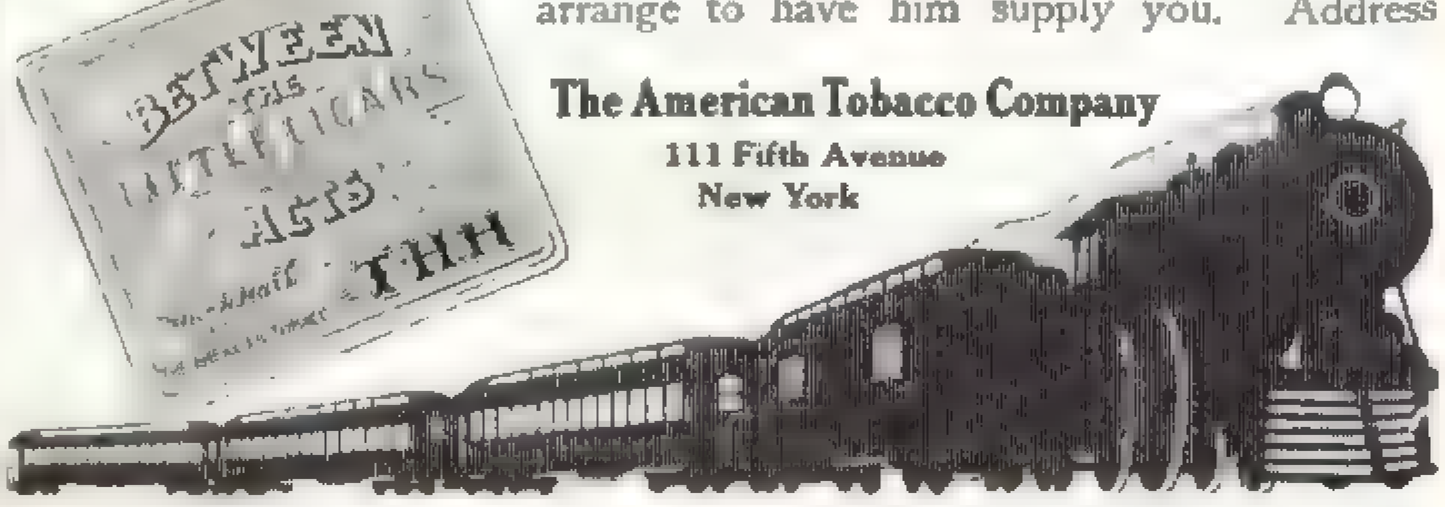
New York



7 1/5% The Smallest Interest Paid

on time deposits in 17 years. This was [illegible]. Larger interest has been paid every year since. People from all over the [illegible] have been sending [illegible] savings to our institution [illegible]. No speculation, no mining. Security over $1,000,000 [illegible] mortgages on Colorado [illegible]

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KEEP YOUR EYE ON
TUCSON, ARIZONA

The educational, business and mining center of the Southwest — Population in 19[illegible] [illegible]; Jan 1 [illegible] [illegible]. Metropolis and chief commercial city of Arizona — Unrivaled business opportunities — Intensive farming and the dairy business exceptionally profitable — Spend your winter in Tucson — A world-famous climate and ideal tourist resort.

Write Chamber of Commerce for
FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

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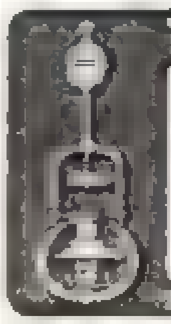

A [illegible] 100 candle power. No [illegible] cents per week. [illegible] warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog [illegible]

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
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MAKES AND BURNS ITS OWN GAS

LEARN PLUMBING

One of the best paid of all trades. Plumbers are in demand everywhere at good wages. They have short hours. By our method of instruction we make you a skilled, practical plumber in a few months, so that you will be able to fill a good position or conduct a business of your own. Write for free catalog.

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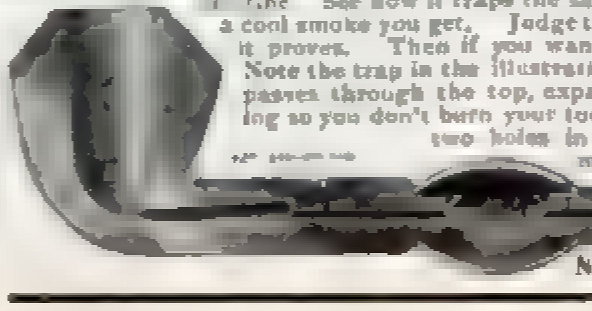
BIG PAY SHORT HOURS

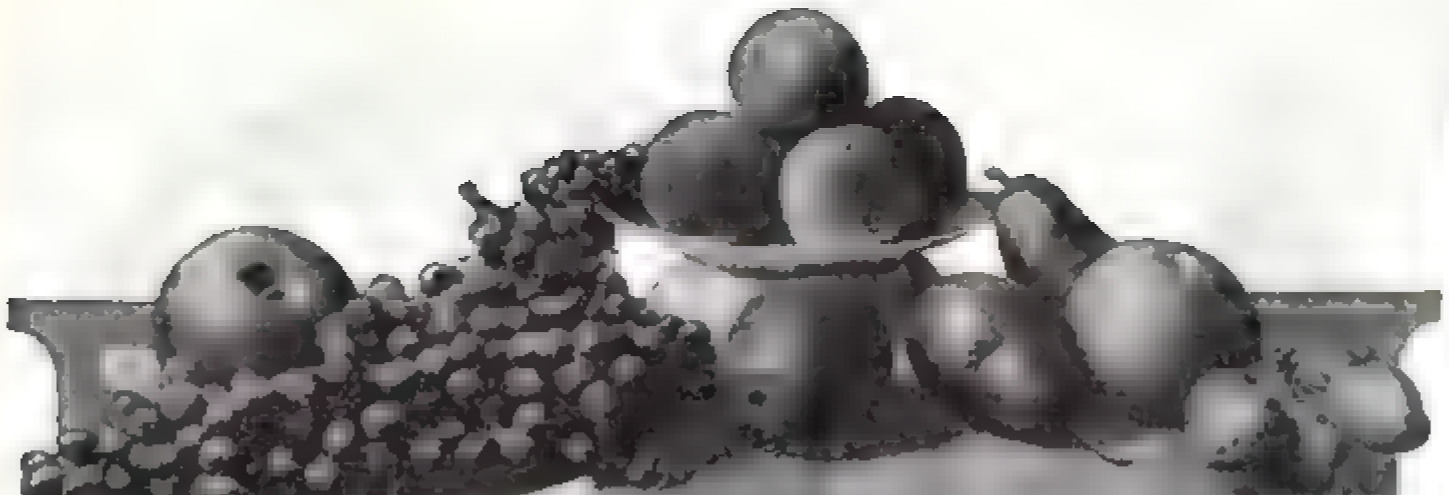
Smoke This No-Nic Pipe Five Days

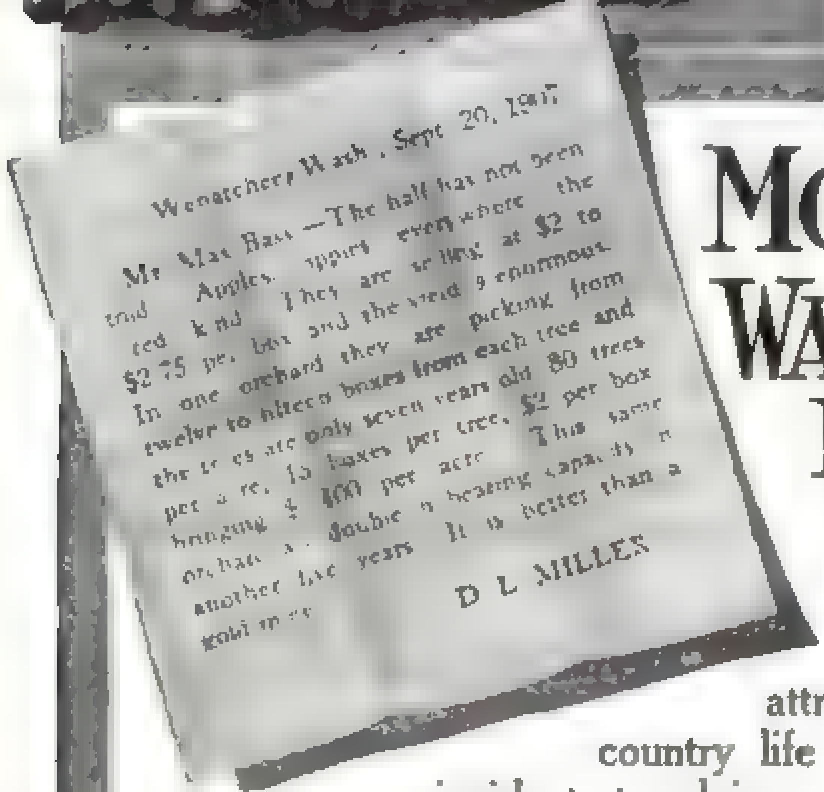


Note this Trap

Send No Money just ask for the pipe. Note how it traps the [illegible]. See how it traps the saliva. See what a cool smoke you get. Judge this pipe by what it proves. Then if you want it send us $1. Note the trap in the illustration. The smoke passes through the top, expanding and cooling so you don't burn your tongue. Note the two holes in the trap end of mouthpiece. The smoke goes into the mouth through the top hole. The saliva runs into the trap through the lower. The trap is detachable at both ends — all joints are the "push" kind. Clean the trap and you clean the whole pipe. This is a guaranteed genuine briar pipe with mouthpiece of the best hard rubber. We couldn't sell you this pipe for $1 were it not for the fact that we sell you direct. It does away with nine-tenths of the harm of smoking — multiplies the pleasure by ten. But judge for yourself. Smoke it 5 days, then send $1 or send back the pipe. Say if you want straight or curved stem.

The No-Nic Pipe Co., 416 Prudential Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.





Wenatchee, Wash., Sept. 20, 1907

Mr. Max Bass — The hail has not been [illegible] Apples [illegible] everywhere the red kind. They are selling at $2 to $2.75 per box and the yield is enormous. In one orchard they are picking from twelve to fifteen boxes from each tree and the trees are only seven years old. 80 trees per acre, 15 boxes per tree, $2 per box, $2400 per acre. This same orchard will double in bearing capacity in another five years. It is better than a gold mine.

D. L. MILLER

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Fruit culture has all the attractive features of outdoor country life without the hard work incident to dairy or grain farming. You don't worry about too much or too little rain, because your orchard is irrigated, and *YOU* control the moisture supply.

As a healthful occupation, it has no equal. It is pleasant and profitable and does not require a great amount of capital to start. With a five or ten acre orchard you can live well and save money. Why work for others on a small salary in a city where rents are high, when with a few hundred dollars and three to five years' work, you will be independent? An old orchardist says: "Take care of your trees five years, and they'll take care of you the rest of your life."

Others are doing it—if you want to know how send for free illustrated Washington Bulletin 79

MAX BASS, General Immigration Agent, 220 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

The Saturday Evening Post

will pay a

Weekly Salary to You

We will engage about a thousand men and women to represent THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL among their friends and neighbors this winter—to look after renewals and to forward new business. For this work we will pay a weekly salary and an extra commission on each order.

The work is pleasant and very profitable, it throws one into contact with the best people in the community and it can be carried on in leisure hours.

No guarantee of any kind is required and there is no expense to you. All we ask is an honest effort to look after our local subscription work in whatever time you can spare.

Send a line of inquiry and everything necessary will be sent.

The Saturday Evening Post
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Du wirst niemals Abschied nehmen von

Kellogg's
TOASTED CORN FLAKES
W. K. Kellogg
TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

W. K. Kellogg

If you don't understand this—see page 53

English Knockabout Hat $1.00

Not a fad, but a stylish, serviceable Hat that would sell for $2.00 in almost any Hat store. It is made of genuine English Felt, with flexible sweat band, and trimmed with neat narrow outside band. Suitable for dress and business. It can be folded in a neat and compact roll without damaging. Just the thing for any and all purposes—traveling, motoring, golfing, fishing, hunting, yachting, etc. Every man and boy should have one of these hats. All sizes. Four colors:—Black, Brown, Gray and Gray Mixture. Weight 4 ozs. Sent postpaid, securely packed, on receipt of $1.00; send money order or check to insure remittance.

Order today, stating size and color desired. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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A Barber's Skill and a Barber's Best Edge.

Read on page 36 what the *First Prize* Razor Does.

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The BEST STORIES for CHILDREN Ever Written

Ten volumes of the most delightful stories and poems, selected from the best in the literature of the whole world.

Every page is full of interest. There is not a dull story in the entire set. The editor knows just what the children like and what their parents like to have them read. The Children's Hour is a delight and an inspiration to boys and girls of all ages. It provides a library of the best quality, which the children can enjoy because it is their own.

THE GREAT SUCCESS of the Children's Hour is due to the fact that it **entertains** the children while **educating and uplifting** them. It **cultivates right habits** of reading [illegible]. It **creates** the desire for and the taste [illegible]. It is **practical**—it **saves both time and money.** It **costs but a trifle** [illegible]

2 SAMPLE STORIES **2** SAMPLE PICTURES **FREE**

if you cut out this coupon and mail at once. We will also send valuable list of 700 of the best stories and poems for children, by 250 authors, and special offer by which you can secure the Children's Hour if you lay aside only seven cents a day.

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Mail at once S. E. P.

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IF a good position were offered you to-day would you have to turn it down because you lack the necessary qualifications? Even if you accepted the position could you hold it — or would your lack of training compel you to step out in favor of a *better trained* man?

How can you expect a successful career unless you build it on a good foundation? *Utilize your spare moments — study at home* — fit yourself *properly* to meet opportunity — then you will succeed. The American School of Correspondence will tell you how if you'll clip the coupon and mail it *to-day.*

The American School has helped many people to better positions. It is the only correspondence school in the country which makes a *specialty* of engineering instruction. Its instructors are practical men — men who have had years of actual experience in their special fields.

Consult these experienced men — get their advice — profit by their years of hard experience. Let them help you plan a *paying* career. *Remember, sending the coupon places you under no obligations.*

We employ no agents. We talk to you by mail only.

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Clip and Mail To-day SAT. EVE. POST, 10-31-08.
AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE:
Please send me FREE Bulletin and 200-page handbook of engineering information. I am interested in the course marked "X."

Mechanical Drawing
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NAME
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OCCUPATION

Are You Going to Build?

Do you want comfort in your new home? Do you want it free from drafts? Do you want it warm in winter, cool in summer? Do you want to save coal? If you do, let us tell you how and why

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BUILDING PAPER
Keeps Houses Warm

Whether you are building a dwelling, a stable, a barn, or an outbuilding, you ought to know about Neponset Building Paper, Florian Sound-Deadening Felt, or Paroid Roofing.

Tell us what you are going to build and let us send you information that applies. Years of experience has given us a fund of information of great value to the man about to build.

"COMFORTABLE HOMES," an attractive brochure illustrating many attractive houses and giving building points worth while, sent free. Address Dept. D.

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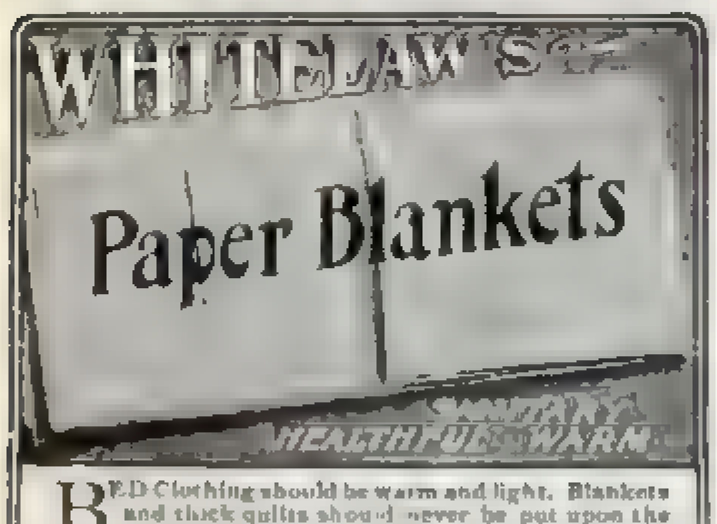

BED Clothing should be warm and light. Blankets and thick quilts should never be put upon the bed. The weight is depressing, retains perspiration, causes nightmare and is unhealthy. **Paper Blankets** are warmer than woolen, and weigh only ten ounces each. Made of strong sterilized paper, kid finish, will not slip. Cost less than washing blankets. They are an application of **A Well-known Scientific Principle.** [illegible] $3 a dozen [illegible] will send two full size sample, post paid for $1.00.

[illegible] make the famous **Paper Diapers** that **Appeal to the mother of the Babe,** [illegible] F. O. B. Cincinnati, or will mail 50, post paid, for $1.00.

Whitelaw Paper Goods Co., Dept. 4, Cincinnati, Ohio

The Autobiography of an Obscure Author

(Continued from Page 23)

after deducting the first thousand copies, which were exempt from royalty, there was just seven dollars and a half coming to me. So many novels nowadays quite perish in their infancy. That was not the fate of my first one. It is selling to this day – but I wish the publishers would pay the royalties sensibly in postage stamps or collar buttons instead of sending a check.

We put the seven dollars and a half in the savings-bank, returning from debauching speculation to the solid ground of prudent economy.

Yet the novel was a vastly profitable enterprise, bringing an exceedingly great reward. It brought me the acquaintance of many pleasant people, among whom are not a few of the very best friends I have ever had. These pleasant people, who were writing books and painting pictures as good-naturedly as though they had been getting rich at it, began to look me up and take me into their society.

In a manner quite unsentimental the novel probably yielded by-product. At any rate, about this time I began to discover and be discovered by editors who would pay real money for writings. Of course, I cared as little for money itself as though I had been a director of the Standard Oil Company. I wanted merely the things money would buy. It seemed to me that if I set my figure at $250,000, yielding ten thousand a year, the very modesty of the ambition would half-insure its success. For the other half I would trust to luck. By reading the confessions of many rich men I had discovered that, without exception, the only serious difficulty lay in accumulating the first thousand dollars. The succeeding thousands came of themselves. This rule seemed so universal that a young man who had accumulated a thousand dollars might almost take it to the bank and buy any size fortune he desired with it, just as, at the bargain sale, one can buy any size coat for six dollars. When I had nine hundred dollars in the bank I refused an opportunity to invest it promisingly. I would take no chances, but wait until I had the full thousand which insured success.

And, sure enough, when I did have the full thousand I learned of an opportunity such as might occur only once in a dozen years. Some of my financiering friends, upon whose good nature I depended for news for my department, told me confidentially about a very important industrial project which was then afoot. By means of their friendly intelligence I eagerly followed the secret developments until they reached a stage where success was assured. Then I bought stock with my thousand dollars. As it turned out, somebody procured an injunction blocking the deal, and the stock market had another of those sinking spells to which it was peculiarly liable at that period.

I did not lose faith in the thousand-dollar rule, for very likely I would have made a fortune if I had not lost my thousand dollars. I perceived, however, that the rule cannot be depended upon when court is in session. Indeed, what I particularly regretted about this incident was that it cut me off from the benefits of the rule. I began to accumulate another thousand dollars, but that, you see, would not be my first thousand, so I could not reasonably expect it to bring me into a fortune. As a matter of fact, it hasn't.

Frankness should be the characteristic of such communications as this. I scorn to play literary tricks upon the reader, holding him in suspense while I work up to a climax. So I will come to the point at once.

I died.

Actually! But, of course, not all at once. "For we die daily, and I am older since I affirmed it," says Bacon — or about that.

I wrote more novels and other things, of some of which you may or may not have heard. That point is immaterial to me now, for the youth who prickled to fellow Fielding and Thackeray mysteriously disappeared. A quite sedate, commonplace citizen has his hide, and sometimes wonders, with indulgent affection, whether that youth would have found the company of the immortals as entrancing as his eager thought pictured it to be. Very likely

$2.00
less $1.00
$1.00
saved

6 pairs $1
Guaranteed for 6 months

Manheim Mendless Hose are the best for the man who is hard on socks. They cost no more than ordinary socks, but if they need mending within six months you get new ones **free.**

Manheim Mendless Hose

are the best for every man and woman. They are strong, soft, perfect fitting and comfortable, and retain those qualities even after washing. Doubly re-enforced toes and heels. Fast colors.

Men's socks. Black, light and dark tan, navy blue and gray. Sizes 9½ to 11½. Sold only **6 pairs** (one size) in a box, with guarantee. **$1.**

Women's stockings. Black, and light and dark tan. Sizes 8 to 10½. Sold only **6 pairs** (one size) in a box, with guarantee. **$1.50.**

If your dealer hasn't **Manheim Mendless Hose**, don't accept a substitute. Send us $1 for men's, $1.50 for women's; state size — or size of shoe — and color — assorted colors if desired — and we will send you 6 pairs prepaid.

Manheim Hosiery Mills, 46 E. Granby St., Manheim, Pa.
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Attractive terms to dealers in territory where we are not represented.

Kenyon OVERCOATS

Kenyon Overcoats have a distinctive style. When you examine a Kenyon Overcoat you will buy it, because superiority of material and workmanship, price for price, is apparent throughout the line.

You will receive the invisible advantage that your Kenyon Overcoat will hold its stylish shape as long as you wear it. The Kenyon features of construction, adapted from our discovery of how to make our Kenreign Raincoats hold their shape, make Kenyon Overcoats superior.

Send us your dealer's name and address — [illegible] your own convenience, to examine [illegible] brated coats.

C. Kenyon Co. 23 Union Square NEW YORK
ADDRESS MAIL TO FACTORIES
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RECREATION

Means added vigor of brain and muscle, and more of both if it is clean, wholesome, outdoor recreation.

YOUR RECREATION

may not be what you would wish, and, perhaps, largely because you don't know the best places to go, what to take and how to get the most for what you have to spend.

OUR "RECREATION"

tells you just these things and tells them to you through men who have "been there." [illegible] pictures as well as in text. [illegible] knowledge [illegible] recreation, accurate, reliable, [illegible]

LET US HELP YOU

The November number of RECREATION is now ready. It is the biggest, [illegible] issue of any publication dealing with recreation topics. Authoritative articles and [illegible] or more illustrations, [illegible] It [illegible] for 15 cents [illegible] stamps [illegible] agree with us that it is worth 25 cents. With it we will send you a proposition along money-saving lines which will appeal to you.

IF A BACK NUMBER

of RECREATION will please you, just to get acquainted, it's yours free for a postal card request, if you will mention *The Saturday Evening Post*, and you get the money-saving proposition just the same.

[illegible]

RECREATION, 24 W. 39th St., New York

Yale Safety Razor
The only satisfactory razor. It pleases the hard to please.

The Yale has all the advantages of old style and safety razors with many exclusive points of superiority including the

Free Hand Shaving Stroke

The Yale cuts the beard clean and smooth.

With it you can easily shave up or down, sideways, around corners, across tender spots. No [illegible] or pulling, just the Free Hand Stroke. The Yale is simple and sanitary—only two parts—the holder and double-edged blade as shown above.

Set consists of Yale Safety Razor, Yale Patent Stropper and set of Yale Blades in neat velvet-lined case. Price complete, $3.50.

The dealer who handles the Yale in your city will give you a

30 Days' FREE Trial

If no dealer, we will send razor direct on 30 Days' FREE Trial. Write [illegible] illustrated booklet "The Winning Stroke," FREE.

YALE SAFETY RAZOR CO.,
640 Manhattan Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

Long wear for thin stockings and no darning

The one objection to thin stockings was that they wore through in no time. Now that's over

Togards

[illegible]

10c [illegible] 25c [illegible] $1 [illegible]

[illegible] receipt of price, and size [illegible]

H. L. Nelke & Co.
2149 N. Warnock St., Philadelphia

[illegible]

Dealers write for prices

Thackeray would have discovered a snob in him and been disagreeably sarcastic.

I watch my children grow big in good health and mostly in good spirits, except when my purblind judgment afflicts them. I have my good friends. Cousin Janet's husband never actually set up that office as an expert accountant, but he has a fair job at $125 a month and their children are well grown. The girl whose yellow hair was in two stiff pigtails when I first saw her was married last month—Mercy me! So with a great majority of those I have personally known. They have got on in tolerable comfort. Nobody has done what he thought to do. A few have become rich; a few have fame; these seem about as far from the goal which their hearts conceived as the least lucky, but they have their friends and their joke.

My neighbor Peterson is building a house. It is not much of a house—the stereotyped eight rooms and a bath. I observe him mornings before he goes to business and when he returns before dinner. He feels the studding to see how solid it is, pokes a stick into the mortar bed, examines a brick as though he knew something about it, walks slowly about contemplating the work, his hands in his pockets, whistling as contentedly as though it were St. Peter's. Many of the great men were very unhappy and said so. I wonder whether, after all, life is not so conditioned that it requires a superior intellect to be miserable. At any rate, let us think so, taking a view at once hopeful for our neighbors and consolatory for ourselves.

Once I met a Minnesota author whose novel made a record. It was published at his own expense by a large job-printing house, and a careless clerk, misled by the title, catalogued it as a theological work, so only eight copies were sold. I believe that is still the record. Now, what surprises me about that novel is not that there were only eight purchasers, but that there were any at all. Who could the devoted eight have been? What was going on in their minds when they bought the book? How the imagination yearns to comprehend them as they loitered over the book-laden shelves and finally selected The Bosses of Jehovah's Buckler, by Peter C. Nelson! Eight of them!

I used to wonder how it could be, with our vast English-reading public, that so few bought my masterpieces. But, after all, why not wonder the other way? Why not wonder that actually so many bought? Why should they?

I am going to build a house—eight rooms and a bath. I am practicing Peterson's whistle.

(THE END)

Frauds and Deceptions in Precious Stones

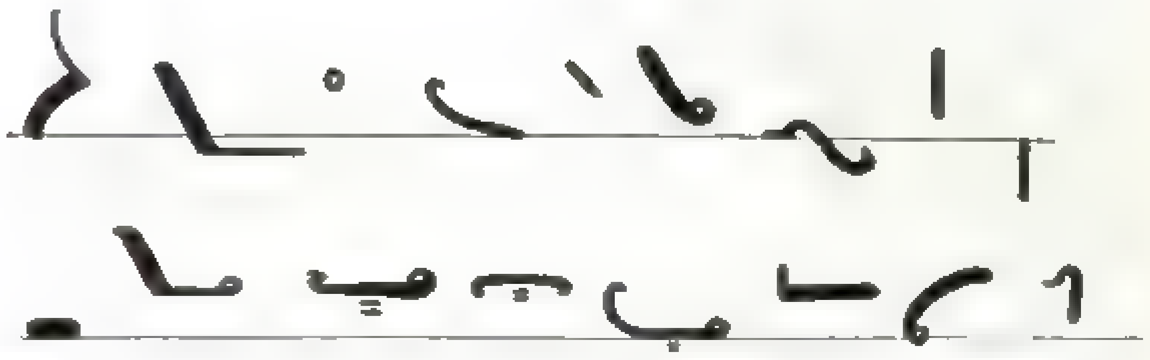
(Concluded from Page 19)

done by the ancient scarab-cutters. This modern industry has flourished under the shadow of the great museums, and the products have been sold by curators, some of whom have become as famous in this connection as by reason of their knowledge of Egyptology. Indeed, slow-moving Egypt has seen some rapid changes in official positions owing to the overeager desire to gratify the craving for Egyptian scarabs.

There are scores of gems, sold under all kinds of names, which do not represent any gem that ever was seen on sea or land. One of these is a peculiar, reddish glass, almost a dark rose-red, with bluish reflections, that has been sold in every country of the globe. This material is made by fusing together tiny lumps of red, yellow, blue and black glass, which, when cut, will show a play of different colors. These stones have done duty as "Armenian" or "Syrian" diamonds.

Again, there are the stones known as "rubasses," which consist of rock-crystal, cut *en cabochon*, or in the shape of a carbuncle. They are then dipped into a heated solution of yellow, red, green or blue aniline coloring matter and allowed to cool. The sudden change of temperature causes the stone to crack in many places, and in this way the colored solution has a chance to penetrate.

Editor's Note—This is Doctor Kunz's third and last article on Frauds and Deceptions in Precious Stones. The author is an expert of international reputation in gems and pearls.



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If you don't understand this—see page 55

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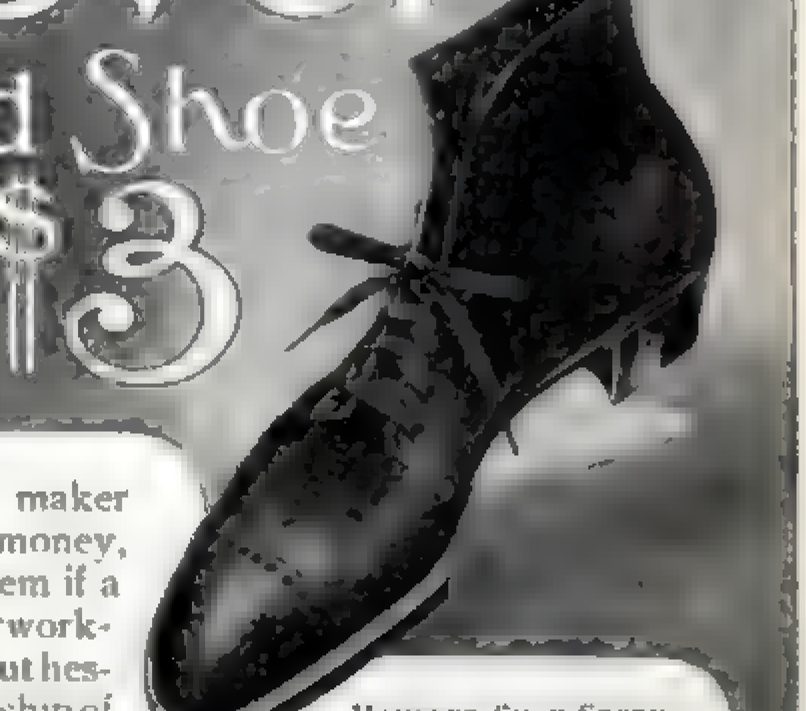

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THE BUYING END

(Concluded from Page 11)

it cut the price to bare bones and got a fine "leader." This sort of emergency, coming on the millinery buyer in the middle of his short season, requires a quick turn to the right-about. Otherwise there may be a large hole in his season's profits.

The woman buyer is an important figure in department-store purchasing. Opinions as to her fitness for this work vary greatly just as there is a considerable difference of opinion as to her right to vote, or be educated, or take up room on our planet. Some mercantile people, who know the woman buyer well, maintain that she is indispensable in purchasing the little feminine accessories of dress. One store, for example, has a man who buys all the fine millinery, visiting Paris to bring home the hundred-dollar hats that are exhibited at the opening of the season. But the real profit on those hats comes from the sale of adaptations, retailing at five and ten dollars, and in this department there is also a woman buyer who attends to the adapting. Another store, on the contrary, has a team of millinery buyers that works just the other way. It sends a woman to Paris to bring home the hats that travel in their own padded trunks. But the popular-price millinery is purchased by a man, who has an upward limit in retail prices of eight or ten dollars. The shapes and trimmings he buys are delivered on trucks.

Some observers say that the woman buyer is seldom successful in managing a department that has a large financial turnover. Men are best at getting favorable terms and discounts. She hasn't the nerve to buy on a large scale, reckoning with the speculative element, but is very able in selecting belts, ribbons, fans, neckwear and other feminine knickknacks. Women buyers themselves contend, however, that they very often get terms and concessions from manufacturers that no man could obtain.

Really, all the authorities base their conclusions on the experience of a few women buyers, whose work they have watched. There are thousands of women buyers in the United States.

One of the finest ribbon departments in the Middle West was built up by a woman buyer, whose chief strength in purchasing was a characteristic feminine determination to have her own way.

This store is owned by interests that also own, in the same city, a wholesale dry-goods business of great magnitude, selling over the whole country. The wholesale house had a curious effect on the retail store. Because both businesses were identical in ownership, the buyers in the wholesale establishment tried to dominate the retail buyers, persuading them merely to make requisitions for goods, and save the house money by purchasing little outside. From the standpoint of economies this plan was good. But from the standpoint of keeping up live stocks for an active city trade it was a fallacy, because the wholesale men were buying for country merchants and consumers in small cities and towns, and their stocks were not suited to the shopping public of a great city.

The ribbon department in this store had been run by a man who virtually trusted to the wholesale ribbon buyer's judgment in everything. The wholesale man dumped into it merchandise that was the last word of fashion in Podunk, until eventually the department reached a point where it needed reorganization. A woman was promoted from the stock-room. She saw the opportunity to make good. Her first step was to put the wholesale buyer's salesmen exactly on a level with those from his competitors in New York and Chicago. When the wholesale buyer came post-haste to protest, she sent him back faster than he had come, with a flea in his ear.

"I'm not doing business in the backwoods," was her platform.

That was bad for the wholesale end. But it did wonders in the retail. This store's chief competitor had, at that time, a ribbon business several times as large as hers. Two years after her declaration of independence, however, she had left it far behind. To-day, when that competing store wants something fresh and choice in ribbons for its millinery workrooms, it often buys of her.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of papers by Mr. Collins upon the work and qualities of the men who do the buying for big businesses.

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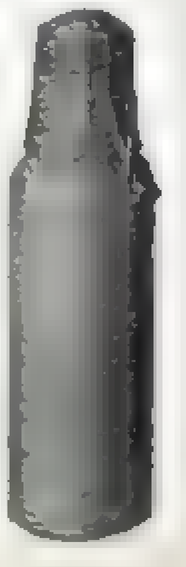

JUDY MASON—MUCKRAKER

(Concluded from Page 17)

"You ain' got no right ter have dat 'leckshun ter-night," quietly observed one of the conservative members. "Dis is er 'called meetin',' an' de cornstertewsh'n sez dat all 'leckshuns shall be at de reg'lar meetin's."

"Den change it," demanded Judy shortly. "Change it. Dis ain' no time ter fool wid no cornstertewsh'n."

"'Tain't in de cornstertewsh'n," corrected Peter Brent; "'tis in de rules an' regilashuns."

"Well, change 'em, change 'em!" Judy reiterated.

"You take de cheer, Sister Mason," suggested Peter.

Then, after much parliamentary sparring, the resignations of Grinnell and Harris were demanded.

Sullenly, the two started forward to write them at the table, behind which sat Judy.

"Speak 'em," she ordered briefly. "We ain' got time fer all dat now."

After the resignations had been given and been accepted, Peter Brent arose and said:

"I nomernates Sister Mason fer President o' dis Lodge, 'cause ef 'twa'n't fer her we wouldn' have no Lodge."

There was a loud chorus of "seconds" to the nomination.

Judy stood up, fingering the little mallet lovingly. "I jes' wanter say, right hyar an' now, ef you make me *President* o' dis Lodge I'm gwine ter RUN it—you heer me? Dis Lodge ain' whut it useter be, an' de bottom is jes' cum widin er gnat's nose o' drappin' clean out. An' when we gits holt o' our money agin, hit's got ter be put in de bank, an' we got ter have er paper f'm Mr. Hooper hisse'f, ter say how much we got dar—eve'y meet'n. Mr. Hooper tol' me dat intrus' what dey give works night an' day, an' I reck'n dat's good 'nuff fer we-all. An' lemme tell you-all," she continued with slow emphasis, "I'm gwine ter run eve'y liar an' backbiter outen dis Lodge ef dey don' quit it. All dis scandalism got ter be stopped. An' ef enny o' you kin walk 'roun' wid six mont' wages on yo' backs an' keep out o' jail, dat ain' none o' my bizness; but you ain' gwine ter bring sech in dis Lodge, breedin' envy, hatred an' malice. You ain' foolin' dem whut don' know you, much less'n dem whut does. Now go on wid yo' 'leckshun."

The hearty, deep-toned "Aye" which voted Judy and her friends into office was ample evidence that her policies were approved.

Complete mistress of the situation, the new President motioned to Hiram White, and said significantly:

"Go out an' git dem men."

There was no need to point out the criminals; they looked the part. The deputy sheriff formally served the injunctions and retired. He was followed by two officers, one a burly, red-necked, Irish sergeant. The second bespoke the grimness of Justice O'Brien's humor. It was Policeman Gibson—and he looked like a fool. In a deathly silence, broken only by the shuffling of heavy feet and the convulsive sobbing of Ezra Grinnell's wife, their errand was accomplished. The door closed upon them.

"Dey done et dere honeycom' wid dere honey, thank ——"

The President's little mallet cut short the unctuous comment. She arose and spoke quietly.

"I got er heap o' pride in dis Lodge yit. An' I'm gwine ter take it on myse'f ter let dem two go ef dey'll make over dem houses an' lots ter dis Lodge ter-morrer mawnin'. 'Tain' no use in we-all havin' shame put on us 'fo' all dis town ef we kin help it. Jedge O'Brien tol' me he'd haf ter let 'em go ef I wuz ter take back dem papers—an' I'm gwine do it; ef dey make dem houses over ter us," she added decisively.

"Sister Mason, will you lead us all in pra'r?" requested Peter Brent quietly.

Slowly, awkwardly, Judy fingered the various small things on the table. Finally she looked up, a transient gleam of humor flitting across her thick features. "Brother Brent, de dev'l is in me right now, big ez er hoss. An' I 'clar ter Gawd, I don' feel fitt'n ter pray ner praise. You-all sing de Ol' Long Meter, an' le's go home."

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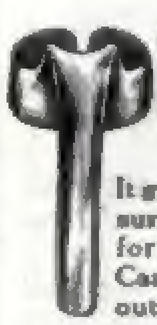

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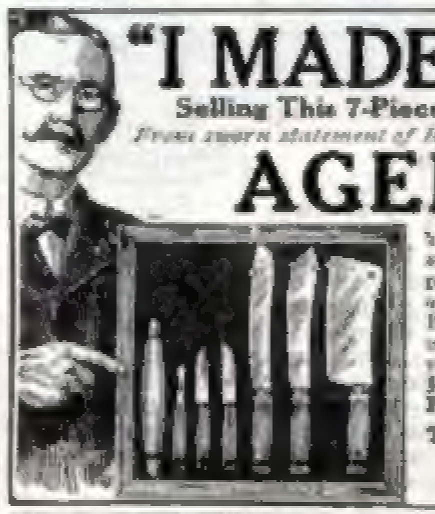

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The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

(Continued from Page 21)

Josh smiled calmly. "Loves me!" said he. "Why not, pray?"

"I—I—I—don't really know," answered Grant weakly.

"Oh, yes, you do. You think I'm not good enough for her—as if this were not America, but Europe."

"You misunderstood me entirely," protested Grant, red and guilty. "Didn't I originally suggest her to you?"

"But you didn't really mean it," retorted Craig with a laugh which Grant thought the quintessence of impertinence. "You never dreamed she'd fall in love with me."

"Josh," said Grant, "I do wish you wouldn't say that sort of thing. It's not considered proper in this part of the country for a gentleman to speak out that way about women."

"What's there to be ashamed of in being in love? Besides, aren't you my best friend, the one I confide everything to?"

"You confide everything to everybody."

Craig looked amused. "There are only two that can keep a secret," said he—"nobody and everybody. I trust either the one or the other, and neither has ever betrayed me."

"To go back to the original subject: I'd prefer you didn't talk to me in that way about that particular young lady."

"Why? . . . Because you're in love with her yourself?"

Grant silently stared at the floor.

"Poor old chap!" said Josh sympathetically. "Well, you needn't despair. It's true she isn't in love with you and is in love with me. But if I keep away from her and discourage her it'll soon die out. Women of that sort of bringing up aren't capable of any enduring emotion—unless they have outside aid in keeping it alive."

"No, thank you," said Arkwright bitterly. "I decline to be put in the position of victim of your generosity. Josh, let me tell you, your notion that she's in love with you is absurd. I'd advise you not to go round confiding it to people, in your usual fashion. You'll make yourself a laughing-stock."

"I've told no one but you," protested Craig.

"Have you seen any one else since you got the idea?"

"No, I haven't," he admitted with a laugh. "Now that you've told me the state of your heart I'll not speak of her feeling for me. For of course you'll marry her."

"I'm not sure of that. I haven't your sublime self-confidence, you know," retorted Grant.

"Oh, I'll arrange it," replied Craig, full of enthusiasm. "In fact, I had already begun, this very afternoon, when she let me see that she loved me, and so brought me up standing."

"D——n it, man, *don't* say that!" cried Grant, all afire. "I tell you it's crazy, conceited nonsense."

"All right, all right, old chap," soothed Josh.

And it frenzied Arkwright to see that he was saying it merely to spare the feelings of an unrequited lover, not at all because he had begun to doubt Margaret's love. "Come down to dinner and let's talk no more about it," said Grant, with a great effort restraining himself. "I tell you, Josh, you make it mighty hard sometimes for me to remember what I owe you."

Craig wheeled on him with eyes that flashed and pierced. "My young friend," said he, "you owe me nothing. And let me say to you, once for all, you are free to break with me at any instant—you or any other man. Whenever I find I'm beginning to look on a man as necessary to me I drop him—break with him. I am necessary to my friends, not they to me. I like you, but be careful how you get impertinent with me."

Craig eyed him fiercely and steadily until Arkwright's gaze dropped. Then he laughed friendlily. "Come along, Grant," said he. "You're a good fellow, and I'll get you the girl." And he linked his arm in Arkwright's and took up another phase of himself as the topic of his monologue.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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TO the average poultryman that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done a $500.00 Poultry business with 20 hens on a corner in the city garden 30 feet wide by 40 feet long we are simply stating facts. **It would not be possible to get such returns** by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it is an easy matter when the new **PHILO SYSTEM** is adopted.

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Your system of poultry keeping should appeal to all poultrymen. The advantages of your system are many, and the quality of the large flock of poultry you have raised on your city lot is the best evidence of its success.

GEO. L. HARDING, Binghamton, N. Y.

Valley Falls, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1907.

It was my privilege to spend a week in Elmira during August, during which time I saw the practical working of the Philo System of Poultry Keeping, and was surprised at the results accomplished in a small corner of a city yard. "Seeing is believing" they say, and if I had not seen, it would have been hard to believe that such results could have followed so small an outlay of space, time and money.

(Rev.) W. W. COX.

Windsor, Vt., March 8, 1908.

I consider the one dollar I invested in the Philo System, Poultry Review and American Poultry Advocate the best investment for the money I ever made. ROBERT L. PATRICK.

Jacobs Creek, Pa.

I received the Philo System Book mailed to my home address, Beechtree, Pa. I am highly pleased with it, and am anxious to spread the good news as far as I can. I am a preacher of the gospel engaged by the Baptist Association to do Evangelistic work. I am on the road all the time, have about 14 days in each town. I am very much interested in the hen and will do all I can to help the other fellow to know how, and to spread the good tidings received in the Philo System.

(Rev.) F. B. WILLIAMS.

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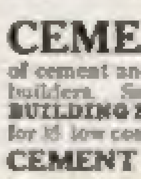

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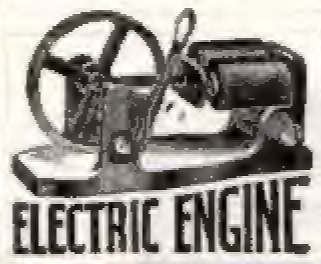

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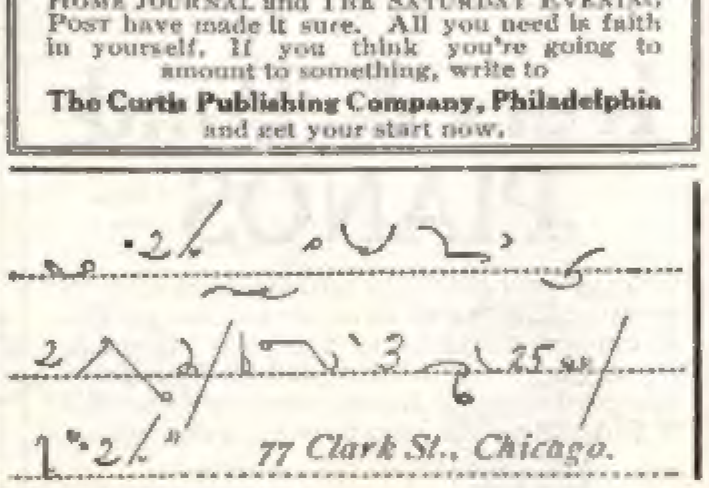

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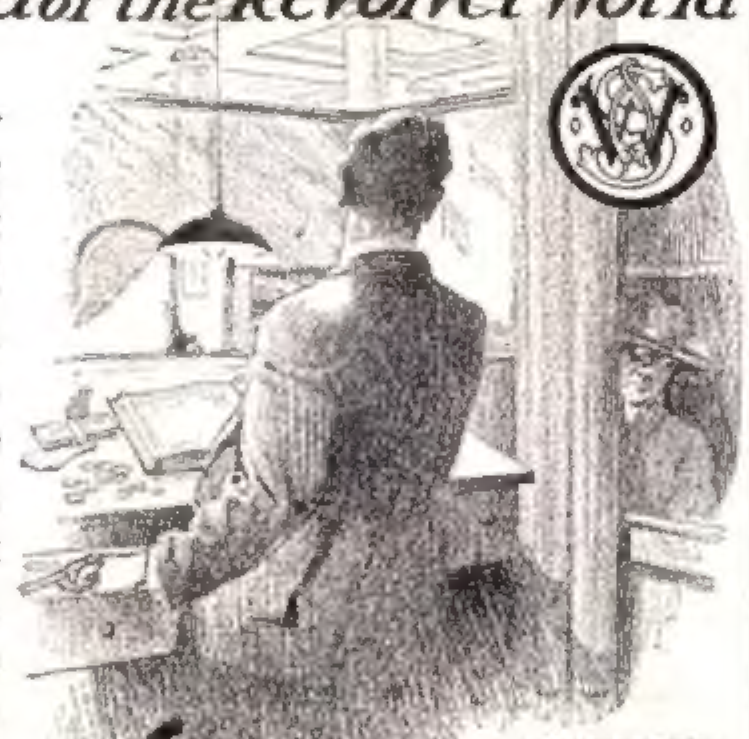

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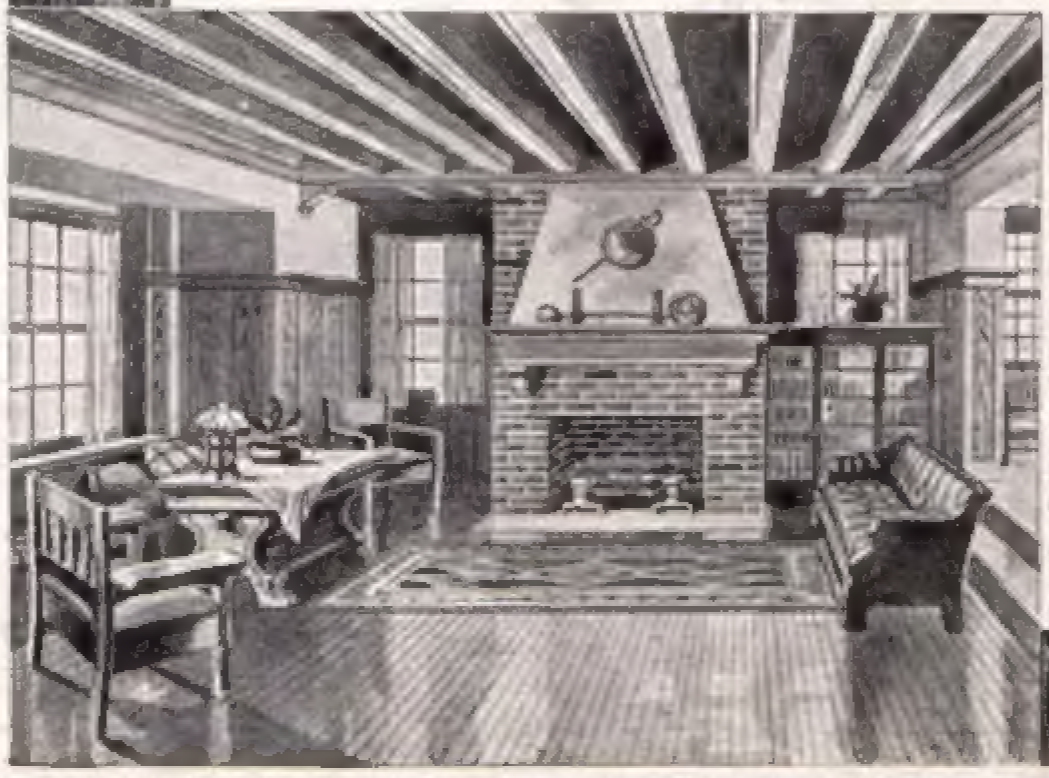

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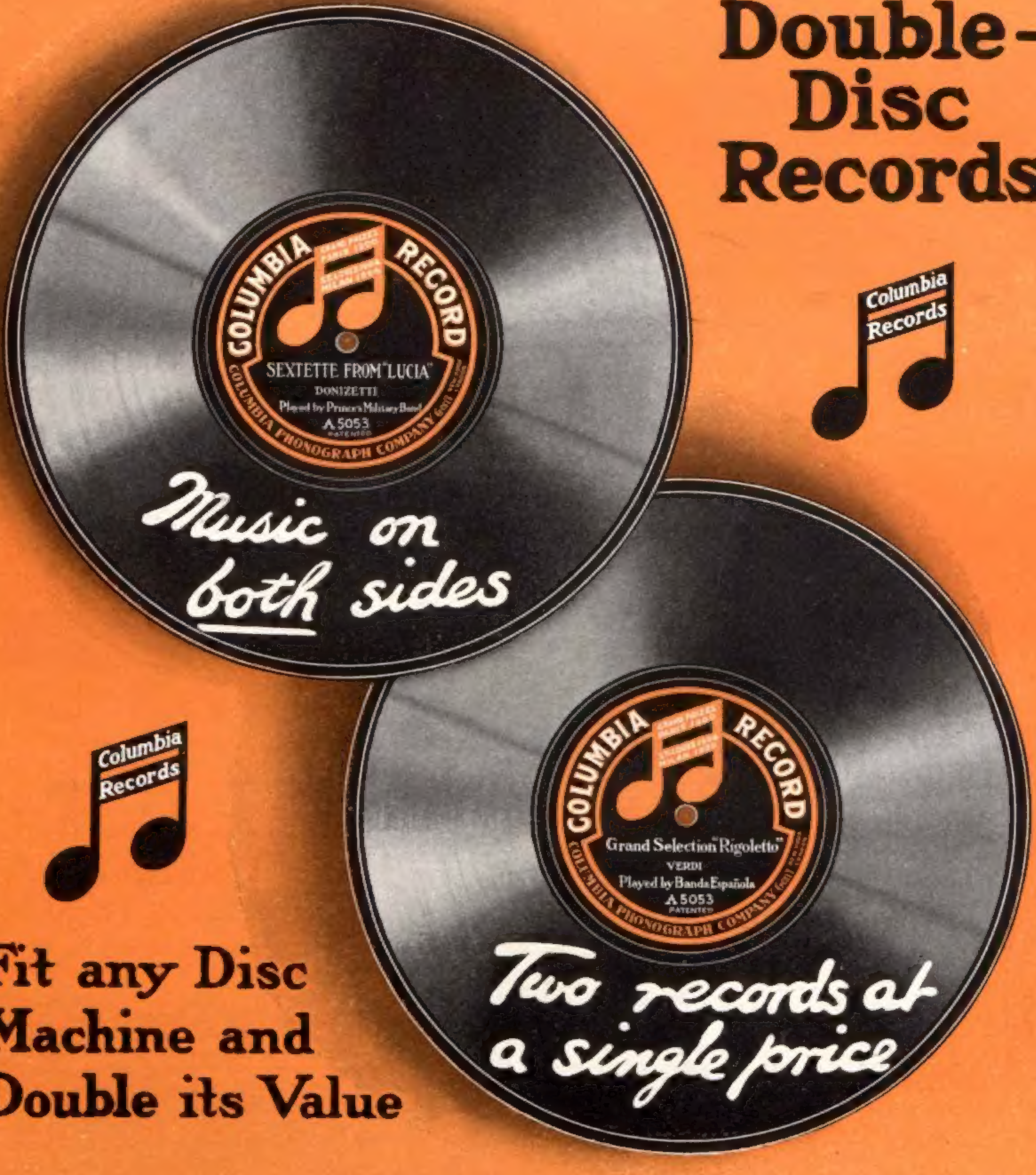
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